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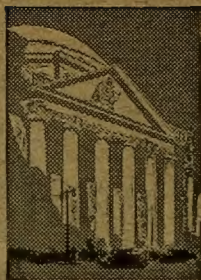
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THE HAVERFORDIAN

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HAVERFORD, PA., NOVEMBER, 1932

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The Phantom of Satan's Head

*The swells are breaking on the shoal,
The old ship's begun to roll,
With all her timbers groaning,
While a weary wind is moaning.
You can hear the hollow toning
Of Satan's Head bell.*

*We're passing by the very place,
Off yonder where the tide-rips race,
Where Old Andy's sleeping,
And strange things are keeping
Watch, and ever creeping
Over his dead shell.*

*One night when the sky was soft,
Andy was lookout up aloft,
When suddenly we heard him scream—
He pointed wildly off abeam—
As from a man in some mad dream
Came that unholy yell.*

*One moment he stared crazily,
Then dove straight off into the sea.
We never found him in the night.
God only knows what awful sight
He saw—or some undreamed delight?
No man can tell.*

*But sometimes when the helmsmen steer
The southeast course that passes here,
Amid the timbers' groaning,
And the bell's deep hollow toning,
You can hear Old Andy moaning,
Way down in hell.*

John Hazard.



On Hitch Hiking

Somebody in *The Nation* began an article recently by saying that hitch hiking, like rugged individualism, started its career with honor, only to get into bad odor eventually. Too bad for the boys who have small stakes but sweeping affection for both grandeur and prettiness in these United States, and who have a certain comradely feeling toward People In General, the boys not yet screwed into materialism by souring disillusionment. Of course, you're right, all you sensible people who want other people to use their heads, too, but still, I'd rather be foolhardy once in a while, because I'm sure that you see only a part of life in unrelenting common sense.

Now just for instance;—this doesn't prove anything, but it illustrates: I've ridden home on the bus for Christmas several times. Once I dozed by the side of a mutton-complexioned lady who told me about her four daughters, Jennie, Mary, Hilda, and Susan, and about her mother, and about her grandmother who once said, "Well,—I always say, Lucy,—'Distance lends enchantment'—uh huh, hum." This travelling companion also half turned around in her seat and wavered to the pair of soused Hahnemann students behind us, "Now boys, don't sing any bad songs." (They had already sung one with *hell* in it) . . . Another time I sat by a polite medical student wearing octagonal lenses, and talked rather wearily with him about Pushing Back the Frontiers of Intuitive Knowledge, and How Even Huxley's Materialism was Bound to Bring a Reaction . . . and once, while I could stay awake, I yawned and watched a couple of smoothies with

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moustaches taking care of their pick-ups. They would get twisted together till the position was uncomfortable. Then they'd rest a while. Then they would get braided together, or even woven, it seemed to me, and I'd fall asleep again. Anyway you get what I mean. No, I suppose you don't.

Instead of generalizing and hammering away with "What I mean is that, uh—", I'd be much clearer if I told about the bootlegger, the farmer going to the convention, the mason jar opener salesman, and the English teacher at Kiski, all of whom picked me up on my recent journey.

He was a tough son of, he was a well knit man, this bootlegger. Instead of trying to be profound, I might as well say I'm not sure he *was* a bootlegger, but his remarks certainly pointed that way, when I politely asked him what his business was. (I wasn't being callow; the conversation just led up to it.) "Ho ho. Led's not talk about my business. I'm a *tour*-ist. We'll call it that, anyway" . . . when he slowed down his Willys roadster in the glorious, wet, abundant wilderness of Yellowstone Park, I liked from the first the sinister indifference of his face, which was as weatherbeaten as Douglas Fairbanks', and which, moustached and phlegmatic, he didn't bother to turn around to "see whether I would be safe to pick up" (not that any well knit gentleman would have to, but—). Like Edmund Lowe in a gangster show when he appears not to bother to watch his enemy's movements, even when his fist is making his coat pocket bulge. Hardly a word when I got into the car and monkeyed around trying to get my solid lead suitcase into a good position. I finally set it to my right on the seat, which position sneaked me over pretty close to this iron man, with his thick, maroon, brushed wool sweater pulled over his vest. He started the car savagely.

I made a bad attempt to roll some Bull Durham, but the wind in the open car spoiled it all. The big boy told me to reach in his jacket pocket and get a "Herbert Tarrington". He was already smoking one and making an awful mess out of the cork tip end, he mouthed it around so much. So for a while I smoked and thanked the Lord I had a ride (for it was getting dark in the sky) and wondered what this "*tour*-ist" was going to be like, and cursed the last night at Yellowstone, and the flop that it turned out to be.

But it didn't last long, or I wouldn't have anything to write about. I've forgotten how we got to talking, but we did. And it wasn't a superficial glossing over psychical this and intuitive that, the way Maxwell and I used to talk Rhinie year. If it was blunter, it was nevertheless—really interesting.

After we had got on past the West Thumb a way, and also past the introductory words like, "Well, I've often thought the same way about a girl that says that," and "Yeah, I've seen a lot of fellahs that don't

ON HITCH HIKING

seem to give a," and so on, this man with abnormally huge and hairy wrists (I thought) started gesturing with his right hand and asked me, like a prosecuting attorney, "What is education for? Why are you going to college? What is it going to do for you?"

I intended to show him then and there what Sweetness and Light are, at least to satisfy myself, for I expected he was one of these mugs who think it's a crime for anyone to take Greek. I thought I'd show him I had read *Culture and Anarchy*, *The Inner Life*, *The Research Magnificent*, and *The Haverford College Bulletin*, and make him sorry that he hadn't, too. But hereupon I found out why hitch hiking is more human than ordinary travel, as in a bus. My friend wasn't going to take half cocked idealism, and he crushed me without any trouble, for all his stodgy persistence in being Unenlightened.

"Naw what are you talkin' about tryin' to discover Truth, and equipping yourself with Culture and . . . getting a command of the world's problems? I ask you, a college student, what Education is for and you give me a lod a ——" (He could be as contemptuous as a Fundamentalist, and yet make me like it). "The purpose of Education can be expressed in six words." He looked at me to make sure I was fascinated. "Well, what do you—?" "To master yourself and your conditions," he thundered.

* * * * *

"Hop in, hop in. You look like a damn nice kid and if I still think so by the time we get to Kadoka, I'll take you clear to Yankton, that's three hundred and fifty miles. Got to get there by eight a'clock, think we can make it, what time is it? Just slam it, that's right."

Now I'm in South Dakota, and this is the farmer going to the convention in Des Moines to arrange a farmers' strike for higher prices.

"Where's *your* home?"

"Why I live in Pennsylvania; that is my home has been—"

"Go to school there, do yuh?"

"Yes."

"Where's your school?"

"I go to Haverford College; that's near Philadelphia. It's—"

"Philadelphia, hey? How are things out there?"

"Oh gosh, awful. Of course, I haven't been there for a year, but I have a sister in Pittsburgh who works in a public charity office, you know,—she interviews poor down and outers all day long, and—"

"Yeah, yeah. They must be starving in Pittsburgh all right. Terrible."

"Yeah, and what I've been planning to do ever since I started this trip was to—when I get to Pittsburgh, I wanted to dress up like a bum

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and go out to her office and see how long it would take her to recognize me. Ha Ha. I'd have to get a lot of whiskers or something and—"

"Ha ha! Yeah! 'Da da da *dee*, dah, Dry up those teers, Da da da *dee*, dah, Dry up—those—tears. Da da da *deeeeee* dah.' Boy it's a hot one today, ain't she?"

"Gosh I'll say so. I've been (getting out a cigarette)—getting a sort of a headache. D'you want a cigarette?"

"Why I don't care . . . *Yeah*."

I was awfully tired, and was perfectly content to sit in the dusty, ragged folding seat of the bangy old Chrysler coach, and pray that the miles would get eaten up fast. I had chewed up half a box of Shredded Wheat and drunk a quart of vaguely turned milk for breakfast, and it wasn't staying by me at all. I was afraid this chunky, red-faced man would make me do a lot of talking—or shouting, since the car made so much noise at its top speed. Either that or drive me completely crazy with "Dry Up—Those—Teers". The song got as unnoticeable as a carnival wagon after a while, though.

My friend was boiling with anger at the big capitalists, I soon learned.

"Wonderful crops. *Wunnerful* crops! But the farmer can't *git* nothin' for 'em. Right now he has to borrow all he can and then he can't even pay fer production."

Later: "Now there you are (pointing to a newly painted group of farm buildings). See? Get her all painted up. Get her all built up so the farm 'll produce and they have to *lose* it because some fathead capitalist from the East has a mortgage on it. The farmer is the basis for all the life o' the country—everything. *Everybody* has money invested in 'em. I bet your Haverford College has a lot o' their money in good first mortgages. The only way this here—Business Depression is going to stop is to *get back* the purch'sing power of the farmer."

He was mad, and he was going to join other delegates at Yankton and go on to Des Moines and "Do *something* about it, I don't know what yet."

"Da da da *dee*, dah, Dry up those teers, Da da da *dee*, dah, Dry up—those—Teers. Da da da *DEEEEEE*, *DAH*, Dry-up—those Tearrrrs, I hear you cry—ing, Dry—Up Those Tears!"

* * * * *

I liked the little tailor who picked me up in Minnesota. He had lost his job in Seattle and was travelling around in his little Model-A coach putting propositions to the unemployed to sell a rubber grip business to open mason jars. I thought that his freshly started package of Wings cigarettes, tucked in the elastic opening of a side pocket in the car, was in a perfect setting. A package of Wings, with perhaps one

ON HITCH HIKING

cigarette smoked, and a couple sticking out half an inch, ready to be grabbed, reminds me exactly of a Model-A Ford. If they had been Tally-Ho cigarettes with amber tips, they would have gone with a Ford-V8.

This little man had a clear, high, nasal voice: . . . "Dirty rotten old Hoover, he don't care for us little fellows. *He's* got lots of money, so why should he worry? *He's* made a *Fortune*. Hell, you might as well try and . . . I picked this business up, selling a two-bit article, and tryin' to get other fellows interested. Now I thought I had a fellow all lined up this morning. I talked to him for two hours. But *I* can't spend all that time with one person . . ." He enunciated nicely. "Soon as I get this territory here covered I'm going right back to Seattle, my wife's there, and look for something else . . ."

He didn't take me far. He stopped in Owatonna, to try the town out. It looked pretty fair, he said.

"Well, I'm awfully grateful to you. It was surely nice of you to—"

"Oh, that's all right. I'm glad to pick up anyone if I can get a look at him first. It's getting so dangerous now, you know. Let's see now, I think I'll go into this store and ask the—"

* * * * *

I mention the Kiski English teacher, who picked me up when I was practically home, because he was more than Interesting. He was Valuable. He had gone to Princeton when Woodrow Wilson was there, and Henry Van Dyke. You can't tell—perhaps he was what I might become myself sometime. And I don't think I'd have met him on a bus . . .

Oh, it's not so much that. I could meet anyone on the bus as far as that goes. But in the bus—and here we're getting to what all this experience stands for—there is no place for a perfectly thrilling, bouncing spirit that you find on the road, Hitch Hiking, in those cases of unwise, unconventional "begging", "not knowing who you're getting in with" and "It simply isn't *right*, Oliver, and I'm not going to have it." The spirit extends not only to me, the Hiker (I'm not a thumb jerker, either, for I use the index and middle finger and trace my "success" to them) but also to the man at the wheel. He'll unfold and become unbelievably human to his sweating friend of five minutes, tell him banal tales, no doubt, but always with his stamp of personality in them, and give him shining advices when it seems appropriate.

I haven't begun to unravel a Hitch Hiker's Comédie Humaine Series. I bit off the bootlegger's diatribe where it was just beginning. I never came near filling in the blanks, or supplying the background—such as telling about the letter I wrote every night to my Mother, by street light or in a jail, and how I sent each letter to my friend at Old Faithful,

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and how he forwarded it to Mother in one of the addressed envelopes I left with him (stamped, too, Syd), and what a jolly task it was to compose them—especially in the jail. And I haven't done justice to the bootlegger, who had other startlingly profound remarks to make; and who woke me up with a few shakes, between Livingston and Big Timber, telling me he wanted to be amused with a song—"In the Blue Ridge Mountains of Pennsylvania ha ha," he suggested—; how he gave me his name, eventually, and said his initials, P. V., stood for Perseverance; how I found the next morning that he'd paid for my hotel bill . . . I should have said something about my carrying water for the pregnant washerwoman, too, and getting a fine breakfast for it, after that miserable night on the ground.

But that wasn't my purpose, anyway. I'd like you to see the joy this thing has. We are a sponging set of rats, the nervous motorists agree, and we imagine we belong to a Noble Order of Hitch Hikers, based on a kind of Ted Westerman spirit of cooperation . . . But we do something. We break down and make friends with total strangers, with but one stinking ulterior motive—"getting there" cheaply. And I think, too, few men break down and make friends with total strangers.

Hazlitt never would have made a Hitch Hiker. He wasn't nasty enough. He rhapsodizes on long walks with himself and Nature. But I'd rather go on the roads where the automobiles zoom by; for you meet people there, and I like people.

Oliver F. Eggleston.

Dialogue entre un Pauvre Poète et l'Auteur

—Ecouchard Lebrun

On vient de me voler! —Que je plains ton malheur!

—Tout mes vers manuscrits! —Que je plains le voleur!

P. I've been robbed!

A. How I join in your grief!

P. All my poems!

A. How I pity the thief!

—Charles W. Hart.

The Romance of a Song-Writer

THIS little tale came to me from Barney Greene, the clerk at the drug store over in the village, and Barney got it, so Barney says, from Peter Fry, the night watchman at Granger's Hosiery Mill and he got it from somebody else who got it from still somebody else. This, you see, could go on forever until I got tired of writing it and you got tired of reading it. But I'm not one to stall. Sit tight and we're off.

It seems that there once was a fellow who was a song-writer, and a darn good song-writer. He lived over in Tin Pan Alley, as it is called, and there grew from a mere fifth-rate connector of sharps and flats, to a big-shot who could ask his own price for combinations of moon, tune, and croon, a little house on the hill, and I love you. All the big producers on Broadway were simply sopping with tears from begging this fellow to sign up. They sent him just reams and reams of endorsed blank checks to stick his John Hancock to. (Yes, children, this was all before the Fall of '29.) But, do you think he'd get tied up? No, sir-ee, not on your tin-cups. He figured that since he was making hay while the sun was shining, it was lots better to make the hay by himself. He even preferred to live by himself and did so in a swellegant penthouse on Riverside Drive. All the talk about love and a home for two was just business to him. He only wrote it because the public and the radio crooners ate the drivel wholesale. Thus he had a simple way to pay the butcher, the baker and, eventually, the undertaker. And make no mistake about it, the boy was piling up the bucks galore.

It was a known fact that he had a clever, calculating head for business and was well able to take care of himself and of all that came his way or even leaned his way a little. Plenty of dames, and you know the kind of dame I mean, tried to get our hero to tumble. But, he gave them all the stony stare. These dames wanted his money. Not him. He knew it. Yes, everybody around the bright lights gave him credit for being a mighty sensible fellow and mothers hoped that their sons would grow up like him and fathers hoped that their daughters would marry somebody as nice as our hero and with as many bucks. It looked as if his name was going down in posterity to live with Sousa, Mozart, Irving Berlin and the other swells. Gosh, he was riding pretty on the crest of the wave when what does the palooka do but fall for a dame. He could have collected

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cigar bands or stamps or butterfly wings, but when a fellow starts collecting dames it's curtains. It wasn't long before he was chasing himself in circles and all the other things a fellow does when he gets to thinking of blue eyes and blonde hair. He couldn't eat. He couldn't sleep. He couldn't work. Now when a fellow gets feeling that way about blonde hair and blue eyes there is only one thing to do,—go to the nearest Justice of the Peace. Our hero said: "Will you?" and then she promised to make him the happiest fellow in the world. With that he kissed her and put the ring on the proper finger. And now the scene shifts.

It is five years later when we again pick up the thread of this tale. Elmer, yes, that is our hero's name, is still married to Gladys and the blue eyes and the blonde hair, and to make it all equal, she is of course, married to him. But, instead of a happy home what is this I see? You've guessed it. Tragedy, stark, grim tragedy. No more do love and joy reign supreme in this little home for Elmer has found that his wife Gladys, she of the blue eyes et cetera, has been tried and found wanton. While Elmer was earning bread and water to keep the wolf from having puppies in the parlor, Gladys was sowing wild oats at reduced rates. Cleopatra was a piker when matched along side of Gladys. Elmer played on the piano; Gladys played, too, but not on the piano. (Tish-tish; I blush to relate this but I must carry on.) You see, there was a man from the city. Tall, handsome and hot stuff. He read the city gas-meters. He was boop-poop-a-doop with the women and Gladys was hot-cha-cha-cha with the men and when these two got acquainted, well, it was in the stars that Elmer should take the high road and Gladys take the low road. Now, Gladys asked Elmer for a divorce, but Elmer, smelling a fly in the soup and thirsting for revenge, told her to go fly a kite. And with that, my dear public, our song-writer hero put his foot, in fact he put his whole leg up to his thigh, in the proverbial soup. Gladys and her gas-meter Romeo (Gregory was his name but all the boys around the pool-room called him Gregory for short) decided to give Elmer the works pronto.

A few days after this decision, the fifteenth of May to be exact, Elmer came home with a headache that felt like the breaking up of Prosperity. He took a sleeping drug and went to bed. While he was snoring scales and arpeggios and diminished sevenths, who should come to his house but Gregory, to read Elmer's gas-meter. (And now my dear readers, with our hero dead to the world and Gregory and Gladys plotting mischief, we are approaching the most thrilling part of our story.) Gregory has figured out with his one-cylinder brain that by fixing a hose from the gas jet to Elmer's bed, murder could be made to look like suicide. Besides, he would get ten per cent rake-off on all the gas used inasmuch as he worked for the company. (His full name was Gregory MacGregor.)

THE ROMANCE OF A SONG WRITER

It takes them but a minute to set up the hose. All the time our hero lies peacefully sleeping. The windows are closed; the gas is turned on. The lovers click the lock behind them and scam. The clock on the mantel strikes twelve. (It cannot strike eleven nor can it strike ten. It must strike twelve times for it is twelve noon when this dastardly deed is done.) All is deadly still.

* * * * *

Seven hours later. Gladys and Gregory are sitting in Gregory's flat. Like a bolt out of the blue comes a knock on the door. Like this: knock-knock . . . KNOCK (get what I mean?) Gladys and Gregory are at first quieter than churchmice. Then summing up courage (adding one and carrying two is the proper way to sum up anything) Gregory strides to the door. He looks grand in his brown uniform. He puts his hand on the knob and in a clear voice asks who is there. A clear voice on the other side of the same door says that it is none of his business but to open the door in a hurry before it's busted into. Gregory smells his goose cooking so he unbolts. Now for the surprise. In walk two detectives, one disguised as President Hoover, the other as Prosperity. (One of the police force's little jokes.) Back of these two, Elmer, dressed up as an American citizen, and last of all the landlord disguised as a cipher. The man camouflaged as President Hoover flashes a badge and says that he has come to arrest Gladys and Gregory on the charge of pre-meditated murder. With this Gregory strides over to Gladys, enfolds her in his manly arms, and says that he must be joking. Surely no one would suspect this innocent woman (here he points to Gladys) or such a man as he (here he points to himself and you can see by the way he points that he just hates himself) of murder. But the detective says that he and his partner (here he points to his partner) have spent a good half day finding them and he is sorry but they had better come along or else all their work would be for nought (and here he points to the landlord). Naturally, Gladys and Gregory sympathize with detectives who incidentally, are armed with machine guns and tear-gas bombs. So they are handcuffed and led away and Elmer and the landlord sit down to a game of double solitaire.

* * * * *

Elmer is today writing songs. Gladys and Gregory are still in jail, serving long terms. I made a trip to New York the other day and dropped in to see Elmer. Of course I avoided the subject of his matrimonial wreck, but one thing led to another and finally, he said to me, "Craig, I'll bet you don't know yet how I got out of the mess alive?" I nodded. With that he opened a draw in the bottom of his desk and pulled out a

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postal card that had been set in a picture frame. Handing it to me, he merely smiled. This is what I read:

MR. ELMER GRIMDITCH:

Unless your bill of two months standing is paid
by the fifteenth of May; we shall discontinue
our services to you at noon of that day.

The Consolidated Gas Co.

C. M. Bancroft.

A Note On The "Faerie Queene"

*There many minstrales maken melody,
To drive away the dull melancholy,
And many bardes, that to the trembling chord
Can tune thir timely voices cunningly,
And many chroniclers, that can record
Old loves, and warres for ladies doen by many a lord.*

In these lines Spenser has written his own press notice,—and it is a more trustworthy one than we are generally given today. Memorize the verses and say them over carelessly (i. e. without weighing the meaning of the words, but merely listening to their sound); then read them with care and decide whether you are interested in "old loves, and warres for ladies doen by many a lord." If the music of the lines and the antique tale they promise allures you, then you were born to love the *Faerie Queene*.

Let the scholar explain Spenser's allegory and let the pedant annotate his mythology, there is still room for the real lover of poetry to read and enjoy. Keats was such a one; he went through the *Faerie Queene* "as a young horse goes through a spring meadow—romping!"

Charles Frank.

Interlude

RUPERT, roused by the sudden stir, awoke from his revery. The tolling of the churchbell seemed to cause a flurry of movement in the landscape so peaceful all during the afternoon. Labourers in the fields wiped damp foreheads with red or blue handkerchiefs, shouldered their scythes, and in little groups began to walk toward the village. On the mountainside a shepherd's dog in answer to his master's whistled command was rounding up the scattered sheep who, disturbed from their grazing, caused their bells to tinkle in accompaniment to the heavier tone of the curfew in the valley below.

Rupert stretched lazily and, rolling over, raised himself on his elbows to gaze down on the immaculately white, red-roofed toy-houses grouped together in the shelter of the surrounding mountains. For a moment more his eyes went roving over the valley, but soon they lost their focus again; once more became dreamy as his memory carried him back to other autumn scenes.

He had loafed in Switzerland—much like this. And England—Oxford . . . Ah, but it could hardly be said that he had loafed there in the fall. He recalled back-breaking "spins" on the river; his last boat-race . . .

After Oxford had come his three years at the Royal Academy at Maritzstadt, in final preparation for his career. A mocking twist came to his mouth at the word—career. Of one thing he was certain, however; there, at Maritzstadt, he had spent his happiest days. There, too, autumn had been beautiful. He saw again the picturesqueness of the trees in the city-park, whose multi-coloured leaves—from bright red to dull and burnished copper—seemed like patches in the coat of some Gargantuan jester. He and his companions had spent many afternoons walking through those shady lanes. And then, at the beginning of his last year at the Academy, he had met Annette . . . The dreaminess suddenly left the young man's eyes to give place to a look of keen pain. Must his mind then always circle back to that! He tried to make himself think of other things; but seeing how futile it was, deliberately, angrily plunged into those recesses of his memory that he had believed so securely locked up; as if by so doing he might end that haunting image forever.

His meeting her had been accidental. He and his friends, taking their customary walk, were passing through the square surrounding a small pond—the gathering-place of children and their governesses—when

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they were suddenly arrested by a child's crying. Not an unusual sound in such a place, but certainly this youngster was in great distress, if one could judge by his heartrending sobs. His governess was doing her best to quiet him; but not until he saw before him a tall young man in gorgeous uniform did he stop his crying. And then only for a moment; for even all that splendor was not sufficient to make him forget his grief. In answer to Rupert's questioning the child merely pointed to the middle of the pond. Following with his eyes the direction of that finger, Rupert saw one of those little mechanical boats whose chief characteristic consists in breaking down when out of reach of their owners. With the intention of borrowing a cane he turned to where he had left his friends; but finding that they had strolled on, he went to search among the trees, and soon returned with a long stick. Kneeling down—at the risk of falling in—he accomplished the rescue of the shipwrecked craft, and delivered it safely into the eager hands of the youngster.

"Thank you so much." The governess, no doubt. Still on his knees, he slowly looked up over his shoulder.

"It was no—"

He stopped with a little sharp intake of breath. The girl looking down at him most certainly was not the governess. As a matter of fact she did not resemble any girl Rupert had ever seen. He continued to look straight into her eyes. He thought afterwards that it must have been chiefly her eyes that fascinated him so. They were black, or dark-blue, or violet—he didn't know.

He suddenly realized that he was staring. He stood up, feeling his face growing very red. It did not even occur to him to repeat that what he had done had been nothing; he did not exactly remember how he had happened to be on his knees.

The girl before him, standing there very composedly in her chic *tailleur*, at first seemed unwilling to help him out. On seeing his discomfiture, a roguishness had crept into her eyes. Finally, however, she came to his rescue.

"You might have fallen in, you know," she said; and her voice matched her eyes.

"I almost wish I had," he answered, feeling more sure of himself now that he was standing; for he could look down on her—she was no taller than his shoulder.

The little boy, she told him, was her brother. There was no end to his recklessness, it seemed; she was sure that not even Lloyd's of London would care to underwrite his ship. The youngster—Jean, his sister called him—with his boat clasped tightly to his breast, was busy absorbing the glory of Rupert's uniform.

"I shall wear one too some day," looking at his sister defiantly, as if expecting possible objection.

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From that day Rupert went out alone; and though he did not even admit it to himself, his feet inevitably took him, sooner or later during his walk, to the little square. He quarreled with himself and persistently denied any motive to the impulse that led him day after day in the same direction.

He had known, of course, a good many girls. He had learned to say meaningless things in a low tone, and to make conversation over a tea-cup. But the girl *aux yeux bleus* had hardly seemed the sort one could confidently say meaningless things to—she would be too apt to laugh at you.

Three days he crossed the little square without seeing Jean or his sister. Like a schoolboy in love he would not even acknowledge that he wanted to find her there. When he did, one glorious afternoon, he did not know what to do. It was little Jean who, seeing his friend standing at one corner of the square, rushed up to him and began to tug at his hand. Rupert, looking up, saw the girl sitting on the stone edge of the pond. She smiled, and he walked over, thankful that Jean's pulling him by the hand served as a pretext.

That time she asked him to visit her. She and Jean lived with an aunt—for their mother was dead, and their father in France at this time—in the diplomatic service.

Rupert began to see a good deal of Annette. They went frequently to the opera; on many afternoons they walked in the park, or rode together. It did not take him long to discover that he was hopelessly in love. Hopelessly—or so it seemed to him; for she would begin to laugh so soon as he became at all serious. She did not want to fall in love, she told him. Nor was this coquetry; she was wholly sincere.

One evening (they had just heard *La Traviata*) he told her he knew that she was much too good for him. It had an unlooked-for effect. She took him by the shoulders and shook him—actually shook him. He had felt inclined to laugh until she said, with a stamp of her foot and a last shake—

“If ever you say that again I shall hate you, hate you!”

He had never seen her angry before, and he could not but observe that, with her face flushed and her eyes bright with anger, she was more beautiful than ever. He had not so much as touched her hand in the three months that they had known each other; nothing would have happened now if her eyes had not suddenly softened again. It had not been a question of thinking; as if some other self had compelled him he took her in his arms—harshly, roughly; probably hurting her. She, a bit frightened, had tried to push him off and then—with a little sob—had reached her hands around his neck. She had not wanted to fall in love, she had said; forgetting that choice had little to do with it.

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He was to find that her love was greater than his. The first letter from his father concerning his engagement merely irritated him. "You must see that the whole thing is impossible," it read. It went on to speak of his duty, his career. The difference in rank should be enough to dissuade him from marrying this girl. *Noblesse oblige*—The phrase was disgusting in its triteness, offensive for the smug aptness with which it applied itself to his case.

There were many such letters. They alone would not have succeeded in dissuading him from marrying Annette; but Edzard, his best friend, had begun to point out to him that their marriage would certainly be incongruous. (Only later had Rupert found out that his father had influenced Edzard.) The bonds of friendship had lent their weight to his arguments. Rupert began to waver, to grow doubtful. Finally he agreed to conform to his father's views. This submission did not occur without a struggle. There were nights when he lay tossing about on his bed, deciding to ask Annette to marry him at once; to rush away with him to where no letters could reach them.

He had not said a word to her to make her think that anything was amiss; so that, when he told her—they were sitting in the public park, watching the sun disappear behind the treetops—she thought at first he might be joking. Until she saw the agony in his face . . . Then, slowly, there had crept into her eyes a look of incredulity, of fear, of pride—but not of anger. She had risen—suddenly—without a word. She laid her hand on his shoulder in a wistfully caressing gesture, her eyes not on him, (he had sunk his head in his hands), and walked away. He, realizing that nothing more could be said, had fought down a mad impulse to run after her. It was perhaps better so.

* * * * *

That the memory of Annette would stay with him, would cling to him so relentlessly, was something he had not foreseen. To forget her he had immediately left Maritzstadt; and had gone to those places where he thought his mind would be most easily distracted. He was successful; but only so long as he was surrounded by friends and had not too much time to think for himself. Once alone, however, he was as badly off as before. No doubt the knowledge that he lacked a certain amount of courage, that he had not been entirely fair with Annette, accounted partly for the persistence with which his thoughts returned to her. But it was not entirely a matter of conscience. He now knew that he had been even more in love with her than he had supposed.

Still in the attempt to forget, he had come here, in the French Jura, taking with him only one servant. He had registered at a small inn under the name of Timmer. And now, at last, he believed that he had

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found the means of climbing out from his mental purgatory—he had found another woman. He was in love with her; he was quite sure of it. Had he not seen her almost every day during the last month? And there could be no question this time of rank or station in life—she came from a noble family.

* * * * *

The Baroness von Falk, known to her more intimate friends as Tetje, had similarly found it expedient to go *en villégiature*, if for other reasons than had motivated Rupert. Certain events, she knew from experience, had best be given time to blow over. And yet, perhaps through force of habit, perhaps because she thought it sinful to pass up even one opportunity, she had made up her mind to add to her conquests the tall young man who was standing beside her, so intently examining the window of the village curio-shop. Rupert's concentration was not so profound, however, that the gleam of a white glove as it fluttered to the ground could not disturb it. The rest, in the hands of the experienced Tetje, was simplicity itself. Inside of three short weeks she felt reasonably certain that Rupert might be considered as an additional pearl to a necklace already complete—a necklace, however, not strung on silver wire, as one might expect; but suspended on a strand of elastic which, if not quite so elegant, was nevertheless endowed with this virtue—that it adapted itself to almost illimitable extension.

Still, the affair must not be carried too far, she felt. Rupert—what was his last name?—ah, yes, Timmer—Rupert Timmer. She had no quarrel with the first name; but Timmer—Good Lord! A very common name; and yet the young man had very much the appearance and manners of a gentleman. He must be told, however, that the time had come to end what was a mere summer-flirtation; and with that purpose she had given him rendezvous in their usual place of meeting—a clearing in the woods that one reached by climbing a winding bridle-path.

She had not planned the manner of breaking the young man's heart; she was sure of her ability to extemporize. Like Napoleon she was accustomed to "arrive and then to see."

Rupert was there before her, as she had expected. He held the bridle while she dismounted, slowly and portentously, as befitted the calamity that was so soon to descend upon his head. Apparently the effect was wasted, however, for he caught her in his arms before her foot reached the ground. Carrying her to where the trunk of a fallen tree made a convenient seat, he set her down, bowed in mock seriousness, and took a seat next to her. She had a far-away look in her eyes, for she was planning now, planning the best way to pink her man. The thrust must be deadly; yet without undue bloodshed, and therefore nicely executed.

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After a moment she turned her head to look at him. What was he saying? Marriage? She rose quickly, pride and indignation written plainly on her pretty face. For a full minute her tongue whipped and slashed the presumptuous young fool at her feet. She, a baroness, marry with one of no station in life? She was playing her part with the consummate skill of a born actress; he sat there in dumb astonishment, his lips a bit parted, and his eyes very round. And suddenly he began to laugh. At first, it was a low chuckle, but soon it grew into an unmistakably hearty, solid laugh. What annoyed her so was the fact that he did not seem to be laughing at her; this was no mere bravado—one would have said that he had, only an instant before, seen the point of a joke that had been played on him a long, long time ago. Even when she struck him across the face with her riding-crop he could not put a stop to that strange hilarity. The last sounds of it followed her as she drove the spurs into her horse. By the time that she reached the bend in the road, however, Rupert had once more grown serious and thoughtful. There was something he must decide, and he meant to decide it quickly. One would have said that it did not take him long to make up his mind; for he got on his feet with a bound, an eagerness in his face that had not been there for many a day. He made no use of the stirrup to mount in the saddle; and his horse, already frightened by the action of the last minute, hardly needed the prick of his master's spur to make him start forward at full speed.

Arrived at the inn, Rupert left the animal to the care of a groom, and forced himself to climb the stairs leading to his suite with no more than ordinary haste. He had to knock twice before he heard his servant getting out of a chair, and shuffling across the room. Hardly giving the old man the chance of opening the door fully, he took him by the arm and told him to pack the trunks immediately.

"I hope, your highness, that nothing has happened?"

"Confound you, Frans! How many times must I tell you that while we are here I am just plain Mr. Timmer! Ah, true; I had forgotten. It does not matter now."

"Shall you go directly to the capital, your hi——"

Rupert paused a moment in his task of stuffing shirts and cravats into a valise.

"To where?" He crammed a suit of pyjamas into the bag and stood up straight. "Yes, Frans; to the capital. Certainly, to the capital —by way of Maritzstadt."

René Blanc-Roos.

Phi Beta Kappa

*Though I've spent some time in college,
I'm afraid my worldly knowledge
Is as small as on the day that I was born.
I'm not tempted by a smoke
Or a pornographic joke—
To tell the truth, I've never even sworn.*

*Somehow I get the jitters
When I'm offered gin and bitters;
My proclivity has never stooped so low.
I believe I must admit
Fellows aren't impressed a bit
By the wonderful intelligence I show.*

*I can discourse on the Bible
And I'm far too often liable
To quote poetry with very little reason.
My talk's not worthless gabble
Like the style of James Branch Cabell,
And I never murder words like Jimmy Gleason.*

*I've been told by all my proctors
And by moralistic doctors
That I've lived a model life at Haverford;
But when I'm on a date
(It is needless to relate)
The young lady is continually bored.*

*I may be quite pedantic,
But I just can't feel romantic
When we're gliding 'neath the moon in a canoe;
I'm afraid if she should mention
That we violate convention
I would probably not know just what to do.*

*I have always felt pathetic
When accounted too aesthetic,
And I'm going to change my style of life at last.
I will pawn my golden key
For a long neglected spree
And so become a fellow with a past.*

David L. Wilson.

Agrippa

CORNELIUS AGRIPPA was born at Cologne in 1486 of a fine old family. His life was wretched, his death wretched. In his time knowledge was scarce: those who cultivated letters were thought irreligious; those who observed the phenomena of Nature were heretics; and any who was familiar with the deductive sciences was surely a sorcerer. Agrippa was all of these; Agrippa was anathema.

It is the consolation of fools to revile the learned. Agrippa was learned, and for that he was scorned; he was wise, and for that he was suspected. The ill-sounding stories of the invidious aroused the mistrust of the simple and thereafter Agrippa wandered hastily through Europe but his reputation always sped before him.

The most damaging tale was one concerning his practices while he was a professor at the University of Louvain. Agrippa was officially a lecturer of chemistry and medicine, but his students knew him to be a magician and many of them came to him privately for instruction in that field. Here was a profitable source of income and Agrippa eagerly embraced it. He was not ignorant of his precarious position; he saw clearly that if he took many scholars of sorcery, he could not hope to keep the proceedings *sub rosa*. However, he was certain that even though the matters were generally known, he was in no danger so long as his protégés came to no harm. To prevent that, applicants for advanced study in the occult sciences were examined with great care: to gain access to the library-laboratory of the great man one must be healthy, not too adventurous, and able to keep a secret. Englishmen most often satisfied requirements. For this picked group of students, Agrippa planned the work thus: too much for any to fall into mischief through idle curiosity, yet not enough for any to gain mastery of the subject. The Academy Agrippa prospered.

It was on one of those deceiving days when everything is going well that José Patrin first approached Agrippa and spoke softly of private studies in "science". José had none of the qualifications: he might have been healthy but he probably was not. He was a Romantic—his eyes bespoke that—and was interested in magic only because it seemed to promise larks and adventures. Finally, he was rich and had no greedy incentive to keep secrets. Indeed, you could trust him with nothing but a dull secret for that he would forget. José had none of the qualifications but he did have charm. Even that would not have got him by, had not Agrippa been prosperity-rash. José talked eagerly and charmingly and Agrippa smiled and said, "We shall see," in a way that meant "Yes."

Shortly José was conducted to a private room and great, mouldy

AGRIPPA

books were set before him and he was bade, "Read and Study!" These were deep books and dry and such as would discourage all but sincere, intelligent scholars—so thought Agrippa, but he counted not on Imagination. José read but did not study; he read and thrilled. The printed page supplied him a steed of fact and on it he went galloping off to weird encounters with Hecate and to ghastly *scènes du Sabbat*. Agrippa listening outside the door heard ecstatic gurgles, astonished whistles, pounding fists, and stamping feet; mistaking these for the manifestations of a pitiful struggle between an inferior mind and the obscurities of science, he smiled and said, "Here is a young colt who will this day give up the study and bother me no longer." Agrippa worked quietly among his powders, and the noises within grew more frequent and more wild. Suddenly they stopped and were heard no more. Again Agrippa smiled and said, "Now is it over; let him sleep a few hours and then shall I wake him and send him home."

When he thought the young man had rested enough to remove his fatigue, but not enough to restore his confidence, Agrippa opened the door and was not surprised to see José stretched out on the floor in an attitude of exhaustion; he was astonished to notice how little the boy had read. Only a few pages of one of the volumes were turned back, but Agrippa merely muttered, "unusually stupid" and sighed at the disorder of the study-closet. First he tidied up the room, and then he bent over the reclining body and looked with scorn at this young booby. He looked again and gasped, "No breathing!"

Midnight was tolling when Agrippa made this discovery; for hours he worked anxiously trying to revive the boy. Stuffing powders up his nose, injecting fluids into his veins, inspiring his own breath into the boy's mouth—all of these were vain; José was dead.

Shortly before dawn, Agrippa lighted an alcohol lamp and kneeling before it, he called on the powers of Hell to aid him. With oaths and conjurations he bade Alastor appear. Out of the blue alcohol flame rolled the crimson spirit Alastor. Agrippa showed him the body of José and commanded him to enter it. Alastor poured himself into the gaping mouth. Straightway the corpse of José Patrin rose slowly and stood before Agrippa. The sorcerer approached, opened the eyes, closed the mouth, and pushed the head forward so that the chin rested upon the chest. Then he buttoned fast the gown and set the cap far down upon the brow, commanding, "Alastor, I bid thee stay with this body for seven days and seven nights. Walk it through the streets of Louvain. Speak not, observe not, and above all rest not. At dawn of the eighth day leave the body upon the doorstep of its father. Fare thee well!" So saying, he opened the door and led the way to the street. When he had seen the corpse off, he returned to his chamber and made his own

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preparations. Day was just breaking as Agrippa left Louvain, never to return.

His flight was noted and so were the mysterious actions of José Patrin. The villagers wondered to see the young man in cap and gown striding about, chin on chest, and eyes ever staring upon the ground before him. But he was a scholar, and scholars might be as eccentric as they pleased so long as no harm came of it. Moreover, no one was interested enough to follow the man and see that the walking continued from morn till night and from night till morn. So it was not until later that Louvain knew that the solitary figure had walked for seven days and seven nights through the town, resting never, speaking never, nor ever raising its eyes. When on the eighth day the corpse was found chez Patrin, Agrippa was in Italy. Then scores of Louvainians came to M. Patrin and told him what they knew of his son's seven-day walk. From the combined stories the truth was known, and then did M. Patrin tear his hair and shriek, "But why did you not question him?" Every time came the answer, "I greeted him, Monsieur, but he would not answer, so thinking him in a study not to be disturbed, I went my way." It was not difficult to connect Agrippa with the crime; blasphemous were the curses heaped upon his head and bloody the threats.

Though Louvain never had the pleasure of crucifying Agrippa, the story spread and furnished taunts to the gaminry of Europe. Some said that a devil had strangled José as he read, others that Agrippa himself had done the deed. It was useless for the outcast to say that the boy's heart was weaker than his imagination, and so the sorcerer walked—was kicked—over the face of Europe until he died at Grenoble.

The manner of his death kept alive the scandal of his life. He had been accompanied in his vagabondage by a faithful dog that never left his side. Even the fidelity of a dog, which in other men is counted an indication of some kind of virtue, was a subject of gossip, for it was said that the dog was an attendant evil spirit which made possible its master's sorceries. Well, then, as the old man lay dying and the dog lay sleeping by the bed, a group of priests entered the chamber to persuade or threaten Agrippa into repentance. (His soul had become famous for its blackness, and at every sickness he was besieged by priests. They may possibly have thought that who should save Agrippa's soul would need no further recommendation in Heaven.) While they were now pleading, now reviling, Agrippa bolted up into a sitting position, seized the dog by the neck and staring into his eyes, screamed, "Get thee gone, wretched beast, thou hast caused my ruin!" The priests reported that the dog ran mutely out of the house and straight for a near-by stream. Arrived at the bank, he plunged in and was not seen again. When the holy men returned their glances to the bed, Agrippa was dead.

CHARLES FRANK.

Editorial

WITH this issue the HAVERFORDIAN enters on its fifty-second year of publication. Though financially threadbare, we are humbly grateful to the student body for having been spared so far this year the necessity of justifying our continued existence or of fighting the perennial suggestion that the magazine be made over into a kind of campus joke-book and alumni miscellany. Indeed, we are comforted by the thought that the HAVERFORDIAN, having weathered the vagaries of half a century of constructive criticism from the college at large and of zigzag policies of variously-minded editors, has now become so tough and horny that nothing the present Board does can seriously jeopardize its future.

No college institution, however, can flourish without the support of the lower-classmen. We wish to call to the attention of Freshmen interested in contributing to the HAVERFORDIAN that, after the resignation of the senior members of the Board at Midyears, the two members of their class who have shown the most talent—no matter how little—will be elected Associate Editors. Assistant Business and Advertising Managers, on the other hand, are welcomed at any time and in unlimited numbers as long as the depression lasts. We might remind the Freshman Class that in two and one-half short years the HAVERFORDIAN—and for that matter every other college activity—will be their responsibility.

We hope that our readers will approve of the change in format. Our Art Editors leafed through a whole bookcase full of bound HAVERFORDIANS and combined the best features of past issues together with ideas of their own into the magazine you now hold in your hand. The result is: a larger page size, a lighter type, and a new cover design which will be printed on uniform grey cover-paper throughout the year.

New Books

A SEA YARN

Mutiny on the Bounty—Charles Nordhoff and James Norman Hall: There have been many epics of the sea: *Moby Dick*, *Tom Cringle's Log*, the *Cruise of the Cachelot* and many others, but there is no story so packed with sheer salty romance as the tale of *H. M. S. Bounty*.

Norman Hall and Charles Nordhoff have collaborated in a thoroughly satisfactory retelling of this famous story. Adventurers both, they are ably fitted to recapture the intense drama of the *Bounty's* famous cruise. Since the war, when as members of the Escadrille Lafayette they wrote their names high on the records of that splendid corps, they have lived on in high adventure in the South Seas, the scene of this story.

Nothing of the truth has been sacrificed in the present yarn. The authors have gone to the source for their material. The Public Records Office was ransacked, and musty files disclosed the necessary evidence. Interestingly enough, Dr. Leslie Hotson was instrumental in the collection of data required by the authors.

In their novel, Roger Byam, midshipman in the *Bounty*, lives again through the mutiny. We learn of his long residence in Tahiti, how he there found love, only to lose all that he held dear, how he was snatched from his earthly paradise to be conveyed home to England in chains, tried by court martial and sentenced to death by hanging.

Here is no musty yarn of dry historical fact, but a vivid, glowing, pulse-quickenng story in which one feels the very sunlight of the tropics, the soft seductive winds from palm-fringed atolls and the beat of the surf on the reefs.

From the security of an armchair one is transported to the heaving deck of a storm-tossed ship to hear the thunder of canvas and creak of cordage, to feel the driven spray and the surge of mighty seas. The vivid agony of thirst and sun in an open boat when men go mad under the pitiless sky, and the hopelessness of a blank horizon stirs something deep and elemental as one reads. The stark brutality of the drama Roger Byam lived holds the reader entranced and the book is not easily laid aside until the last chapter is told.

From a purely critical point of view it is a great pity that in preparing the manuscript, an expert on nautical terminology did not read the proof, for there are errors which will grate on one reared in the tradition

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of the sea. The title should be Mutiny "in" the *Bounty*, for one is never "on" a ship. "Aft" is used for "abaft", and nautical sensibilities will be deeply injured to read that "Captain Courtney and his lieutenants stood on the 'weather' quarter deck" when the ship was at anchor and lay to the wind.

Such phraseology as this appears: "Foresail and mainsail there! all ready?" —"Aye, aye, sir!" —"Let go sheets and tacks!" —"All clear, sir!" —"Clew garnets, up with the clews!" Properly revised this should read: "Man the fore and main clew garnets and bunt lines!" "Let go the tacks and sheets!" "Clew up!"

However, such technical errors do not detract from the enjoyment to be derived from the story and it is hard to imagine that a reader who thrills to high romance will not feel well repaid as he reluctantly finishes the book.

Atlantic Monthly Press, \$2.50.

—E. S. McCawley.

MR. YEATS-BROWN REPEATS HIMSELF

MR. YEATS-BROWN'S new book *Bloody Years* sustains the high standard of *The Lives of a Bengal Lancer* only in part. The first one hundred pages of the book is a colorful and exotic presentation of the political intrigue, the race hatreds and the great turmoil of revolution, massacre and assassination which took place in Turkey during the seven years preceding the War. Indeed the sub-title *A Decade of Plot and Counter-plot by the Golden Horn* is well applicable to this first part of the book. The story begins with an interesting portrait of Abdul Hamid II in his palace Yildiz Kiosk in Constantinople. The Sultan's political intrigues, his system of spies, and the brief account of contemporary bloody massacres make interesting reading. Also the descriptions of the Sultan's private life are well done,—his chair "carefully insulated lest it be struck by lightning," his two thousand waistcoats and trunkful of neckties, and his practice of carrying about with him loaded revolvers as a protection against assassination and occasionally shooting some innocent person by mistake.

The story then proceeds to the bloody uprisings of the Young Turks and the deposition of the Sultan with the adoption of a constitution. The Young Turks, however, seem to have bitten off more than they could chew for their rule was followed by the terrible massacres of the Balkan Wars. This impersonal historic account of the years leading up to the war ends with a detailed and vivid description of the assassination of the Archduke and Duchess of Austria.

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So far so good. It is here that Yeats-Brown himself enters the story as an observer in the Royal Flying Corps, and it is here that the seemingly endless accounts of capture, long periods of languishing in prison, escape, recapture, and begin. Indeed the remaining two-thirds of the book is nothing but two chapters from *The Lives of a Bengal Lancer*, filled in with details and stretched out ad infinitum. Of this material Mr. Yeats-Brown said the following in his previous book:

The truth about the next twenty-four months it would not be in my power to write, even if I wished to do so. And I do not wish. Prisoners see war without its glamour. The courage and comradeship of battle is not for them. They meet cruel men, and their own fibre coarsens. A chronicle of these wasted and miserable hours, of dirt and drunkenness, of savagery and stupidity, would not only be dull, but remote from my subject.

I shall record only two incidents therefore: to write more would be useless, to write less would be . . .

I am forced to agree with the author on the dullness and uselessness of this chronicle and it seems to me regrettable that he felt it necessary to change his mind on the subject. Several critics seem to have overlooked the fact that nearly all the material in the last two hundred pages of *Bloody Years* is presented in a condensed and much more interesting and lively form in twenty-four pages of *The Lives of a Bengal Lancer*. As a matter of fact this is the third time that this material has been published under a different title, the first being *Caught by the Turks*. Mr. Yeats-Brown seems to be making too much of a not altogether good thing. It is unfortunate that he could not have completed *Bloody Years* in the colorful, semi-fictitious style in which he began it, for that is the part of the book which is by far the more interesting and lively.

The Viking Press, \$2.75.

J. H.

MISS CATHER'S NEIGHBORS

Obscure Destinies—Willa Cather: In *Obscure Destinies* Willa Cather tells what people live for: the Bohemian Rosicky on his western farm, Old Mrs. Harris who moved with her daughter's family from Tennessee, Trueman and Dillon whose friendship made their community beautiful. These lives lose their dinginess under Miss Cather's realistic, yet mellow touch. In a short evening's reading one feels the stability and purpose in the lives of people who at a slighter acquaintance seem the substance of

NEW BOOKS

a barren Main Street. Neighbour Rosicky lived through London, New York, and through lean farming years. He and his wife "had been at one accord not to hurry through life, not to be always skimping and saving." That creed and a kindliness is his merit. Old Mrs. Harris surrounded with noisy grandchildren drudges at the housework that her daughter may keep up appearances, that she may live differently from her poor white trash neighbours. The Rosens, who could read French and German and had whole shelves of "thick, dumpy little volumes bound in old leather", thought Grandmother Harris was wasting her life on these lazy children of hers. Mrs. Rosen, from a wider experience than the townfolk, could understand Mrs. Harris; she gave her a shawl, and tidbits; she helped send the flighty young Virginia to college. Mrs. Harris appreciated her neighbour, but Mrs. Rosen must not know how hard her bed was, now her feet ached, how few things she had that were her very own.

Miss Cather's pages contain many fine passages such as this describing Mr. Rosen: "He stood looking down at her through his kind remote smile,—a smile in his eyes, that seemed to come up through layers and layers of something—gentle doubts, kindly reservations." Although there is abundant charm in these stories, they lack the power which characterizes her earlier novels. A looseness of plot is, however, more attractive in these shorter stories than in the longer *Shadows on the Rock*, her 1931 novel.

Alfred A. Knopf, \$3.00.

—J. L. B.

UNDERSTANDING THE SOUTH

Peter Ashley, Dubose Heyward: Peter Ashley was the product of an aristocracy which, in one place and in two centuries of time, had made a world. ". . . For St. Johns, for South Carolina, they had created a life that was completely satisfactory, that had beauty, harmony, dignity, continuity." Peter was compact of these things, and of belief in them. But also within him was the spark which made him "different": an intelligence which accepted nothing and doubted especially the things he held most dear. Fostered by his thoughtful uncle, fuelled by education in Europe, the spark flamed into dreadful doubt when Peter returned from abroad to the Charleston of 1860 and saw it through the eyes of an alien, as if for the first time. He saw that beauty, dignity, continuity, all the things that his forbears and his friends held dear, were built upon an ethically intolerable system of social injustice and oppression. That all the best things in Southern life were reserved for a class whose only

THE HAVERFORDIAN

claim to them was that it was specially fitted to enjoy them. Yet, though he saw these things, he could not hate the system, nor the class which produced it, for he was of both, and so were all the people and things that he loved. And so, unable to ignore his scruples but longing to be convinced that they were false, he wavered between intelligence and illusion, until love and history intervened. He fell in love with a girl of his own class—one who was not troubled by his scruples; he fought a duel for her, and thus proved to himself that intellect had not robbed him of courage. Fort Sumter was fired upon, with Peter in the midst of the prophetic pageantry of the event. Love and war exercised their combined spell; his aristocratic tendencies triumphed. Fulfilling the worn prophecy of his class that "blood will tell", he sank with relief into the illusion that South Carolina in general and St. John's parish in particular were the best earth had to offer.

The book ends here, but this is not all. Stamped upon the reader is the tremendous fact that in the next four years of civil war the world for which Peter has given up his individual integrity will be swept away. If he should happen to survive the fighting and return, he would find only a ghost of that world:—the bitter tradition which still hovers over the Charleston of Heyward's modern novels, *Porgy* and *Mamba's Daughters*. Here is a tremendous and wonderfully handled contrast. Peter feels that in clinging to his opinions he is isolating himself from reality; in giving them up, he would return from the nightmare of doubt to the stable, solid world. Yet the reader, knowing history, realizes that that world will be gone within the space of half a decade. Nevertheless, one can understand Peter's feeling. So skillfully has Heyward recreated the secessionist Charleston of seventy years ago, so successfully has he breathed life into his characters that it is difficult to believe it could pass in so short a time.

Leaving his studies of the modern negro in Charleston, Dubose Heyward has gone backward to analyze the sources of the traditions which bind the negro still. This analysis, presented through the eyes of an intelligent and sensitive youth, will represent, to those who already know Mr. Heyward's work, another step in his progress toward outstanding achievement. To others, it should be a winning introduction to an author who, with Ellen Glasgow, Isa Glenn, and Julia Peterkin, is one of the few who can adequately convey his understanding of the South to the rest of the world.

Farrar and Rinehart, \$2.50.

—R. E. G.

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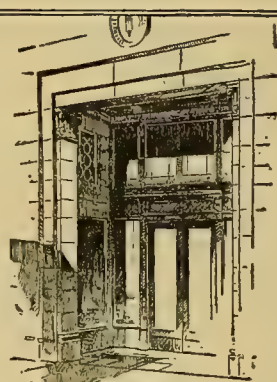
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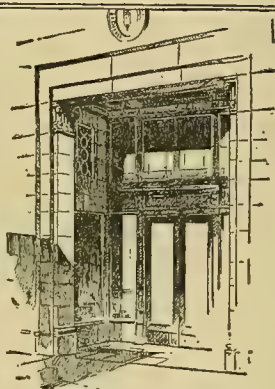
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THE HAVERFORDIAN

VOL. LII HAVERFORD, PA., DECEMBER, 1932

No. 2

THE HAVERFORDIAN is published monthly during the college year. Its purpose is to foster a literary spirit among the undergraduates. To that end contributions are invited. Material should be submitted to the Editor before the tenth of the month preceding publication.

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On Waking In Mid Night

*A mind is one to itself,
Harmonious blend of its products,
Free of compulsion from the outside world,
Free to dwell on the inner,
Able to think from no chance urge,
Able to think alone,
Able to delve in the back-pressed realm of self:
When all is still save the boom-boom
Drone of silence.
Then is reality present;
Then truth is imping'd by the sharp lance of thought,
Like a bright, mounted moth in a case
With other moths.
There is one on the wall;
Shall I stick him?
He is gone,—and I sleep.*

M. Kaye.

On Cigarettes

WE OFTEN hear generalizations made about this and that age in history. In the eighteenth century people knew the art of conversation. The last days of the Stuarts in England were terribly licentious; I've heard Mother say, "You know everybody was having illegitimate children then. Mercy! Hundreds of 'em." As William Clissold in an H. G. Wells novel spends a chapter showing, the Middle Ages were a time of wildness and bestial disorganization. When we say we thank the Lord we're not living in the first century or so of the Christian era, we all have about the same idea in our heads about the bloody Roman Empire. The Elizabethans were a "nest of singing birds". The turn of the century here in America, before the automobile and the mad pace of machine civilization, is sometimes looked back on as "the time of peace wherein we trusted." The Mauve Decade with pink trying to be purple. The Mid-Victorian age when everybody was so hipped on religion. And so on. Such generalizations get to be mainstays of our historical thinking although they usually are slipshod and narrow for smiling wistfully on a particular fair quality or shuddering at a favorite vice. They can't help being off balance when those ages are so dead and gone. Our epigrams of today should be more reasoned. But they are frequently mere sideswipes at the bad modern age, too flippant, prosaic, or simmering with maiden-aunt displeasure to be taken with less than a teaspoonful of salt. Remarks like "Well, we're living in the electrical age, you know," or "I tell you, people are sex-crazy nowadays," or "These days everybody is so busy trying to get somewhere that nobody knows where he is," don't go more than skin deep, because we have all been turning these thoughts over in our minds before anybody pronounces them. I have a notion that a good "characterization of the age" may be something right under the public nose, perhaps hanging from the public lip. How about cigarettes?

Heavens, they're everywhere. In every abundant cigar store of this land, where owners realize that not Arcadian simplicity, but good, lush, Babbitt display, is the thing, you will find in the windows crammed full of pipes that won't bite, and tobacco pouches that are as clever as Open Sesame, the constant, inextinguishable presence of the reigning favorites, Luckies, Camels, Chesterfields, and Old Golds. There may be

THE HAVERFORDIAN

delicious looking "Factory Throw-outs" at two for a nickel, wrapped fatly in cellophane and ranged like Onward Christian Soldiers in exotic, long boxes. Or there may be any pipe in the window (regular price \$1.50) with six cans of unblest tobacco (value \$.60) and enough pipe cleaners to get in the way (\$.25 value) all for \$1.25 (saving \$1.10). Or even a nice unhandy cigarette rolling machine or a combination cigarette case and lighter, or a guard to put over your pipe so you can smoke it in the wind (for there are people dull enough to buy them). But the picture needs a serious background to keep on the main street, and there it is: Luckies, Camels, Chesterfields and Old Golds.

I don't suggest there is any imminent significance in those names themselves. They are just necessary adjuncts to something more important; like Lutheran, Catholic, Congregational, and Shouting Baptist. In both cases these brands have been on the market for a good while, they and their kind, and if they should fade out, I'm sure a great surging Principle would bring back a substitute.

We are in a time of great transition, there's no doubt. Whether it's *to* something, I'm not sure. But I know it's *from* something—perhaps "the time of peace wherein we trusted", or "pure religion breathing household laws," if there was such a condition prevalent in America. Anyway, in this change there is restlessness, a kind of wholesale sophistication, and an urge to be efficient and superficial. I think nothing reflects it better than our appetite for cigarettes.

They've got us, lots of us, and we don't mind the bondage. For it isn't as if we had a pall of dope hunger hanging over us, niggardly of satisfaction, relentless, and ugly. We can light cigarettes as enjoyably while prancing down the pike with squared shoulders, as we can when humped over a midnight desk and Schopenhauer. For it is not only the venom in the practice, but the practice itself that flatters us onward in our modern life. Along the street we don't know which feels better—the warm punch in the lungs, or the combinations of nerve-toying sensations, that give something to hide us from the clamor and monotony of the automobiles. We like the shimmering smoke that keeps hurrying from the end of the cigarette into the air, where it is whizzed into oblivion by a passing car. We snap the ashes into the street, fitting return for the carbon monoxide we have to breathe from it. At the desk, an understanding of Schopenhauer enjoys being taken with drags from a cigarette, with clouds of smoke hanging around the study lamp. And especially when we gloat over a passage that fairly writhes with pessimism:

"Thus, as if fate would add derision to the misery of our existence, our life must contain all the woes of tragedy, and yet

ON CIGARETTES

we cannot even assert the dignity of tragic characters, but in the broad detail of life must inevitably be the foolish characters of a comedy."

At such moments, we don't care if our fingers get a bit yellow. It gives us an evil satisfaction.

In another spirit, they offer us moments of genuine celluloid bliss, these cigarettes. They let us sidestep the hounding essentials of a day's effort for a few minutes, by giving an air of business to a casual stroll into a friend's room. They escort our remarks about Greta Garbo, gangsters, birth control, war, liquor, and narcissus bulbs. Or they calm us down for a little while when we're sitting in a rocking chair not doing a thing, when we ought to be grinding away at a thesis. They color the slight pause after breakfast. They do these things particularly well because they are hot, quick, and brief. They don't encourage an extended sprawl, for as we tamp them out, we know we'd better get up and get to work again.

They are almost a part of certain modern employments. A reporter with his hat on the back of his head, spouting freshly caught news over the phone, will do it more than likely with spouts of smoke accompanying the words. A garage mechanic holds a cigarette between his compressed lips while under a pilloried automobile he darts from joint to joint with his grease gun, finishing up a rush lubricating job. Every jolting delivery truck or taxi, or huge double van with hissing air brakes, has its driver's elbow resting at the window and a cigarette burning near. With a cigarette, an interne suppresses last misgivings when he examines a cadaver.

Waiting, hanging around, pausing, poisoning oneself—these all reek of cigarettes. How often will a man's chiffonier (or a girl's for that matter, if she has no qualms) have a line of black scars along its edge, representing nervous tyings of ties, or powderings of cheeks. Commuters smoke countless cigarettes wherever trains are waited for. Pool room slouchers lean and smoke. Hundreds of cigarettes may be found where gangsters waited for their man. If you're going to help out a poor fellow who hasn't had work for a long time, you'll perhaps buy him a package of cigarettes first of all. Hotel ash trays yield immense harvests in the basement rubbish barrels.

The superficial aspect of cigarettes is the easiest to talk about, for we see through it easiest. Watch that social housewife hustle around before she has the girls in for bridge in the afternoon, setting the card tables with doggy little ash trays and fresh packages of cigarettes, then going after cards and bridge scores. All the girls smoke, you know. Watch the cigarette holocaust at a great football game. See it in the colloidal solution of high school fraternity brothers, where cardboard

THE HAVERFORDIAN

comradeship beats with a cardboard heart. William Clissold speaks of those little spidery insects, Water Boatmen, that skim around on the surface of the stream. As he says, there will be Water Boatmen till the stream dries up. And if insects smoked, I think Water Boatmen would smoke cigarettes.

There's no end to them. The War, we understand, brought on the huge increase in their use. In the trenches men lived on them, and whiskey. And perhaps these feverish times are a late peace-time echo of the rumblings of war. For few places are quiet any more. One Sunday in Montana I climbed a mountain where the country was wild and appetizing and full of profound suggestions. But I had to roll me some Bull Durham, very dogged and snappish, when I heard a locomotive whistle from a far-away gulch, where it is true, there was a railroad.

Somebody walks into the room, slapping his chest. "Hey, you got any cigarettes?" If I have any tailor-made ones, they will be in my little silvery, silk-lined box. I dote on the box; it is so like a Lilliputian sepulcher, and white cigarettes—coffin nails—so often remind me of dead bodies. "You're darn right. Here." Scratch. Flame. Glowing cigarette end and friend's brow furrowed as he puffs. "Thanks." Drag. Head tilted back and a cloud of smoke whirling out. "Boy!" Now he can think about what he was really coming to see me for: "Say, did you go to English this morning?"

"I say, Brother, do you have a fag?" my sister will often ask. Usually controlled and sophisticated, she acquires a wealth of ingenuousness when encumbered with a lighted cigarette. And so with lots of girls, especially old girls, old married girls, who have taken up the habit late and hold their cigarettes like little China dolls.

"By God I better have another cigarette before I go any further," says the little man in the water main ditch, tunnelling under a street crossing toward me. He crawls out backwards and rolls some Golden Grain, lights up, peers around on the level of the asphalt and climbs in his little hole again, puffing vigorously.

"Hey Bud gimme a drag on that, will yuh?" a newsboy asks me hoarsely, late on a Saturday afternoon after the matinee, when I had lit a cigarette mechanically, bleary-eyed following the sudden change from the dark theater to the glaring pavement, where street cars were grinding by. I give him the cigarette thankfully.

A smartly dressed woman calls on my cousin. She laughs, talks, smiles, and her eyes shine as if she were interested in the chatter. Every five minutes, it seemed, her purse is snapped open and out comes a package of Camels to add some more smoke to the room.

The boys on the locating party smoke cigarettes while the transit man moves on to a new set-up. A business man lights a cigarette while

ON CIGARETTES

waiting for the rest of the foursome to tee off. The drunk in the next cell in the little jail in Yankton, bums my last cigarette from me and smokes hungrily. The bus driver hops out at a "comfort stop" and lights a cigarette at once. A drunken sailor lights one from the butt of another. A youth in a tuxedo feels naked without a cigarette in his hand. A swimming party comes in after the first dip and fumbles around for packages of cigarettes in bathrobes lying on the shore. The foreign minister in conference smokes cigarettes furiously. The travelling salesman sits down at a hotel desk to make out a day's report, and lights a cigarette even before he opens his brief case. Smoke rolls from the end of the cigarette the draughtsman has just set on the edge of the draughting table as he leans over his contour map. Coffee saucers not yet cleared from a booth in a crowded cafeteria have twisted cigarette butts blackening their edges.

Oh beyond a doubt they are coffin nails. But as the scaffolding of our age goes up, we workmen find they are handy to use—they drive easier than ordinary stalwart nails, and though the Boss says we'd better cut it out, they ain't permanent, and don't hold so well, we keep on using them. Anyway the Boss has so much on his mind that he appears not to care a great deal.

We are like Pecos Bill, Paul Bunyan's Texas cousin, who used to smoke two cigarettes at once, so he could always have one in his mouth. I have a notion, too, that Mr. Benét wouldn't be shocked if, at the end of *John Brown's Body*, the modern man said "It is here," with a cigarette in his mouth.

My father smoked cigars, carefully and lovingly, like a good member of "the time of peace wherein we trusted." I interlude most of my waking hours with wheatstraw papers and nice, dry, raspy Bull Durham, for whose notorious habit of going out, I stole ten thousand matches from the Yellowstone Park Hotel Co. Only occasionally, when I feel mellow, do I like a pipe, a good borrowed pipe with a thick cake in it, and as for cigars—they, like granchildren, are waiting for me in riper years.

But leaving you with Our Age, I could go one lurid step further. Notice that man over there in the third pew—the man with the lines in his forehead? When he says "Give us this day our daily bread," I bet he's muttering under his breath: "And a package of butts."

Oliver F. Eggleston.

Revelation

*That night I found you when first we walked
The mountain road beneath the moon and talked
Of many things.*

*By that rugged old stile in the moonlight
We looked down on the lake studded with bright
Stars borrowed from heaven.*

*In each other's eyes we glanced,
Then quickly turned away, entranced
To find something there
Too sweet to bear
Undiluted.*

*We laughed together;
Your hand touched mine, whether
By chance or choice I didn't know
Until you pressed
And I guessed
It was choice.*

*Of my dreams I told,
(How lofty and bold!)
Like no man's you knew. In truth
The soul of a youth
Laid bare, showing blue
Through the night's own blue.*

*Then softly you cried because
You loved. I cried within, and paused,
Bewildered grown,
Because I had not known
That woman's love strikes deep.*

*A year swept on:
Twelve moons had come and gone,
And six more faded from their peaks, jaded
By the grossness
Of a world still meaningless.
Vague doubts began to crowd
You then when I kissed you,
And never dreamed aloud.*

REVELATION

*You loved me still,
And of warm kisses I had my fill,
But in your mind
Those doubts entwined.
Fear grew till you knew
I loved your lips more than you.*

*Your heart I possessed
But I never guessed
How profusely it bled
For the love that had fled.*

*Then sudden I caught in your eyes, all smothered,
The glint of an aching heart kept covered.
The light of truth burst in my brain with a sound
Like the sad crash of little eggs tossed to the ground
From a tree
Rocking in the wind.*

*I understood then,
And breathed a sigh of relief:
Now in accord with your own belief
That love goes on in spite of love.*

*The old stile should be here,
And the stars above, to peer
At the lake below,
So we could stand in silence by
And want to cry,
But laugh—so!*

M. Kaye.

Agitators

IN THESE days of hardship one hears a great deal about the necessity of a change in our social and political system. "Things can't go on the way they are; some fundamental change must be made," is a phrase heard wherever one turns. Prophets and agitators are in their element.

Every intelligent person must admit the desirability of a small group of agitators in every well-balanced society. As Socrates said of himself, they are the gadflies that awaken us to thought. They are a wholesome influence. To understand them and countenance them we must realize that of necessity the essence of their nature is a high-minded intolerance. Their very calling is to be intolerant of existing conditions. They paint us pictures of Utopia, and are hasty and impatient with us for not immediately espousing their cause. Overweening intensity and enthusiasm of purpose are their chief weapons in combating the general apathy which exists around them. This is all as it should be.

The normal young student, sympathetic with the righteousness of their cause, but startled and distressed at the vigorous manner in which they prosecute it, is often confused and bewildered by it all. These agitators want us all to be agitators. They would like the millennium to set in with in the fortnight, and at these propositions the common sense of our young man justly revolts. The daily business of the world must go on, and honest men are needed to carry it on. The great majority of our nation is made up of simple, unassuming people, who day by day perform their small tasks with single-mindedness and dignity of purpose. For five thousand years civilized man has been advancing gradually and slowly, and each day sees an infinitesimal advance.

Let us take courage then, we who sympathize with agitators, but feel that our calling is to live the lives of normal people. The agitator can twist his soul into a perfect frenzy of torture over the ultimate goals for which we are striving; but our duty is simply to take the next small step toward that goal. Our salvation is a perfect patience born of faith in the ultimate value of each small deed done in a spirit of good will. Our task is to listen with gracious tolerance to the theorizing of the agitator, and then go out and patiently follow our calling, striving in little things gradually to lay the foundation for a better day.

Henry G. Russell.

Noonday Quiet in The Alps

A Translation from the Italian of Antonio Fogazzaro

*In white fleece asleep lies the sky;
The winds in weariness sigh,
And into silence die:*

*The leaden lake lies pale
Midst the wood and meadowed vale:
The whispers of silence prevail:*

*The Alps huge o'er the sleeping plain
With slow calm survey their domain
And with the silence reign.*

*The distant sheep bells I hear
So faintly that they appear
To bring the silence near;*

*This hushed repose leaves free
My heart to think of thee
Who distant thinks of me.*

F. P. Jones.

Strange House

*The red plush chairs are mournful.
There is only silence here,
A silence that is scornful
And will not have you near.*

*The carpets lie, resenting
The treading of your feet.
The closets are inventing
The ghosts that you must meet.*

John Byerly.

*Was it alone to me
Revealed, that I might see?
Alone to me—to my untutored eye,
Among the tens and hundreds passing by?
For the great gates of heaven
Were opened wide,
And all the men and women at my side
Were crossing in and out.
Each woman passing me
All heavy burdened, seemed to be
An angel, with dark shadowy wings,
A halo faint
Around her head:
Each beggarman a saint.*

Anonymous.

Forever

*Out I went. As I left the place
A wet wind came and caressed my face.*

*A cool wet wind, and it whispered to me:
"Where are the stars that you used to see*

*As you left this house? Where the quick heart-beat
And the brightened eye that the wind used to greet?"*

*And then the wind whispered—as well it might:
"My friend, you have lost your youth tonight."*

R. E. Griffith.

New Books

FIGMENT

Farewell, Miss Julie Logan, Barrie's first story in many years, is a gem. One has a weakness for Barrie, always suspecting there is something not quite reasonable in enjoying his sentimental society. There is in this story of a young Scotch divine, a delicacy and a charm which will arouse enthusiasm. Adam Yestreen is snow-locked in his parish. His loneliness is relieved only by the sight of his neighbour's window blind wagging him a good-night on the other side of the frozen glen. And then appears Miss Julie Logan, a Stranger, one of the glen's own creation. The love affair is irresistibly attractive, and it ends whimsically, for, perhaps there never was a Miss Julie Logan. Many years later, and comfortably married, Adam himself has a large doubt concerning the reality of Miss Julie. The story is taken from Adam's diary which he prepared for the English summer visitors. Of them he writes "on the Sabbath there were always some of them in kirk where they were very kindly at the plate but lazy at turning up the chapters." This is a book all Barrie lovers will appreciate. Its Scotch flavor is remarkable; and the very many Scotch words give a sense of other-worldliness to the tale; they keep the whole spirit in a world of fancy.

Scribners, \$1.00.

—J. L. B.

HUMAN AND GOLDFISH

TO CATCH a man, an ordinary man, at his best and at his worst, in the humdrum of his existence, and to write a readable story about that elusive person, is what Christopher Morley has done in *Human Being*. Yet, why read of the ordinary, when there are important personages like Pershing, and Byrd, who can titillate our fancy? Only because our *Human Being* is far more fascinating. He is all of us and each of us,—and Morley has been entertainingly successful in his reproduction. Against the background of a New York treated with some affection, Richard Roe lived his life of salesman, husband, business man and clandestine lover. A little world, from Pekinese to Office Girl, revolved about him. The traces of this Richard Roe were hidden in the minds and fancies of all his friends, and when Hubbard, under the guidance of Morley, seeks them out, he has uncovered a host of interesting people. We hear of the peccadilloes of the office force, and the family,

THE HAVERFORDIAN

of publishers, book convention delegates, and salesgirls⁷¹ in Detroit. Schedules of wee railroads listed in the manner of Homer's Catalogue of Ships, and romantic names of our American towns are echoed with the same relish Milton felt when he sounded out "Mombaza, and Quiloa, and Melind, and Sofala, to the realm of Congo." There is a vivid enjoyment of this modern world, and the reader shares it completely. But a Morley book could not be, if it lacked certain touches of which this is a sample, "Lucille was quietly basking in the tub . . . with just a faint granular sensation where some of the lavender crystals had not completely melted." The other book is *The Goldfish Under The Ice*, a book for youngsters, all about a dog, a Go-To-Sleep-As-Soon-As-You-Get-To-Bed Club, and the fish in Gissing Pond. A tendency towards realism in children's books! It is a pleasant yarn, and full of children's indescribables.

Doubleday, Doran, \$2.50, \$1.00.

—J. L. B.

UNSAVORY ADVENTURES

RICHARD HALLIBURTON has another book—the fourth. It is difficult to imagine what one can find in this sort of thing. There is the same condescending appreciation of the world we have seen in the other books. It is well that all adventurers do not show the lack of scruple so egotistically exhibited in *The Royal Road To Romance*—I refer to the photographs of Gibraltar—and repeated to a degree (I do not know to what degree for I cannot finish the book) in *The Flying Carpet*. There is the customary delight in playing nasty tricks on the unsuspecting, and therefore unretaliating. This extends to his marriage of a deluded woman's cat which had been trained in the most Christian of atmospheres to the filthiest alley cat he could find; but he paid somebody else to find it. The photographs show the author's aeroplane all too many times,—and the best photograph in the book, a beautiful sunset on Galilee, is not his own.

Bobbs Merrill, \$3.75.

—J. L. B.

DIANA STAIR

Diana Stair reveals the radical trend of thought in the 1840's, and gives a vivid picture of an active woman's pursuance of liberal ideals. Diana is not quite a creature of the past; she seems a modern, exercising modern privileges. She has been removed from the 1930's to give life to

NEW BOOKS

the 1840's radical views. Diana needed freedom to love and think, and act as she chose; she got that freedom. The idealists who served loyally their cause were brushed aside by her charm, and the cause all but ruined. Her self-effacing husband could satisfy her only when his efforts succeeded in freeing her from severe dangers, and then only until other lovers appeared. A poetess, she had a frigid Boston at her feet. As the chief figure in a fugitive slave trial she became a symbol of the Northern point of view. There is a fascinating combination of persistency and whim in her character; she smokes a hookah, is a mill-worker, school teacher, Abolitionist speaker, and what not. Floyd Dell has illuminated an interesting woman. The contrasts between the conservative tendencies of the day have been built up with an enlivening recklessness. What is of real value in this novel is the illustration of the phases of liberal thought as it broke out in Socialist communities, in literary clubs, in strike organizations, and in Abolitionism. A misdirected and stumbling business in its beginnings, this Socialism of the few has taken real form and direction to become what a modern world is learning to regard with respect.

Farrar & Rinehart, \$2.50.

—J. L. B.

CONQUEST BY FAITH

The Burning Bush, Sigrid Undset: Paul Selmer had tasted the bitter wine of agnosticism and now felt the need for faith. What could he reasonably believe? Nothing, really. Nothing which could satisfy his spiritual hunger, which could give him the peace he sought. Driven by that need, he made his choice of something in which he could have faith though he did not believe it. Entering the Catholic church, he did not immediately find the peace he had longed for. First there was the task of changing his whole attitude towards other people, of realizing that they had souls as well as he. Theoretically, he recognized that Bjorg did have a soul. But he went on treating his wife like the child she seemed—until the final break came. Even after that he failed to realize that he was at least partially to blame for what had happened. There his new-found faith helped him. He forgave—what had been as much his fault as Bjorg's. Still there lay before him an even harder struggle with his old self. Paul was not immoral, but he was amoral. What was, in reality, a perfectly innocent relationship took on the outward look of something far different. Stark tragedy had to come before Paul could be guided into the completely social path. When the book is finished we are sure he is on it.

THE HAVERFORDIAN

So much for the framework of the story. It is in its telling that the excellence of the book is impressed upon the reader. The background of serene Scandinavian beauty is painted in a manner that assures us of the author's love for it. It is painted richly and vividly. Similarly the minutiae of temperament in the rather large number of completely drawn characters convey a most vivid impression to the reader and argue a deep understanding in the author.

Several scenes, especially that in which Paul's daughter Sunlife feels herself ready to die as a sacrifice for the reconciliation of her parents, are of the essence of tragedy. The book is a living thing, and it is a fine experience in a certain kind of spiritual and intellectual exaltation to read it. The work of translation is simply and beautifully done.

Knopf, \$2.50.

—C. W. H.

LANCES DOWN

RICHARD BOLESLOVSKI, whose *The Way of the Lancer* painted with clear realism the mutiny in the Russian Army and the chaotic period of the Provisional Government, has gone on in *Lances Down* to tell of the "ten days that shook the world."

Returning to Moscow after the fiasco of the mutiny the author finds the city bitterly changed since before the war. Fighting has not yet broken out between the Whites and Reds, but an ominous atmosphere pervades the town. Driven by an obscure necessity Boleslavski reports to the Moscow Art Theatre, where his work lay before the war, and with its petty politics manages for a time to drive away thought from his mind.

With the coming of the bloody ten days of October, 1917, he realizes suddenly that he can no longer submerge his thought-processes. He is conscious of a clash in his own mind; Whites and Reds are fighting, and as a soldier he is urged to fight too; urged by his allegiance to an ideal of aristocracy that was more than a religion to him in his cadet days to join the Whites, urged by his sense of justice to join the Reds. And the clash of obligations is rendered no less severe because he recognizes the fact that, decide as he will, he will never be able to force himself to fight any more on either side. He wanders through Moscow possessed by this problem, recording the appalling ferocity and cruelty of the warfare between White and Red with a callous apathy that is the direct result of his engrossing neurasthenia.

As in his previous book Boleslavski would cast a drunken scene in broken sentences calculated to impress the reader much as the scene

NEW BOOKS

impressed him, so he has written *Lances Down* in a manner as inchoate and undefined as was the mental state it depicts. Whether such an effect is intentional seems doubtful. One is conscious of the trend of the book only after one has read it, much as one realizes the direction of a train of mental states only some time after it has reached its conclusion. The book definitely ends with the solution of its problem, the sequence of events is well-chosen, but on the other hand there is much apparently unrelated material, and at times the continuity of the volume gives way to the creation of particular effects. To encourage such faults merely for the sake of realism seems to suggest an improbable and useless degree of subtlety.

Bobbs Merrill, \$3.50.

—J. A. C.

THE SENSUOUS WORLD PROCLAIM

A FORMER HAVERFORDIAN reviewer once said of Rosamond Lehmann's second book that "it should be counted a capital offense that such a novel as this be written". Somehow, Miss Lehmann has survived this veiled threat to write *Invitation to the Waltz*, perhaps encouraged by the enthusiastic praise of Hugu Walpole, Alfred Noyes, Ellen Glasgow, and Christopher Morley, two of whom proclaim her the most promising English novelist now living. *Invitation to the Waltz* sustains the "promise" of *Dusty Answer* and *A Note in Music*. All three books stand on the same artistic level. Perhaps the reason the author goes no farther in this novel is that it is impossible for anyone to approach perfection more closely than she has already.

The novel is the story of the week before Olivia Curtis' first ball and of the ball itself. Olivia lives in an obscure English village with father, mother, and sister, among vague relatives and inhabitants all of whom are cut off from the stronger currents of life. Her own existence is bound up with that of the village, but she and her sister Kate know that there is another life, and that this first ball is the key to it. Olivia moves through the week with heightening excitement, choosing her dress, comparing herself to her beautiful and assured sister, wondering, wondering whether the ball will miraculously transform her from near-plainness to beauty. What will her escort be like (he turns out to be an impossible divinity student), what must she say to people, what are young men really like, will this ball be her only chance for happiness? In her suspense, there is only one thing she is sure of. What will happen, whatever it turns out to be, will mark forever the end of childhood. Secret crying over *David Copperfield*, delightful Monsieur Berton's quiet and thrilling praise of her

THE HAVERFORDIAN

French, even the depth of the intimacy between her and her sister, will all have passed into memory.

The ball arrives and goes, long and dream-like, a series of unconnected events instead of the steady happiness or shame which she had hoped and feared. She was neither a belle nor a wall-flower. If anyone in the gathering had picked her out for special observation, he would have seen an ordinarily attractive girl with the usual number of partners, enjoying herself moderately. But the ball is seen through Olivia's own eyes, not impersonally, and shown through this refined glass her experiences are as rich as any pageant in life. She is an ordinary girl on the surface, but like so many people who are without surface distinction, she sees all happenings with more than ordinary intensity, and takes from their final meaning. Though she almost falls into the clutches of an ancient satyr, though a youth whom she had idolized since childhood is so fuddled by drink that he forgets their dance, the ball is not spoiled by these things, any more than it is made successful by the strange chance meeting with the most sought-after man there, the beginning of a quiet friendship. After all, what the ball really introduces her to is life. Beneath the surface ache for beauty and popularity, her heart's desire is experience—all kinds. This is her religion, this her prayer: "Some time or other I must think it all out, read some helpful books, really worry about it . . . Oh, but it can't be helped! It'll all come right. Because, of course, I do believe . . . I believe—I believe in everything . . . sun, moon, stars, in seasons, trees, flowers—people, music, life . . . yes, in life. She was shaken with excitement, took a deep breath . . ."

This, perhaps, is Miss Lehmann's greatest gift, her power to show what people without talents and without the gift of instantly charming other human beings feel. Seemingly without the help of art, but with some inward light of her own, she illumines every corner of their experiences, puts them in perspective, and presents them as something rich and lovely—an intense sensuous beauty so sublimated that it seems almost intangible, a thing of fire. She achieves this by long descriptions of sight and sound, for which, as usual, a separate word must be said. They produce the exquisite agony to which descriptive poetry gives rise, and they are unsurpassed in my experience of English prose. But then, the same can be said of any facet of literary art on which Miss Lehmann has so far chosen to spend her time.

Henry Holt, \$2.00.

—R. E. G.

Cinema

Borne along on the customary Hollywood tide of sex and slush comes *Maedchen in Uniform*, a German film which is so unusual that it beggars description and baffles analysis. It is obviously the product of one strongly marked individuality, that of the director, Leontine Sagan. In the German manner, Miss Sagan has impressed her personality on every foot of the film; actors, scenarist, even the play itself, have all been molded by her interpretation and revision. This unity of treatment has resulted in a film which stamps its creator as the greatest of all film directors.

The film marks no new cinematic era, and flashes no brilliant technical achievements. Indeed its technique is quite conventional. But Miss Sagan's obvious inexperience with cinematic methods only makes her achievement more remarkable. It shows that the quality of her film is not due to the chance effects which so often elevate mediocre directors to fame. Nor is it due to any outstanding quality in the play itself. *Maedchen in Uniform* has a good enough central idea, but would be ordinary without the twist which Miss Sagan has given it. The climax, indeed, could not be achieved in any other medium than the cinema. Nor, one suspects, by any artist with a lesser comprehension of the intricacies of feminine character than this director.

As for the plot, after one has said that it concerns the coming of a sensitive girl to a pre-war Prussian boarding school and the disaster which her rebellion against discipline causes, the rest must necessarily be silence. Cinematic criticism has as yet evolved no descriptive terms which can adequately depict the emotional intensity, the intellectual power, which give the picture its hold on the sympathies of every spectator. The thoughts which Miss Sagan's picture of the feminine soul arouse lie too deep for glib expression.

Maedchen in Uniform comes to the Chestnut Street Opera House December 5 for an indefinite engagement. Pass up *Strange Interlude* if you must, miss *Kameradschaft*, *Blondie of the Follies*, and even *Horsefeathers*, but if you don't see *Maedchen in Uniform* you will never be able to talk about the cinema.

—R. E. G.

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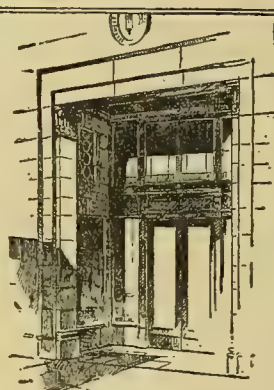
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THE HAVERFORDIAN

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THE HAVERFORDIAN is published monthly during the college year. Its purpose is to foster a literary spirit among the undergraduates. To that end contributions are invited. Material should be submitted to the Editor before the tenth of the month preceding publication.

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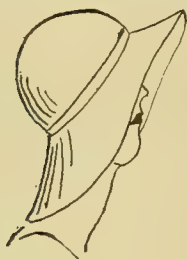
Americans in France

or

What's the Use?

WE WERE sitting on the *terrasse* of the Café de la Paix, some friends and I, talking of one thing and another, when a group of seven girls and two elderly ladies wound its way through the maze of chairs and tables, and sat down before us. In one minute they had discovered that we spoke English, for three of them turned round at the same time and in unison exclaimed in tones of rapture, "Oh, are you Americans!" The two chaperones merely gave us that benevolent look of possession peculiar to the eyes of the superannuated schoolmistress in Paris when they light on the person of some young compatriot. Inevitably the talk drifted into the usual channel—a con-

sideration of installation of more American bathrooms, electric refrigerators, and other appurtenances to advanced civilization, in this backward country of the Gauls.



The girl directly in front—a sweet young thing, Smith College, I think—turned to me and asked if I had been to the Folies-Bergère. I confessed my sin and then, "Oh, weren't you horribly disappointed?" I didn't know what I

was going to answer, and so I began, "Well . . ." but apparently hers had been an oratorical question, for she cut me off by remarking, with a sigh, "It wasn't at all as naugh—ty as I had expected." Before she caught her next breath I slipped in and asked her just what she had expected. She blushed, I think.

Rising from the infra-ridiculous to the ultra-sublime, she next admitted that Napoleon's Tomb also had aided materially in disillusioning her. By this time I had grown stubborn; I had not even the courtesy to say, "Really?"

The group broke up after that. They were going to Harry's Bar, they told us. One felt so peaceful and at home there after the chill atmosphere of the French city. I put my tongue in my cheek at that "French" city, for who is not aware that Paris during the summer months is quite devoid of the French element. The



AMERICANS IN FRANCE

Parisian is more than willing to surrender his beloved precincts to the hordes of Americans, Englishmen, Austrians, and Germans that periodically descend on them. Yes, I hear you scoffing, "Well, they're glad enough to have them and to rob them of their money."



Every American in France has the furtive certainty that millions of dark eyes are boring through the fabric of his knickerbockers to his purse or wallet in his hip-pocket. No matter what fare a taxi-driver may charge (it is always less than a third of what you would pay in New York or Philadelphia) he is met by an expression of, "No use pulling any tricks on me" plainly depicted on the face of his indignant passenger. Yes, every A. in F. wears his coat of suspicion, proof against the attacks of a corrupt nation.

When in doubt I have ever made it a point to make inquiries from one of my family (my family is French, but they do have a species of intelligence somewhat akin—only as the mist resembles the rain, of course—to our own sagaciousness and perspicacity) in order to arrive at a fair arbitration of any question of which I have already heard the American side. In this instance I laid before one of my relations—an uncle—this question of wholesale robbery.

He pointed out to me that perhaps *vous autres Américains* had badly educated the poor French during the period when the franc-note served as a popular wallpaper-pattern. Some years ago, said he, a cabby would be jubilant over a tip of twenty-five centimes. Along came your countrymen who did not hesitate to bestow five or ten-franc notes as a *pourboire*. Why not? What was, or is—even now—the value of five francs in your own money? Pretty soon, a native was forced to give as much (and he had no dollars to convert into francs at the American Express) or suffer the humiliation of finding his copper and nickel thrust back into his hand by a supercilious taxi-driver.

My uncle grew rather heated over his exposition, but I could excuse that. I, who had been brought up in both France and the United States, understood perfectly the impossibility of his acquiring that great serenity and unruffled bearing that distinguish the American wherever he goes.

Shall I decide who is right? Would I put my foot in a bear-trap? But I remember



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something of Kipling's that runs:



*"If he play, being young and unskillful,
For shekels of silver and gold,
Take his money, my son, praising Allah.
The Kid was ordained to be sold."*

* * *

I spent about five weeks at Cannes, Nice, and Monte Carlo. Of the three, the first-named is doubtlessly the most elegant, and perhaps the only one that has not changed for the worse in the last few years. That part of the Côte d'Azur lying between Cannes and Nice, however, is dotted with small—what shall I say?—settlements that bear a close resemblance to our own shore resorts—a veritable "playground of the world". Indeed, here people formerly played for large stakes; but there has been a depression (*la crise*), and so, although it makes their hearts bleed, the Casino's croupiers must rest content with raking in insignificant one-franc coins in place of the thousand-franc notes that constituted their former prey. That prototype and most famous of all the world's gambling-dens, the casino at Monte Carlo, is ready to turn itself into a museum or to sell out to the highest bidder. It is said that a certain American, who by his losses at roulette alone was wont to supply the Principality of Monaco with an income sufficient to dispense with any form of taxation on its inhabitants, had some tidings of ill report during the fall of 1929.

But if gambling has lost its old-time allurements, nevertheless this part of the French Riviera remains the stamping-ground of both the riff-raff and the select of the social world. At Juan-les-Pins there may be seen, of an evening, famous actresses, former Russian princes, and millionaires past or present, rubbing elbows with neatly-attired Chicago gangsters. But Americans are in the majority, for here they may freely indulge in those little pleasantries that back home would necessitate "knowing the right people" to keep them out of jail. And there are no fools like old fools. It would not be so bad were they to keep the children home; but while the "old boys" and older girls play, their offspring are allowed to roam about as instinct and a quest for adventure may urge them. And so it is an all-too-common sight to see a half dozen or so boys and girls of preparatory-school age in each of the night-clubs for which Juan-les-Pins and Antibes are notorious. The French call these cabarets *des boîtes*—boxes. It is an appropriate name—and these youngsters,



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who can hardly be held responsible for lifting the lid, return to the States with the firm conviction that they have lived.

* * * *

The French, who are perhaps a bit ironical, have a saying to the effect that the Statue of Liberty faces the wrong way. Be that as it may, the actions of home-bound Americans do not form any concrete protest against this epigrammatic statement. Every night, in that part of the ship which has diplomatically been named the "Smoke-Room", they may be found, *en masse*, enjoying their evanescent freedom, so-called. "Morituri te salutamus."

At dinner-time I had the misfortune to find myself at a table with an aged Irishman who delighted in repeatedly calling attention to the scratch on his nose, obtained while kissing the Blarney stone; and with a woman of perhaps fifty years—the sort of woman who has saved up during the better part of her life enough money to allow her one voyage to the other side. Oh, was-she-glad-to-get-back-home! Perhaps you know the sort.

While I passed her the salt, she ventured, "Aren't the French a dirty race?" Well, I could fill a book with the thoughts that flashed through my head during the next few moments. When finally my eyes returned to their normal state and allowed me to see my surroundings in other colors than those found in the longer wave-lengths of the spectrum, I observed to her that although I was a naturalized American citizen, fate had endowed me with a mother of Gallic extraction. She faltered at that and explained: "Well, I mean they carry their loaves of bread in the streets without any wrapper—it's so unsanitary . . ." But I had lost my appetite, and therefore I got up and walked off in quest of the head-steward.

I felt the need of shaving shortly after that; having obtained the necessary tools, I placed myself in front of the wide mirror, and lathered up. Beside me stood a little mite of a man, who wielded a straight razor with the assurance and dexterity of an Italian barber. I felt a great admiration for him, for I am one of those who have tried and failed. Between razor-strokes we talked about all manner of things. I asked him how Paris had appealed to him. His razor made a more rasping sound before he answered, "Oh! All right, all right." Next I asked him which he called his home-city. Washington, he told me. I said I had been in Washington some time ago. I declared it the most attractive city in the United States. He turned toward me at that, and exclaimed dramatically: "I think you may go further than that. Yes sir. I think you may go further than that. I think it is the most beautiful city in the world!" I was going to plead with him, but something in

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the poise of the weapon in his hand served to deter me. Once more I faced the mirror, resolutely . . .

A little later I was strolling aft, fruitlessly essaying to stem the blood that was trickling in a small stream down my cheek. Seeing a friend, seated in her deckchair, I walked over and listlessly sank in the seat beside her. She was the most sympathetic person I had met in that ship—an artist. Her sketches of the French country-side are not unknown in America. We sat in silence for a while, fascinated by the pendulum-like rise and fall of the horizon, before I asked her whether she had been pleased with her trip. (I did not then know that she made a crossing at least once every two years.) Still looking out over the water, instead of answering, she smiled an enigmatic smile—and sighed as if she had stretched herself—I mean, mentally.

I went on to ask her opinion on French sanitation—carrying unwrapped loaves of bread in the street—that sort of thing. Finally I asked whether she did not think Washington, D. C., a more beautiful city than Paris. At last she turned her handsome face, and vouchsafed me a look of incredulity and scorn. I hastened to point out to her the beauty of those immaculately white, marble buildings, arranged in a definite order one after another. Furthermore, could any one have the presumption of drawing a comparison between the dirty-grey Louvre and the new Post Office building? Could any person have the rashness to mention in the same breath the drab Tomb of Napoleon and the spotless Lincoln Memorial?

Her former look of scorn changed to one of pity. “Poor boy,” she said. “Poor boy. Washington as a city is still only pretty and trim; it lacks the character needed to make it beautiful. Its wonderful white has a complementary shade of green. It must get mellow—like . . .”

I got up suddenly, and leaned out over the rail—I could not let her see the joyful satisfaction in my face. Presently I raised my head.

Yes, it was a good world.

René Blanc-Roos.

Seventeen

EVER since last June when he had graduated from high school, he had felt the strain of their life, the constant pinching and scraping to make both ends meet, the long credit account at the store. While he was at high school he had spent most of his time with his aunt in the town, and he hadn't realized how bad things were on the farm. These last few months especially things had been getting worse.

And he was just another mouth to feed, he wasn't necessary, his father and brother could work the farm well enough without him, for hadn't they been doing it for the last three years, since his brother graduated from high school.

He untied the rope from the hay fork. It was a good strong piece, and though it was longer than he needed, it would be a pity to cut it. It would serve again after he had used it, and a rope cost money.

Then he climbed up the ladder into the mow, dragging the rope up with him. As he was pulling it up the black and white cat jumped out after it, clawed at the retreating end, and then rushed back under the manger. She lived out here all the summer and winter too, and didn't have to bother about anything except killing rats and having kittens. He wondered vaguely what it would be like to have kittens; and then he thought of Mary; she would be sorry—perhaps she would cry; he wished he hadn't thought of her.

They said it was better if it broke your neck; and he remembered discussing with Lang how they let condemned prisoners drop through a trap door for forty feet, and how their heads came off sometimes. He wouldn't like that to happen, but then he would only drop about six feet. If he tied one end around that beam, and let the other end hang down about two feet through the trap door, that ought to be enough, and he wouldn't be able to touch the floor.

He tied a slip noose at one end of the rope, and left some slack so that it wouldn't run through. He thought of his father pulling that end of the rope, and letting the heavy, fragrant clover hay drop down inside the mow. Then he walked to the edge of the trap and let the noose down about two feet, and paying out the rope he walked back and tied the other end round and round the beam. Then he pulled up the noose and put it over his head and pulled it till it lay close around his neck.

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God . . . that was horrible. He sat down in the hay, suddenly weak all over. His hands were shaking and his stomach felt very empty. God . . . He sat still for a moment, trying not to think. Perhaps he shouldn't do it after all; no, he had thought all that over enough times, he wasn't going to go over it again. But he hadn't thought it was going to be as horrible as this. He felt very frightened. What would it be like afterward? There must be something; he couldn't just go out like a candle flame. He thought of his father killing a kitten in the Spring; there were too many cats around he had said; he had just picked it up by its tail, mewling and kicking a little, and then had hit it on the back of the neck with a stick, and blood had suddenly spurted from its nose, and it had gone all limp; they had buried it among the weeds behind the barn. Oh well, that was only a kitten, and kittens didn't have souls. No, it would be sort of warm and lazy, like those afternoons down by the swimming hole, with a buzz of bees and flies all around; and it would be dreamy in the shade. Or it would be like being in bed just before you went to sleep, with the sheets soft up around your chin, and all drowsy. . . .

Outside he heard a sudden scream. It was his little sister. She screamed again, startled and frightened. What was it? The black bull must have broken out of the paddock. He had jumped up. She was screaming now, a high, terror stricken scream, and he sickened as he thought what might happen if he were not in time. He jumped down into the open trap, and clambered down the ladder. And then suddenly something took him by the throat and pulled him backwards off the ladder . . . the rope, oh God, why hadn't he remembered. He didn't want to die now; and there were those terrifying screams ringing in his ears. Oh he mustn't die now.

Oh please God let the rope break . . . dear Jesus I didn't mean to do it . . . please, please let me go. His head was bursting and he clutched frantically at the rope around his neck. Then a sudden shattering light broke in his eyes. . . .

—*Anonymous.*

Out of the Foc's'l

*Rise and shine and grab a sock,
It's not quite light, just four o'clock.
I don't mean one, I don't mean two,
I mean "you", Red, and the whole damn crew.
"I" don't want you but the Old Man do.*

THIS little ditty is punctuated by vigorous shakings and along about "I mean *you*" you suddenly emerge from oblivion with a startling suddenness. The quartermaster who is the reciter, grins and moves on to the next bunk. Everywhere in the narrow foc's'l sleepy men are rolling onto the edges of bunks, rubbing their eyes and slowly pulling on jumpers and shoes, although it is really a quarter of seven and not four o'clock at all. The steel bulkheads are throbbing in time with the engines and the deck gently rises and falls. This is a morning of the milder sort. Brawny-armed seamen whose shoulders are covered with faded pink and blue tatooing begin to splash in the basins while Chico the mess boy, a swarthy little Filipino, turns out the one-more-little-nappers. His piping voice rises above the yawns and grumbled curses: "Hey, Chico! Time to get up. Breakfast ready, drink um up quick."

After the invariable breakfast of fried eggs we lie around on the locker-tops—the bunks have been triced up by now—and listen to the members of the starboard watch. They were the ones who were turned out at four o'clock to put over a buoy and the querulous voice of Shorty, that prince of all gripers, is heard above the rest. "Yes by the Holy Saints, four o'clock. What kind of a time is that to put over a buoy I'd like to know? And do we get our time back? Hell no we don't get our time back. Petee always says we'll get it back, but do we ever get it? Damn right we don't get it. That's what kind of a lousy outfit this is. And I tell you what *I'm gonna do*, I'm gonna see the man. I'm gonna ask him whether we get our—"

"Coom up haer you lazy loafaers. Vot ta haell you tink dis is, a hauliday? Got-tam pretty quivick I comm down daer and get you. Coom up haer-r." It is the Scandinavian voice of the Bos'n. His blue eyes under a dirty slouched officer's cap glare down the hatchway which is entirely filled by a great chest and huge shoulders. Good old Bos'n. The stubble on his rosy face is grisly, for he is sixty years old. But he can still four-hand a boat-fall by himself, a job that takes two ordinary

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husky seamen. He is Swede, the Bos'n, one of those grand old Swedish sailors you find in vessels in every sea the world over. He was in the Coast Survey when they worked in sailing ships and once, so he told me in a long yarn, he sailed in a Coast Survey schooner for New York to Porto Rico. And this marvelous schooner under single-reefed lowers beat the Porto Rico steamer by two whole days. Good old Bos'n! Even in his most hard-boiled moments you can see a twinkle in his blue eyes and if, when you are walking away with your squilgee after a gruff command, you look around quickly, you may catch a grin where you left a stony stare. And if you don't watch out he'll have you back aft trying to pull in the waterline or hunting for red and green oil for the running lights.

We file slowly on deck and begin breaking out tools. The job for the day is chipping the putty to of the seams on the main deck,—a good job, easy and peaceful. The only requirement is not to chip the edges off the narrow teak planks that compose the deck. And so the morning goes, with occasional words of broken conversation among the seamen to the staccato tune of the chipping hammers. The ship lifts gently along, sea and sky are blue, and the world is at peace. At ten o'clock the word is passed to go below for coffee. At ten-fifteen back on the job, tap tap tap, tap tap tap. When the weather is fine, when the work is on deck, then a seaman's life is happiest. Days of endless toil and nights of dreamless sleep. At a quarter of twelve it is time to knock off. We go below and soon Chico climbs carefully down the ladder, laden with two steaming pails, crying, "Come and get eat, Chico. Come and get eat." Chow is down.

After the noonday meal, lying on the deck in a pair of scivy pants is the accepted procedure if it is sunny; while if you are a college boy on vacation (ha) you perhaps play chess with the chief engineer, if he will condescend. If he does condescend, look to your queen, for marine engineers have scheming and calculating minds as I have learned to my cost. This short half hour between twelve-thirty and one, is perhaps the pleasantest time of the day. Everyone is drowsy and quiet. If the ship is running with the wind, it is nice to lie on the foc's'l head almost on the bowsprit and watch occasional sharks and swordfish swim lazily by.

Along toward one o'clock the goo-goos begin ambling up on deck and collect around the 'midships companionway. They have finished washing the dishes and cleaning up after chow and come out of the foc's'ls and galley for a little fresh air. Why they are called goo-goos, I never could be sure, for after all they are only Filipinos. Some say because of their round googly eyes which in some cases are exceedingly innocent and childlike. Others say because of the incomprehensible pidgin-Spanish which they habitually speak. "Goo-goo" is perhaps as close as the sea-

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men can get in epitomizing this strange tongue, so they call the speakers goo-goos just as the Greeks called all those who couldn't speak Greek, Barbarians, because their talk sounded like "ba-ba-ba." Many of these Filipinos can speak only a little broken English. Tony Magbanua, or Bag-a-manua as he was affectionately called, could speak only two words of English. When you said something to him he would stare at you malevolently for perhaps fifteen seconds and then say witheringly, "Chrise sake."

But the most disconcerting thing about this race is not their language but the thinness of the veneer of civilization that they have acquired. There was the case of Johnne Dulza.

Johnne Dulza was about forty years old, short and fat, the flesh hanging on him in folds so that his face and body were rectangular. Johnne was quiet and slow and very shy. When you spoke to him he would smile and bob his head respectfully. Once when I was working in the writers' office he came to the door, and after waiting patiently till someone noticed him, said, "Mister Writer like some ice cream?" On being assured that we most certainly would, he said timidly "Where's other Mister Writer? He like some too?" When we told him that all the Mister Writers would like some he smiled gratefully, bobbed his head and ambled off down the deck for the ice cream which had been left over from the officers' mess. Johnne was a good boy; everyone liked him. Then one Sunday night in port I came on board to find the men conversing in quiet voices on the deck. What was the matter? Johnne Dulza had stabbed one of the officers' stewards, Arriola by name.

"You mean Arriola stabbed Johnne," I said. "Johnne wouldn't hurt a fly."

"No *sir*," was the reply. "Johnne stabbed Arriola. Punctured a lung and they don't know whether he'll live or not. A couple of cops just came down and got Johnne about an hour ago."

This was strange news. Later Chico told me the details and this is how it happened. Johnne and Arriola were smoking and drinking at some place along the water-front and Johnne at least, was more than half drunk. When Arriola reproved him for flicking cigarette ashes on the floor and said he was "not a gentleman", this was intolerable. Johnne had been insulted and according to the "code of the islands" the only course open to him was vengeance. So waiting until Arriola's back was turned, he opened his large clasp knife, walked over to his victim, plunged the knife into his back and ripped it downward. Then he walked calmly away. He was avenged. "Johnne drink too much, see Chico?" said my narrator eagerly. "He not himself. That iss bad."

It was bad, but Arriola recovered. He never testified against his assailant, as it was against the code of this strange "brotherhood of the

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islands" to which they both belonged. He would wait and he is waiting now, till Johnne gets out of jail. Then he will get his revenge.

At one o'clock we again turn to, and the work runs steadily on until four. At four the day's work is over and the deck gang goes below where the men lie in their bunks until supper, reading the assortment of western and detective story magazines which they had acquired in port. Those who can't read, of which there are a few, look at the pictures or talk and smoke. After supper I come on deck, for there are the Bos'n, Alec the chief quartermaster, Chips the carpenter, Sawdust the carpenter's mate and a number of seamen smoking and spinning yarns. Just after supper was the time when Alec used to show me some of his strange knots and splices. I have often heard that you can't cut a rope in two and have only one end, but Alec could tie a knot in a rope so that you could only find one end if your life depended on it. He could even arrange it so that you couldn't find either end if he wanted to. It was at this time, too, that I learned the art of putting little square-rigged ships into narrow-necked bottles, a very delicate process.

When the sun slowly dips down into the sea the men drift into the foc's'l, one by one, and begin their evening's recreation. Chips, the Bos'n, and two seamen play whist, at which they are expert. A few of the seamen wash dungarees and white hats while others lie in their bunks and read. Some of the old salty dogs rig little ship models to sell when they get into port. I take my ink and paper and head for the writers' office where the chief writer engages in various professional, and I, in various amateur literary activities.

I shall never forget one night after our evening's work was over when we walked the deck for half an hour. The ship lay at anchor, swaying ever so softly on the swell and the night was black as pitch. Along the starboard deck were two dim electric bulbs which suffused the narrow space with a soft yellow light. Beyond the rail was a wall of blackness and from below came the lispings of the waves as the ship rose and sank in the water.

"Red," said the chief when we had taken several turns, "do you believe in spirits?"

"Not in the daytime, anyway," I answered.

"Well," he said, "My grandfather, that is my father's father, was a sea captain, an old master of sails. He died a long time before I was born, but I have had the feeling that that old man was watching over me."

I looked at him to be sure he wasn't joking.

"It was on a dark, foggy night in 1918 when I was a junior lieutenant in the *George Washington*. The *Washington* was one of the largest convoy ships in the War. Our route lay between New York and Havre, and often on approaching the French coast we passed through fleets of little French

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fishing smacks, hauling in their nets or running from one fishing grounds to another. On this particular night we were off the coast of France and there was a dense fog. We didn't dare use the whistle for fear of lurking submarines, and all the officers on watch were straining their eyes into the fog ahead, looking for stray fishing boats that might cross our path. I was standing alone on the starboard wing of the bridge, staring and staring out into the blank grey night. We seemed to be the only ship in the whole Atlantic Ocean and my thoughts wandered. Suddenly I froze to attention. A hand tapped three times on my shoulder, and I felt as surely as if I had seen it, an arm point off into the fog. I looked and suddenly saw emerging from the mist, a tiny schooner sailing straight across our bow. Before I could think, I heard myself shouting 'Hard left!' and as in a dream I heard the helmsman's 'Hard left, sir.' We swung off and I instinctively leaned over the rail to watch the little ship pass far below, twenty feet from our side. There was only one man on her deck, the man at the wheel, and he was all oblivious of his narrow escape. Suddenly he looked up and saw the great bulk of the *Washington* towering almost over his head. At that instant, with his head thrown back, he screamed, and that fearful scream I shall never forget as it died away astern."

Slowly his eyes came back from their long stare into the night.

"That was my grandfather—I have always felt it—and when I looked up he was gone."

He was silent a moment as if meditating upon this strange experience. Then he looked at me and said, "Call it intuition or anything you like, that's what happened, just as I've told you."

In the darkness the story took on a strange credulity. I am sure he was sincere. What happened to him may have been a some deep intuition or perhaps a case of Dr. Jones' automatic hand. Or,—it may have been the grandfather himself. Who knows?

When I once more enter the foc's'l to turn in for the night, the lights are out, but some of the old sailors are lying in their bunks still spinning yarns. Their voices come strangely out of the darkness.

"It was down below the line that we boarded her. She was sailing along as nice as you please." The voices grow indistinct. "Nary a man . . . galley fires . . . written in log . . ." One last word comes sudden and clear, "spirits." Then all sinks into oblivion.

John Hazard.

Holy Ground

CARLYLE said the barrenest of all mortals is the sentimentalist. His philosophy was often savagely practical. Sentimentality is something I for one should be very miserable without. It is the lubricant of those weak emotions of the "herd" whom Nietzsche despised and whom I like. Although I have neglected to admit it till now, sentimentality has helped make my life bearable for many years. It began in the most foolish possible whims, like keeping lists of my worthless possessions, such as keys to lost padlocks, broken nail clippers, Thanksgiving wishbones, a ruined Westclox watch, a split ukulele bridge, and a delicate perfume bottle with ammonia in it. It enjoyed hours of mooning. Later it make frank admissions in my diary. But, however it has expressed itself, I have always had a great stock of it, and always shall.

It is at once a common and a very personal article. While I enjoy indulging in my own forms of it, I also am nauseated by seeing contrary phases melting other people. It is old as the hills and yet in its tearful way, it is forever pretending to be original and revolutionary and enduring. When I left Montana seven years ago, I brought with me a strong love for its mountains, and its romantic spirit. I also brought some sentimentality which I thought was just as sincere, and which I was sure would last just as long. Perhaps it would have, if I had never gone back. A kind of posthumous veneration of the places where I used to play cowboy, the cliffs I used to climb, the secret retreats that my friend and I used to build—one by a cistern, and one in an old potato cellar,—this became a favorite state of mind. I used to dream about the very sidewalk, vacant lots, and streets, which I felt I longed for as much as the circle of hazy mountains around the Helena valley, the mysterious and yet ordinary appearance of Mount Helena.

Therefore, I was as racked with sentimental delirium as a heroine in a Gothic Romance, when, a year and a half ago, I got a telegram saying that I had a job in Montana. I couldn't get out there fast enough.

Helena is a romantic town. Although it is only nine years older than Ardmore, to me it is centuries older than Philadelphia. Early mining cabins and ruined shafts in the older part of town, the far end of Last Chance Gulch, as Helena was first called, seem blended into those ragged mountains, which probably haven't changed since Columbus discovered America. From the top of Mount Helena, this handful of little buildings where twelve thousand people live, looks like a joke for the capital of a state three times larger than Pennsylvania. From up there

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the spirit of the old days always hovers over the town, even if it isn't apparent to the present golf-and-bridge-playing inhabitants. The straggling houses and farms on the outskirts of town which were built back in the days when Helena hoped to become the second Denver, are pathetic beginnings of expansion in the great valley. Down in the town, there are still left some of the big red brick mansions built by the pioneering citizens who "made their pile" in the early days and started lines of Helena Aristocracy.

It was here that I was born and brought up, and, as I thought, treated to sights that would become a permanent part of my life. My friend who had been my constant companion in playing cowboy still lived there, and I expected that seeing him would bring back everything beautifully. And without doubt it was thrilling when I first went back there, and had two or three days to see the longed-for sights, just as two or three pieces of fudge taste good when I haven't had any for months.

If I hadn't been laid off, I might still think that those vacant lots, the cistern and the potato cellar had great spiritual value. Just now, I wish Mencken had used "sentimentality" instead of "woman" in his sour epigram, "Woman is at once the serpent, the apple, and the belly-ache."

During the eight or so months that my Montana job lasted, I had several chances to visit Helena, go the sentimental rounds of favorite streets, and once, to meet the boy who used to kill Indians with me in our back yard. I half believe that if the old days hadn't so completely died in him, with his comfortable chair and *Saturday Evening Post*, that I would still worship relics. He was the first anti-climax. The other one lasted four months, and mildewed the longer it lasted. Four months is a long time for any anti-climax. It consisted of my staying with my aunt and uncle, being helpful around the house, worrying about my lack of a job, staying up till all hours of the night with an H. G. Wells novel because I was too lazy to go to bed, and getting into such a dead state of mind that the dear old vacant lots, and dear old alleys were no different from the defunct miniature golf course by McCawley's Book Store.

One afternoon the comedy of this sitting around the house in the very country I had been pining for so long, prompted me to burst outdoors and hike five or ten miles back of Mount Helena that very day. I took some bread and oranges, a flashlight and pistol, and a copy of the *Readers' Digest*. Out of Helena's sight, finally, I saw the loveliness and mystery of the darkening mountain slopes and yet felt too lonely for my previous well-turned sentiments. When I had gone far enough, I built a fire, toasted my bread, and burned articles about Andrew Mellon, male athletes, and mouse deer as fast as I read them. I tried a few random shots with my pistol against a nearby hillside for the fun of it. Most of

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the walk home was black, and too engaged with stumbling to be inspiring.

I shall never fail to love Helena, but the very soil of Mount Helena is no longer hallowed, and those vacant lots are not holy ground. The children who played on them twelve years ago had a good time, but they were ordinary children. I have since cleaned the woodwork and waxed the floor of the front room in my uncle's house where I had sat one night, on my return to Helena and reminisced about the former Christmas celebrations that had taken place there. Sentimental autopsies performed on a potato cellar have banished that hypothetical spirit. Oh yes, and while I was walking over behind Mount Helena that first day of March, the Lindbergh baby was being kidnapped and killed.

Oliver F. Eggleston.

Stormy Passage

SINCE I am a notoriously poor sailor, and the Irish sea is a notoriously rough body of water, my condition on disembarking at Holyhead was truly pitiful. I somehow managed to climb on board the Holyhead-London Express and sank down, prepared to resign myself to the discomfitures of a tiresome train-ride. Instinctively I had chosen a corner seat, preferable in view of the added fresh air and the supporting window-sill. After a minute or two of waiting I began to wonder why no one else had as yet invaded my compartment. Then it occurred to me that we weren't to start for several minutes. I would gladly have remained where I was, but a certain empty feeling brought me to the realization that I was sadly in need of a little nourishment. Placing my suitcase carefully on the coveted seat, I left the train.

As everyone else seemed to have felt a similar pang, it was only after considerable bustle and delay that I was able to obtain one of those station ham sandwiches—hardly appetizing, but none the less welcome. At this point the train showed definite signs of starting. Sandwich in hand, I staggered to the platform and clambered aboard.

To all appearances I had mistaken the compartment since all the places were occupied. But just one moment—there was my suitcase

STORMY PASSAGE

on the floor, and there in my own corner seat was a young lady, the very picture of innocence. My first impulse was to give vent to my indignation but that spark of chivalry which persists in coming forth at such moments and the inhospitable attitude of the rest of the compartment to the inconvenience of an extra passenger deterred me from any outward display of inward fulmination. There was no means of retreat so I had to wedge myself between two corpulent and unsympathetic old ladies. Such was my agitation, that I had even lost all relish for my forlorn ham sandwich, which I had unconsciously crushed out of recognition.

There they all sat, glaring at me as though I were a rash intruder. If they only knew the truth! That slip of a woman over there, taking my place—the cheek of it! Back home nobody would ever think of such presumption. Why, in all the times I have taken the Long Island trains I have nev—

Here I was interrupted by the woman on my left who felt constrained to tell the woman on my right the lurid details of her Junior's case of tonsilitis. For a while my instinct of self-preservation rose uppermost as I strove to keep from being crushed by this double-flank attack.

By the time they had finished re-extracting Junior's tonsils, I felt even more justified in execrating that despicable young lady who sat there so calmly. No wonder she hadn't turned this way. Surely she couldn't help feeling the sting of my malignant glare. I had been told that English women were retiring. Was this an example? I wondered if that is how they get so many seats in Parliament? Talk about equal rights—over here women seem to desire to be not only equal but superior! Why back home—

"Junior mustn't touch! Those glasses belong to the gentleman."

Back home they may talk about equality but they realize that it doesn't work out so well in practice. Oh, so her imperial highness has finally condescended to lift her gaze! I must admit she is quite attractive—but she doesn't know how to dress well. I remember Martha said there wasn't a woman in this whole country knew how to wear clothes.

Each time my anger showed signs of abating either the old ladies' conversation or Junior's clever pranks would rekindle the flame. Immediately the train stopped I arose eager to escape. As I stepped onto the platform, the young lady reached out and touched my arm. I whirled about fully expecting to hear the apology of a conscience-stricken soul. Timidly she said:

"Say, could you tell me where is the nearest American Travelers' Bureau?"

James Truex.

Silas Does a Good Turn

WE WERE sitting around the old stove in the General Store of Silas Deane talking about the scandal over in Evergreen Hills, and Mrs. Nevers' new baby boy, when an auto pulled up in front of the gas pump. Hank Kane yelled to old Silas that a customer was waiting. Hank had difficulty in doing this for his mouth was filled with cheese crackers.

Silas stopped dusting the cans behind the counter, fixed his glasses a little higher on his long nose and shuffled to the door.

In a few minutes the door slammed twice and Silas was returning with a stranger following.

"Daggone," Silas cackled, "but I fear I'll have to open the safe fer to t' give y' some change. By gum, it's a-gettin' on to closing time and I have nothing in m' change box." He went behind the counter to the safe and began to twist the dial.

"Nice looking safe you have there." It was the stranger talking.

"Yes, siree, kinda like it myself, sir. Been in my family, man and boy, fer sixty year. Yes, siree," Silas, with a little grunting and rumbling, finally succeeded in dragging open the heavy steel door. A display of dusty papers and money bags was clearly visible to the stranger.

"My, but you certainly have that filled, don't you?"

"Sure, sure, reckon as I have. Now, let m' see . . ." Here he opened one of his money bags and began counting. "One . . . two . . . three . . . five . . . ten . . . twenty. . . ." This all in a tone almost to himself. When he had the necessary amount he returned the money bag and was on the point of closing the door when the stranger interrupted.

"Do you mind if I look closer? You see, my father used to make safes and naturally I'm interested in anything connected with them."

"Why, that'll be jim-dandy," Silas replied. "By gum, come around here and I'll show you the finest safe in all Dover County." Here he turned to the boys seated by the stove. "Ain't that right boys?" No one answered and Silas continued talking to the stranger.

"Yes sir, this is the best thing in town. Why, whenever people want things put away, where do they take 'em? To the Bank? No sir, they bring 'em right here to Silas Deane. That's what they do. They bring 'em right here." And he emphasized the last with a resounding whack of his hand upon the top of the safe.

The stranger looked it over with an expert eye.

"You have a splendid little strong box there . . . hmmm . . . and you say that people leave their valuables with you? In this safe?"

SILAS DOES A GOOD TURN

Silas nodded agreement.

The stranger looked more closely but dusty papers and the few money bags from which Silas had made change were all he could see.

"Those old papers don't look so valuable to me," the stranger ventured, "but I suppose they have lots of sentiment for their owners. Eh?"

"Ah, but . . . look here." Silas pushed an innocent-looking panel. Jewel boxes, rolls of bills and packages of bonds were some of the things revealed.

The stranger's eyes lighted.

"Well . . . well . . . now, that *is* something."

Silas stood by, getting quite a treat out of the way he was impressing the stranger. He told of all the safe held and he probably would have talked to sun-up had not the now impatient customer edged his way to the door.

"Sorry, but I must go. That is a fine safe. Next time I'm through here I'll drop in. Perhaps I'll bring my Dad."

"Well, see y' later."

The long roar of an expensive car told us that he had gone.

Silas, feeling proud of himself remarked, "Well, I sure told him something. Didn't I?"

And Hank, still chewing cheese crackers, mumbled, "Yes, Silas, you sure did."

* * * * *

Several weeks later, Elmer and I were coning home from an evening at The Christian Union. Elmer is my son and a splendid lad he is. My wife says that Elmer gets his looks from her side and his feet from my side. But, so it goes. Anyway, this night we were walking home just talking about this and that when something went BANG, just like that. Squire Turner's cow dropped dead from the noise; Hiram Green's horse kicked the wall out of the stable and the Widow Penny-thatcher's hen laid five eggs.

When we got to Center Street, with me puffing and blowing like a peanut whistle for my asthma is getting pretty bad, we saw a big cloud of smoke coming from where Silas Deane's store ought to have been. In a few minutes everybody in town was there. The excitement was worse than that panic we had at the County Fair last May when a bull broke loose and chased the Sheriff's wife because she blew her nose on a red handkerchief right in front of his stall.

You could hear somebody groaning under a fallen beam. When the beam was removed, we carried the victim into the corner drug store to wait until the doctor went back for his tools.

I took one look. It was the stranger who had been so interested in the safe, the fellow who said he would call again.

THE HAVERFORDIAN

* * * * *

A month later we were all sitting around the stove in Silas' new store. It was just like old times with Hank Kane by the cheese-cracker barrel.

"You know, Si, this ain't a bad little store now." Hank reached into the barrel for some more cheese crackers.

"Yes, Hank, I kinda like it, too. Yes, siree." He went on dusting of the groceries. "You fellows used t' allus kid me about my safe. But if it hadn't been fer it being blown up, well, y'd all had to put up with the old store."

"Well, Silas," interrupted Joe Ray, "you were certainly lucky that that fellow confessed as to how he had tried to blow the thing up. If he hadn't, the insurance company probably would have thought you did it yourself."

"And what a break for you that that fellow used a little too much . . . say, what is it? Nitro-glycerous?" No one seemed to be able to help. "Well, you were lucky. Suppose he'd used just the right amount why he would have cleaned you out of every penny and all them papers you keep in there, besides."

"And Si, how come you happened to take all yer money home that night so that he couldn't a gotten a shucks if he had busted the dang thing?" asked somebody in the back of the group.

"Aw, you fellers is too much fer gittin' into other people's affairs." He rubbed a can of tomatoes with vigor. Looking up he said, "Well, everybody is satisfied. I got a new store. All them people got their papers and jewelry and money back and the Sheriff caught the robber. Everybody is satisfied, ain't they?"

A voice from the far corner whined, "Yes, Si, all you fellers is fixed up, but how about me. You ain't made no effort to pay me for what I lost that night."

Silas adjusted his glasses and looked at the person who was complaining.

"Oh, so it's you, Homer." Silas put the rag in the counter draw. Then he addressed the group.

"There, gentlemen, is the orneriest man in the county. Yes, Homer Crumberry. The night the safe was blow'd into the next county and my store along with it, Homer had asked me to keep something fer him in the safe. Well, I said it was all right with me, so I took all the other stuff home and let him use the safe. And now he wants me to make good what he lost. It ain't fair, I tell y'."

The crowd stirred.

"Besides, how was I to know that some feller would try and blow the safe apart with nitro-glycerous the same night Homer put four hundred sticks of dynamite in my safe because it was the dryest place in town?"

Charles M. Bancroft.

A Reply

I HAVE often thought conservatism an exclusive attribute of that nebulous social group known as the "older generation". Perhaps this idea had come to me because I believed the contest between youth and age to be the greatest of all conflicts. Of late I have come to the conclusion that I was wrong. There is sufficient conservatism even in the traditionally free-thinking college student.

Oddly enough, although I pride myself in being progressive in all things, I have not the slightest distaste for the fellow who is not in any sense an "agitator". I fully realize that the liberal and the conservative points of view oppose each other on every issue, be it important or trivial. This, I feel sure, is all for the best. But there is one thing that I fail to understand and that is the extreme uneasiness that the conservative feels in the presence of an individual of opposite beliefs.

And I refer particularly to the college man of conservative tendencies. Why must he squirm under a light fire of radical thought? If he admits (and almost everyone does) that the radical is necessary in society, why does he wish him to air his views in the most inconspicuous place? A man, no matter what his opinions may be should always have an opportunity to express himself and there is no reason why anyone should turn a deaf ear to what he says. When are we going to realize that nearly all the leaders of thought in every age, from Jesus to H. L. Mencken, have been what some chose to call agitators?

Why should a young fellow in college do his thinking superficially and then sit back to a quiet conventional life? When are men to indulge in flights of fancy and go crusading for a better social or political order? When they are firmly settled in a business or profession and do their greatest constructive thinking at home in their favorite armchair with newspaper and pipe? Certainly not.

It is true that "youth knows but half"; but I wager that anyone will tell you that it is the better half and the brighter half. Our days in college hold precious experiences for us. At that time we are enabled to see the "vision splendid", the new Utopia and the better day much more clearly than we shall see them when such dreams have faded "into the light of common day."

David L. Wilson.

New Books

THREAD

AN INTERESTING notion is played with in James Hilton's novel *Ill Wind*. There was a murder in the Far East, and the British agent, Gathergood, who should have maintained order was discharged and disgraced. In Switzerland a young woman heroized him and fell in love with a traveller whom she mistook for the agent. This gentleman hurried his departure from Switzerland, met a young inventor on the train, and helped sell his idea to a British firm. The young inventor went to Hollywood, became an actress's escort, turned actor and husband. Weary of publicity, he went off to South America with a priest and died there in an earthquake. A reporter, anxious to make capital of the discovery of the movie star's death, travelled alone through the jungle in a dangerous search for a village with a telegraph station. He was found half mad by an adventurer sent to find him, and living in a savage state with a frightful native woman. The adventurer has word sent to the reporter's sister in Paris, and she, despondent, kills a Russian delegate to a League Conference. Complications require the attention of a British statesman to whom a friend mentions the case of the unfortunate Agent Gathergood.

Ill Wind is an elaborated tracing of these events. The difficulty is apparent, in so short a novel there can be no sufficient treatment of any single character, the links may be too good to be convincing, and the novel may become really only a group of varied settings. Mr. Hilton has succeeded in making a readable, if ordinary, book. The possibilities of this notion seem easily to be exhausted, for with even this one novel the reader is ready to call, enough! The author, it must be said, has built up a satisfying atmosphere in each setting, and has created pleasant little climaxes of interest.

Morrow, \$2.50.

—J. L. B.

TRISTAN ELABORATED

Tristan and Isolde, John Erskine—It was a very great man who at some remote time first told the story of Tristan and Isolde. His ability to interpret the actions of his characters and so come by their thoughts was equalled only by his ability to clothe them in beautiful words. A great many bards repeated the tale, for it became immensely popular; but these inferior men were unable to interpret his tale anew as it deserved, for they lacked the insight to understand it themselves. And so they substituted into it, as they retold it, conventional motives for true motives, types for characters, and reduced it to the patched skeleton that has come down to modern times.

To rebuild the original story from the traditional myth is Erskine's task. Reasoning from the events of the story he has tried to re-create the characters that took part in them, so as to lift the work from the class of legend to what he feels is its rightful place,—among novels.

He has supplied a number of interesting characters: Mark, who does not know his own mind; Tristan, the lady-killer, type of he-man; Isolde, a little indescribable; and Brangain, her reasonable sister; the lesser characters, too, receive their full share of attention.

But the story treats in large part of battle, murder and sudden death, and the action is typically what one associates with the Medieval period. The characters evidently do not suffer from many of our modern inhibitions, imposed on us by a comparatively dense population, a reasonably efficient legal system, a highly organized body of public opinion; and one would naturally expect of them simple mental processes, directness and force. Erskine has been misled, by his attempt to make them real, into giving them the complex emotions, and suppressions, which psychologists tell us are common to mankind today. These people, but for the actions that belie them as he has created them, would be more at home in a twentieth century city than in a Cornish castle.

Tristan contains some new developments; the present writer cannot say he ever came across Palamede in any other version, but he is not well-versed in his *Mabinogion*, and it is safe to say Erskine ought to be. This Arabian wanderer, dreamer, and youthful idealist, has been made the central figure on which to hang the whole story, and the character of Brangain has been expanded to take on a new importance with his. Erskine is sincere in his work, and if he has not been able to make of *Tristan* the epic it really is, he writes an extremely acceptable novel.

Bobbs-Merrill, \$2.50.

—J. A. C.



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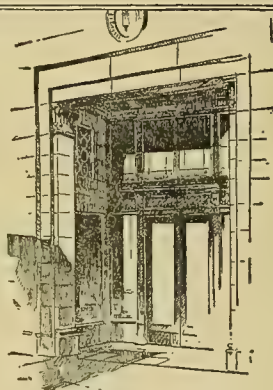
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THE HAVERFORDIAN

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Thy Conquest

*Men have been wrong before;
'Tis common. But not I!
The fragrance of the rose is not more sweet
Than ambition's mighty dreams.
Those swelling hopes are rooted in my heart,
And sing their chorus old
Of man triumphant o'er his nature's flaw,
A spring in desert sand.*

*So will I catch thee! and thy famed disdain
To the four winds fling. Nay, be not vain!
But see the cocky way I face my call;
My mind hath made me master over all.
The spoils will be mine. Do thou beware!
And for thy first defeat, I say, prepare!*

T. D. B.

The Swede

IT WAS four-thirty A. M. The Swede and I sat on the foredeck, he on one of the forward bitts, with his back against the rail and I facing him on a coil of wire cable. The ship lifted easily along through an almost quiet sea. We had been on deck with the rest of the watch since four o'clock, getting ready to put over a buoy, and now the preparations were complete. By the faint light in the east I could see the Old Man take an occasional turn on the wing of the bridge, waiting passively till we reached some exact point on the chart known only to him where we would stop and begin our work. Over our heads loomed the great boom, held by a single cable which led through a block on the foremast. All was quiet except for the swish of the bow wave and the murmur of voices from the other side of the deck.

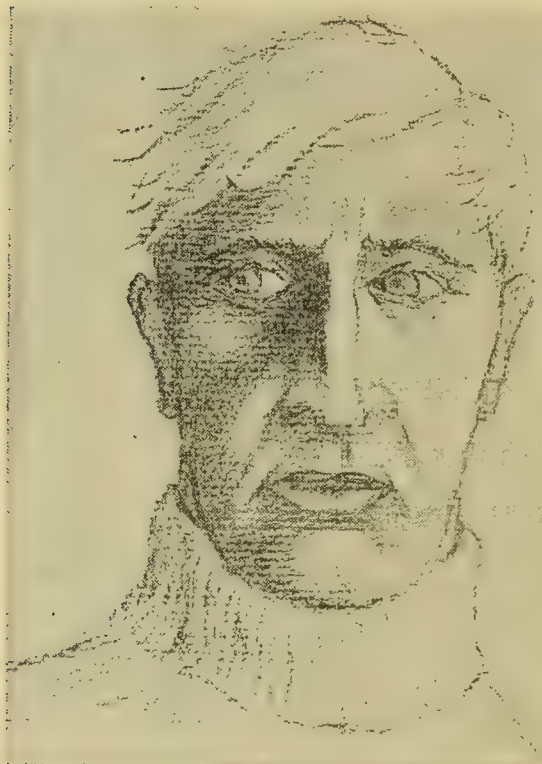
I looked at the Swede curiously. To me he was an enigma. All I knew about him was that he had been well educated, as indeed his vocabulary and accent proved, and had been trained to be an officer in the Swedish Royal Navy. But bad luck had dogged him and now he was forced to ship an A.B. seaman. Ever since I had shipped on the vessel a week before, I had taken every chance to observe him closely. Even now when he drew on his pipe, the glow accentuated those grim vertical lines in his face and although I couldn't see the strange half-hunted look in his eyes, I knew it was there. What was his secret? Was he fleeing from some horrible crime? He seemed to be a good enough fellow but that half-hunted, half-defiant way he had of suddenly shifting his eyes to one side and then to the other, haunted me. Surely he had done some frightful deed and fear was in his soul. I was pondering these thoughts when he broke the silence.

"Well, how do you like it, to be a sailor?"

"Well enough," I replied, looking ruefully at my blistered palms. "I don't mind working on deck so much but what I don't like is stowing the chain down in the chain locker. The Bos'n sends me down there every time we heave in the anchor."

THE HAVERFORDIAN

"That is a bad place," said the Swede, "in the chain locker." He puffed meditatively for a minute. "Once my brother and I were stowing chain in a ship on the Line. Down in Rio it was, five years ago. In those big ships two men have to stow the chain. My brother, he was at the forward end pulling the chain out of the hawse pipe, while I was pulling it into the back of the locker. We were working along with



the anchor about half way up when the capstan made a funny noise. Then we heard someone yell on deck and the chain began running through the hawse pipe like something alive. Before I could move I saw my brother go through that hawse pipe in pieces." He paused a moment, then added grimly, "like meat through a meat grinder."

I shuddered. I had heard stories like that before in which the capstan had broken and let the anchor down, dragging the chain through the hawse pipe at a ter-

rific speed and with it the poor devil who had been in the chain locker.

"I got onto the ladder," continued the Swede in the same passive tone, "but they had to come down and take me out. For two days I was very sick."

I began to feel sick myself but the Swede puffed quietly at his pipe. Then without any warning he said, "That was how it got him."

I started. "What got him?" I said. "What do you mean?"

"The sea," he said. "The sea got him."

"You're crazy," I replied sharply. "Just because your brother had an accident you don't believe that sort of foolishness do you?"

"Ha! You think so. First my younger brother, then him. It got them both and I'm next. I know."

THE SWEDE

I started to protest but he went on.

"You laugh, but we are doomed, our family. First my father, then my two brothers, then me. I am the last. Sooner or later it will get me. I watch it, I fight it. Twice already I have escaped, but sometime—sooner or later . . . " he puffed silently.

Then he went on. "With my first brother it happened in the training ship. We were anchored in Stockholm harbor one night and the tide and the waves were running very swift. It was dark that night and a boatload of cadets had just come out from the shore. My brother was with them. When we had hoisted up the boat and the cadets were stepping out onto the rail, my brother's wet boots slipped and he fell between the boat and the side of the ship. At first he cried very loud, but as the current carried him off his voice grew fainter and fainter until finally it was gone." He puffed on his inevitable pipe. "What chance did he have with those great seaboots and his oilskins on? We hunted for him in the boat for three hours but there was no use."

Now he was staring out over my shoulder. "You see how it got him? Soon it will get me. I will fight and dodge till the end, but it is inevitable. Sometime—in my bunk—on deck—it will never rest till it gets me."

This was too much for me. I looked wildly around and suddenly my eyes froze with horror on the cable of the great boom overhead. At a point midway between the end of the boom and the block, two small ends leaped forth from the rope—and then two more. I grabbed the Swede and dragged him out onto the deck. There was a splintering, deck-shaking crash and I saw the boom lying in the ragged hole it had ripped in the rail just where we had been sitting. The Swede got up, white but unshaken. He looked at the wreckage and laughed grimly.

"But not this time," he said.

John Hazard.

Lines

*I stood beside a stream that checked its flight
An instant in a pool, and watched the light
In that deep valley, as the sun set slow;
Each ray an arrow from Apollo's bow,
Glancing through the branches of the pines
That stood around me, and with blurred designs
They flecked the water in that tranquil pond.
Then as the sun sank to the hills beyond,
The light grew softer, grayer, till at last
The twilight fell and lofty mountains cast
Their deeper shadows on me. Nature breathed
More softly in this magic hour, bequeathed
To me an ungrudged share in her sweet rest.*

*Two lines of silver from the beaver's breast
Followed behind him as he coasted by
Ruffling the mirrored image of the sky.
A cautious buck stole down to drink, delayed
With head erect to scent the air that strayed
So gently by. Secure, he drank his fill
And then content, with noiseless step withdrew
In leisure to the safety of the hill,
His flanks besprinkled with the evening dew.
Two thrushes called; and from a gray dead tree
That seemed to hold the light that ceased to be,
A sparrow sent aloft his liquid song
That floated down in tinkling drops along
The valley.*

*Softly, scarcely felt until
Its spell upon my unresisting will
Fullwoven, like a cool and soothing potion,
The evening calm deprived me of all motion.*

LINES

*All thought soon dropped away and left behind
A gloriously radiant state of mind.
I was supremely happy in my heart,
Of something greater than myself a part.*

*I had sipped the vital essence
Whereof a man may drink;
I had touched the vital presence
Wherein a man may sink;
I had scaled the lowest mountains
In the mighty hills of God.
I had passed the fatal fountains
Where the Lotophagi nod
And had caught a fleeting vision
Of the mighty mind of God.*

T. S. Brown.

Nietzsche En Route

THE Christmas vacation seemed to end with sharp finality when I stepped on the Blairsville street car. To me vacation is not that interval between 8:30 on a certain December day and 8:30 on an early January day, printed in the college catalogue; it is rather the period of time in which our snug, book-lined front room at home is available to me. I spend many hours during the year looking forward to that inviting front room, and its literary mines. Therefore the street car this evening was ending everything. I took *Beyond Good and Evil* out of my pocket and read in Chapter VII, "Our Virtues," all the way to Blairsville, an hour's run.

There was to be an hour to wait in Blairsville for the Philadelphia bus. In the bus terminal restaurant, the main clerk was idly thumbing through schedules, and the two waitresses behind the lunch counter sat and talked to the cook. I took off my coat and hat, sat down in a booth with my little green Modern Library volume, and began reading. One of the waitresses brought me a glass of water and an ash tray. "I don't care for anything. I just want to sit here and read. Thanks!" She smiled and walked back to her friends at the sandwich counter.

A restaurant can be a good place to study, I discovered. The impersonal chatter that was going on encouraged me to pay closer heed to the domineering thoughts of Chapter IX, "What is Noble?" which I was now reading.

"This is a brilliant man I'm reading," I thought to myself. "I can't help thinking his savage onslaughts against slave morality reflect the most exalted attitude toward life that I have ever met. It is a lofty philosophy that sees such enormous potentialities in mankind. This man hates the grunting herd and all whimsical weakness because he has his eyes on mighty destinies. 'Man is something that is to be surpassed.' Visionary and doubtful and all that but noble! Nobler in its conception of mankind's ultimate nature than all our well-known business of brotherly love. It is a cheap dismissal of Nietzsche to damn him on the score that he caused the World War. He didn't cause it. Not any more than Jesus caused the Crusades. People just took his teachings in a trivial way. I swear we need Nietzsche today. Our society mustn't go on harboring morons, but must take the fiery, unscrupulous, noble course of purging

NIETZSCHE EN ROUTE

and elevating itself by severer standards. Civilization probably does advance by inches, but not by inch-long enthusiasms. When we're up to our ears in asininity, we have simply got to accept this man's challenge, and stop being spiritual pedestrians."

The hour went fast. Even though I had ordered nothing I left a dime under my glass for the waitress. I should have kept reading for another hour, however, for the bus was late. The restlessness and door slamming were false alarms. It was close to ten o'clock before the two Philadelphia Greyhounds arrived. I spent the extra hour slouching around the sidewalks, smoking, and watching the "herd" come and go. No wonder Nietzsche hated them. This evening's bus program seemed to have included nothing but limping, toothless, diseased, and disgustingly raucous people. There were frizzle-haired Italians, mouthing cigars, with that look of stark malevolence that I first came to know in my cosmopolitan high school. There were middle-aged women who giggled and hooted and ostentatiously smoked cigarettes. There was a pale, pock-marked, shell of a man, who looked like Boris Karloff. The night was foggy and uninspiring, a night suitable for synthetic morbidity. When finally assigned to the second Philadelphia bus, I sat down in a double seat, well prepared for one type of philosophizing.

This passage from my Nietzsche stuck in my mind: "A man who says: 'I like that, I take it for my own, and mean to guard and protect it from every one;' a man who can conduct a case, carry out a resolution, remain true to an opinion, keep hold of a woman, punish and overthrow insolence; a man who has his indignation and his sword, and to whom the weak, the suffering, the oppressed, and even the animals willingly submit and naturally belong; in short, a man who is a *master* by nature—when such a man has sympathy, well! *that* sympathy has value! But of what account is the sympathy of those who suffer! Or of those even who preach sympathy! . . . " Jolted along by the bus, and ready to fall asleep, I thought of this with vague satisfaction. Why have a morality that is made to suit all those creatures who were yapping around the bus station?

Growing drowsier, I lay down sideways to sleep. But *Beyond Good and Evil* dug me in the side where I had stuck it in my left coat pocket. I took it out and held it in my hands, since my other pockets were full. And shortly I managed to fall asleep.

I don't know in what small town it was that we stopped to pick up a passenger. When the lights were snapped on, I blinked and mechanically rolled back into a sitting position . . . "We'll get a ham sandwich in Gettysburg, anyway," somebody was saying. "Honest to God, I never saw such a town. They don't bury their dead there . . ." Before I knew it, the passenger who had just got on, swung himself into the seat beside me, the motor whirled, and the lights were snapped off again.

THE HAVERFORDIAN

Oh how I wanted to roll back again and sleep! There were four or five double seats untaken in the back of the bus. Why couldn't this square-headed object with the old felt hat and sheepskin coat have gone back there? Or go now?

There are times when one fairly lusts after sleep. Nothing else in the world had any attraction just then. I was tempted to tell him to move. But how could I say it and hope to get away with it? I couldn't think of any deception, or any effective wheedling. The little book of Nietzsche, still in my hands, made these methods too unbearable even to think about. What was the use of being enthusiastic about it and then dying for lack of sleep because I couldn't carry it out? Frustration has frequently engendered philosophy. But any philosophizing here became at once like old coffee grounds, only capable of a bitter and second-hand product. And so, unable to sleep, I enjoyed a little midnight morbidity, with free use of whatever false symbolism I could find.

"There you are," I thought, "ready to keel over with sleepiness. Why sit there and let that heavy-set hulk use up that seat when there are half a dozen others? You'll have to stand it. You haven't guts enough to tell him to move, and you are too smug to move yourself, so you can lie down on one of those bouncing rear seats. But if you bear it, realize that you're doing so because you're the weak one! Don't hale forth Christian trash about loving your enemies. You deserve no 'sympathy.' See, in this mawkish little incident, the unpleasant reality of that 'brilliant,' 'noble,' man you have been reading and eulogizing. Do you accept him? Then tell this toughy to move back and let you lie down. You can't do that? Then what do you conclude? Oh! Nietzsche is too noble for this world! or 'That rigorous philosophy, stern as it is, will be a good social purge for Europe and Asia some time.' Really! And not for yourself?" I was getting into such an eminently serious mood that when the first Philadelphia bus pulled up by a detour sign, and ours stopped close behind, I saw a "sign" in the "aihpledalihP" reflected in the back windows of the first bus. "The City of Brotherly Love—in reverse," I thought. But there can be enough of anything. "Nuts," I said, not wanting to indulge this phantasy any longer, and moved back to a seat over one of the wheels. "Certainly," said the heavy-set man, in a soft and gentlemanly tone, when I asked him to let me out.

The new seat was too jolting to let me sleep, and anyway I couldn't get rid of my extravagant thoughts. I kept on brooding: "Is this the choice you make in your life? Is this the choice you'll make some time along toward middle age, perhaps, when manhood is needed? You needn't call this so silly. It's a representative case. Bang, rattle, jolt. You can't sleep. If you should, by the way, your Nietzsche might fall

NIETZSCHE EN ROUTE

from your hands onto the floor and get all dirty in those cigarette ashes and dust."

It was at another nameless little place that the bus stopped, again suddenly. When I sat up and looked around, the bus had already started on, and my old seat was empty! I went back revengefully, lay down again, and pretended to go to sleep and forget all this nonsense. But I felt uncomfortable to the bottom of my soul. There is one philosopher, at least, who didn't write for flat-chested people. I envied the waitress who had got a cool ten cents out of it, instead of a headache.

Oliver F. Eggleston.

Nightmare—Midyears, 1933

HAMLET: What are you doing out this time of the night?

GHOST: I am thy father's spirit—

H.: What!?

G.: I am thy father's spirit—

H.: O, can it, won't you!

G. (*disconsolately taking off his helmet*): Fine way to greet your father.

H.: Where have you been?

G.: South Sea Islands.

H.: Hula, hula, heh? What made you come back?

G.: The depression. The beach-combing was getting lousy . . .

H.: All right, all right! Watch your language.

G.: You needn't put on airs. I've heard you say worse than that to Claudius.

H.: Eavesdropping, heh? I thought the leprous distilment cured you of that.

G.: Hehehe. They got only one ear. (*He pulls out a flask and, tilting his head back, takes a long swig.*) Mi-gawd, that's good!

H.: What distilment is that?

G.: Three star Hennessy. They don't cut it much in the South Seas.

H.: You know what mother always thought of your drinking.

(*The Ghost protrudes his tongue and lets out a peculiarly rasping sound.*)

That'll do. I can't waste my time. Horatio and the boys are waiting for me to make a fourth.

G.: List, list, O, list!

H.: Talk American.

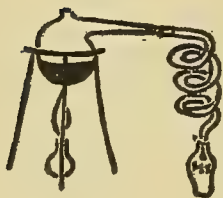
G.: O. K. I want you to do something for me.

H.: Well?

G.: I want you to give Claudius the works.

H.: Nix! What do you think this is? Chicawgo?

G.: I'll make it worth your while. I'll fix it up for



THE RAILROAD TERMINAL

you with one of the South Sea Island queens.

H.: Mmmm!!!

G.: Yes, I thought so. But the milkman shows the matin to be near.
I'll talk to you again tomorrow night.

(Alarum within. I reach out and turn it off.)

R. B.-R.

Railroad Terminal

During the unusual hours of morning—hours ostracized, neither of the day, nor of the night—a railroad terminal is a monstrous, solemn cavern where silence stalks, admonishing finger pressed to admonishing lips. Words ricocheting against stone walls become dull, mocking masses of unintelligible sound. A spoon clattering upon the marble top of the soda fountain—sucking noises, untimely and almost blasphemous—a fifteen-cent tinkle of a cash register—a gentle snore—a taxi horn, a voice from another world—mist, lending a touch of fantasy—the dust being brushed into long, black lines, that advance, growing thicker and blacker—lethargic, majestic advance of the minute hand around the great clock—indifferent eyes gazing at unseen headlines in the early papers—several sharp reports of the bootblack's polishing rag—an opportunist being industrious with a nail file—vagrants, heavy with slumber, drooping into curious postures—the nodding head of authority. Here is a vastness lying somewhere between sleeping and waking. Here life loiters and suggests eternity.

F. P. J.

The Past

*Small stones, time-blasted from the parent crag,
In tumbling flight, roll down the rocky slope
And drop into the yawning depth, profound:
And little, treasured fragments of my life,
Beneath the ceaseless, ruthless, pounding feet
Of hours marching to eternity,
Have broken off and dropped into the Past.
Warm thoughts I wrought from out my writhing mind,
Like children dead, are gone. Those golden deeds,
The fleshy substance of the thought, are gone.
Those joys and griefs which made life what it was,
A vital living—gone, all gone. The friends
And comrades of the Past are smiling ghosts,
Remote and vague; I cannot break the veil
And touch their hand; I cannot speak to them;
They cannot hear. They're gone as is a breeze
That whispered sweetly through a night in Spring,
A Spring long flown. All bits of broken stone!
All captives in the valley of the Past!
I fear the Past has severed me from me.*

* * *

*But why regrets and longings for a time
That never was? The Past is specious cloth
Of gold, by sentiment and fancy wove,
Mute marcher through the misty corridors
Of memory, appears a golden age.
Dismiss regrets and longings, and the Past,
A building force, assumes a nobler guise;
As patient teacher of the brain, the heart,
The soul; the silent ever-watchful nurse
That guides the falt'ring foot, the hand, the eye.
The thoughts I've launched have taught me how to guide
A truer flight, to bend a larger bow.
Past deeds have paved the way to greater deeds.
The friends I've known have taught me how to know
And keep a friend. And joy and grief have led
Me to the height where blow the stronger winds.
The plodding Past has taught life how to live.
And all the yesterdays have served to trim
The flame whereby is clearer seen today.*

F. P. Jones.

Thoughts on Death

WHY come these mourners to the graveyard in Springtime, clothed in black and with downcast eyes? The sunshine is breaking through the morning mist, the grass is beaded with dew, and all around is the eager bustle of Spring. Fat buds are bursting into leaf and blossom, and nests are being built in the hollows of the branches, where the green sap flows outward.

But there is a red wound in the graveyard. The fresh green is gashed with an open grave. The black mourners stand around. "I am the resurrection, and the life. . ." the parson is red with the effort of his emotion, and the words fall without meaning from his lips.

The birds fly from tree to tree, gloriously alive and free. They flirt the feathers of their tails, and open their little beaks, and throw back their heads and sing. But the song of the birds falls upon deaf ears; for they sing of love and life, and what have love and life to do with this dark box and ugly hole in the graveyard? The song of the birds falls upon deaf ears, and the sun warms unnoticed the bare heads that are gathered round the open grave. In all the happy hubbub of new life man alone is sad, and stands with downcast eyes.

For man is possessed of a soul which lives after death, rising triumphant over the flesh: and so the friends of a man, when he dies, stand around his grave and weep. They honor the clay from which he was fashioned, and pay their respects to the green mound where his dust lies buried. They weep for the body that is no more.

Look up, you mourners! Turn your faces to the sun, and open your ears to the song of the birds! For the birds sing of the miracle of life, of the triumph of love in Springtime. What if he is dead—he whom you called your friend? He has lived—is that not enough? And if you were but living now you could hear his spirit moving in the trees. Throw off your black clothes, you dead mourners! Leap up into the air and embrace the sun; stoop down and kiss the earth in an ecstatic frenzy of being; and sing with the birds of love and life—love and life.

No; it cannot be. They will never walk hand in hand with life, naked by the stream, and singing songs of love. But they will walk in the city streets and parks with their wives and daughters, corsetted, and neatly dressed in a becoming grey.

THE HAVERFORDIAN

A rose and a handful of dirt, and the mourners turn to the gate. They see the glint of the sun in the grass, and the deep cold shadows under the trees. And they nod to each other, and smile and say: "It's a nice day, isn't it?" Already they have forgotten him whom they loved; and they laugh and chat to each other, familiarly and coarsely.

But a woman still stands in the graveyard, alone in the sunshine. She looks up into the blue sky and she hears the song of the birds; and she hears his spirit moving in the trees. She is worshiping the spirit which will free her at death.

Anonymous.

New Books



THE MODERN WOMAN SUBLIMATED

SINCLAIR LEWIS presents his first novel about a woman—*Ann Vickers*. It is the first full-bodied effort of our American author since he received that sign of supreme recognition, the Nobel Prize. Thus Mr. Lewis has foregone his taste for ironic satire on Babbitts and bitter reminiscences of the man "who knew Coolidge." Mr. Lewis ably demonstrates that he is unaffected by nation-wide difficulties and pessimism—and the tight lip of *Main Street* quivers with the warmer mood of *Arrowsmith*. This softness of mind, this view through rose-tinted glasses, makes for a pleasing type of Utopian novel. Mr. Lewis makes full use of his genius for story-telling. Not one of the five hundred-odd pages fails to delight the seeker of complex narrative and human insight. But for those who ask for new style, greater development of credo, deeper thoughts, or richer sense of humour, Mr. Lewis has failed to exert himself.

The story deals with a woman whose earliest impressions are the most vivid and lasting, whose childhood environment in a country town in the sober and somewhat puritanical nineteen hundreds, gives her a solid moral foundation. (Her father is a superintendent of schools, and gives her a thorough Sunday school education.) As a girl, Ann is as athletically adept as any boy in town and in studies she far exceeds them. She becomes the modern woman: love affairs of almost all sorts; interests and experiences in the thick of the life of today. She is a pilgrim through the

NEW BOOKS

mental and emotional turmoil of the last twenty-five years in America—a thorough pilgrim; for we are presented with a complete kaleidoscopic view of life in all its possibilities. One would greatly question the statement of other critics that this is the life of the average modern woman for the past thirty years. So much of romance, of varied experience, does not come within the reach of the modern woman. Ann is the example of all the possibilities modern life affords to women, rolled into one. For Ann has one tremendous difference in her history—she finally dares to be herself, and as a consequence her life becomes vivid and tremendously vital. I fear this difference is so fundamental that she cannot be compared with our modern woman.

Doubleday, Doran and Co., \$2.50.

—P. K. P.

DESIGN FOR LIVING

Never Ask the End, by Isabel Paterson. Never ask the meaning of life, says Isabel Paterson in this extraordinary novel; live it through to the end, take the experience which comes your way, and at last you will be satisfied with what fragments of truth have come to you, whether or not they explain the universe. To show us, she takes the lives of Russ, Marta, and Pauline, middle-aged Americans, at the moment when they meet in Paris to begin a warm friendship heightened by intervals of calm, middle-aged passion. Most of the book is taken up with the presentation of the thoughts of these three people, and through them, bit by bit, their lives come into view. Marta and Pauline had seen the things they most desired become gradually remote while they struggled with irrelevancies; Russ had what he wanted for a while, but it didn't last. Yet, though each sees himself as frustrated and purposeless, all have enjoyed living and are content at last with just what they know of life. Peace has come unaccompanied by truth.

Superb writing proves Mrs. Paterson's point. Her penetrating observation gives to these casual, artless sentences a strange power, the glamour of lives lived with thought and in passion. We all know the feeling of coming upon a trifle in the midst of trifles which reminds us of Chris or Keith or Harriet, and suddenly "you are there again, and warm the young blood in you, leaping, flowing." The trifles of life arouse stronger emotion than a tragic crisis. Thus we live from day to day, wondering what we are searching for, and then suddenly we see that though our search is futile it has not been in vain. If we have mistaken the road, we have also enjoyed the scenery; those very trifles become, at last, all that matter. Mrs. Paterson makes this clear in terms as recognizable

THE HAVERFORDIAN

to young people as to those who are as old as her characters. Life as she shows it to us is very much worth living. The end may speak for itself.

William Morrow, \$2.50.

—R. E. G.

EDUCATION, OLD STYLE

Cotton Cavalier, by John Thomas Goodrich, should interest Haverfordians. *College Humour* bestowed upon this novel of college life the doubtful honor of being *The Campus Prize Novel, 1932*. Fortunately, *Cotton Cavalier* in many respects provides a direct contrast to the false notions of collegiate existence which its worthy sponsor foists upon unsuspecting shopgirls. The action takes place at Blakeley, a poverty-stricken institution somewhere in the hinterland of Tennessee, where the battle of Evolution versus The Bible is still in its Victorian state. The faculty is so dominated by fundamentalism that a professor who surreptitiously teaches Darwin's theory to the more intelligent members of Biology 2 is damned as an "antichrist" and forced to resign. The students, poor and uninspired, realize Blakeley's backwardness and would not stay there for a moment if money were more plentiful. The author, who evidently once lived on such a barren campus, takes up the first two-thirds of his book with a convincing enough account of the monotony and futility of life at Blakeley. Unfortunately, Mr. Goodrich's plot goes to pieces about page 235. To save the "honor" of a sweet young thing who, to shield her real seducer, falsely claims she has been raped by a negro, the hero lynches the supposed culprit and plunges us headlong into the race problem. The possibilities of the striking situation are not realized at all and, after the customary suspense, the happy ending is effected by the age-old device of the good woman stigmatizing her reputation to save her sweetheart from the gallows. Thus the complete ruination of what might have been an excellent novel.

Whatever the shortcomings of Mr. Goodrich's story, his book reads smoothly and fast. His treatment of the actual lynching is brilliant and compelling, and his descriptions of an institution less intellectually enlightened than Haverford are thought-provoking. He has exposed such a primitive and intolerant mode of education as we, secure in our aura of self-satisfied achievement, find hard to credit. For these reasons, and not for its *College Humour* ending, is *Cotton Cavalier* worth reading.

Farrar and Rinehart, \$2.50.

—J. B. C.

NEW BOOKS

ISN'T LIFE ABSURD?

The Provincial Lady in London, by E. M. Delafield. Time has not withered nor custom staled the Provincial Lady's bewildering freshness, and this sequel to *The Diary of a Provincial Lady* reveals new vistas in an apparently unlimited personality. For the Lady has sold a book and the consequent financial return makes possible a vacation in Brittany, brief sojourns among Rose's Literary Friends in London, and forays into the countryside surrounding the Provincial Home—each circumstance revealing new causes for laughing till it hurts. The lightening of her financial burden has mellowed our Lady's outlook somewhat—it's significant that the horrendous Lady B. appears but once in this book—but those who may have feared that she would lose her sense of humour with her poverty will be reassured by this sequel. All the billions of plutocracy could not change it.

There is a certain group, which consists of neither those who did not read *The Diary of a Provincial Lady* nor of those who love it, and of whom some notice must regretfully be taken. These philistines read the book and were bored by it. They say that the book is entertaining at first, even funny, but that it grows repetitious and therefore dull. Of course this is the stupidest thing that could be said about the *Diary*. It isn't a collection of jokes which depend for their humour upon a superficially original incongruity of situation; the incidents are parts of a perfect whole, and as they mount up they gradually depict character, and that deep-seated thing known as point of view, in a penetrating as well as hilarious manner. But both criticism and explanation will be wasted on the outcasts who fail to appreciate the Provincial Lady, and the mere mention of the publication of the new book will be enough for those who do.

Harpers, \$2.00.

—R. E. G.

BOOKS NOT TO MISS

The Last Adam—Human Being
Ann Vickers—*The Provincial Lady in London*
McCAWLEY'S

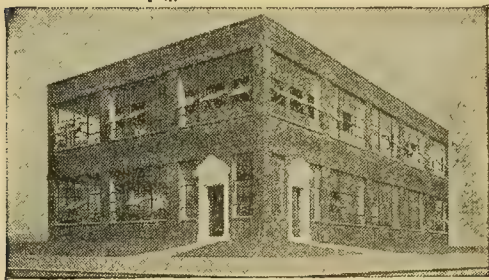
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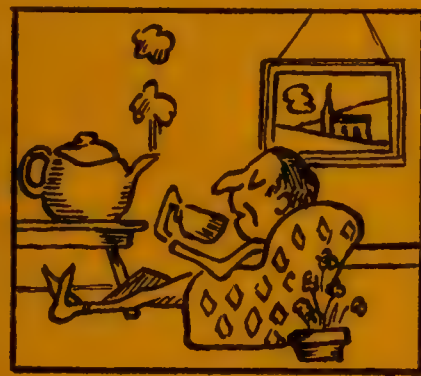
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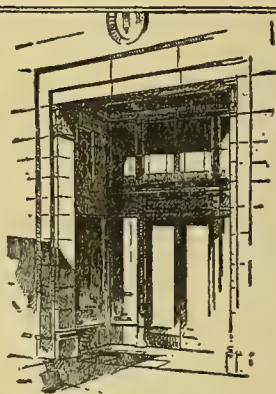
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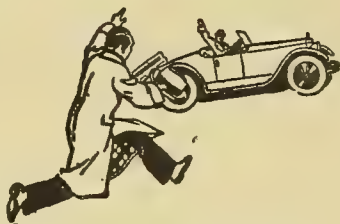
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The Prologue

SIX thirty o'clock. In the Founders' Hall refectory the students' loud and jubilant cheers induce a benignant smile on Mr. Clements' rubicund face as he passes on his measured rounds through the labyrinth of tables. Well may they cheer, these poor, unsuspecting pieces of the jig-saw puzzle of fate. They are all of them devoted worshippers at the Goddess Ginder's shrine. In their well-ordered academic life these nightly banquets are the sole occasions on which they are reminded of the uncertainty of things, foodstuffs, and life.

From every corner of the great hall there comes the cry: "Soup! Soup!" (An occasional low mutter must be disregarded. Carr, for instance, merely makes the cynical remark, "Soupphehl" but then, he is a newspaper-man, and knows what is expected of him.) As the great mess of steaming pottage is ladled out, each man begins to probe with fork, spoon, or knife.

"Oyster stew," ventures one.

"Mock-turtle," cries another.

".....," says Carr.

In the north-west corner sits Mr. Chase. He, of past experience a sadder and a wiser man, sits there in his accustomed place, stoically ranging beside his plate half of a dish-cloth, a button off some waiter's uniform, and other articles culled from the anonymous, viscous substance before him.

Already the men have subsided somewhat, in the realization that some of their number will never amongst them sit again. Little do they know that the angry Goddess has planned a holocaust, a Bartholomew's massacre, for this occasion. She'll have them all at one fell swoop.

There it comes, that fruit of the lotus-tree,—prosaically called "hash"—borne high on many aluminum trays with as great dignity as is the host in some cathedral procession. Now it is set before each of the victims. They fall to; but soon, according to their individual constitutions, in grotesque, sprawling attitudes they fall forward. The lights grow dim, and in the resulting ghostly glow the faces of the founders on the wall become three-dimensional as they lean forward out of their frames to look down on the bizarre scene below them. Strangely, these ancient heads are covered with—helmets. In particular, one of them, wearing a long flowing beard, has something regal in its poise. Then too, those eyes, though soft, are accustomed to see commands quickly obeyed. It speaks: "Sir Kay."

Beside him the Seneschal's rubicund features . . . (where have we seen your features ere now? 'Tis true; the body of Clements is nowhere to be

THE BIRTH OF SHOVELRY

seen, and yet . . .), the Seneschal nods to show that he is at his Lord's command. The first figure speaks again.

"Wit ye well, Sir Kay, best had ye notifie ye Quene. I ween all hath been done as peradventure . . ."

In the distance is heard a flourish of trumpets; at one end of the great hall, where in the future the fireplace stood, an immense throne is seen to rise bathed in a flood of glorious light . . .

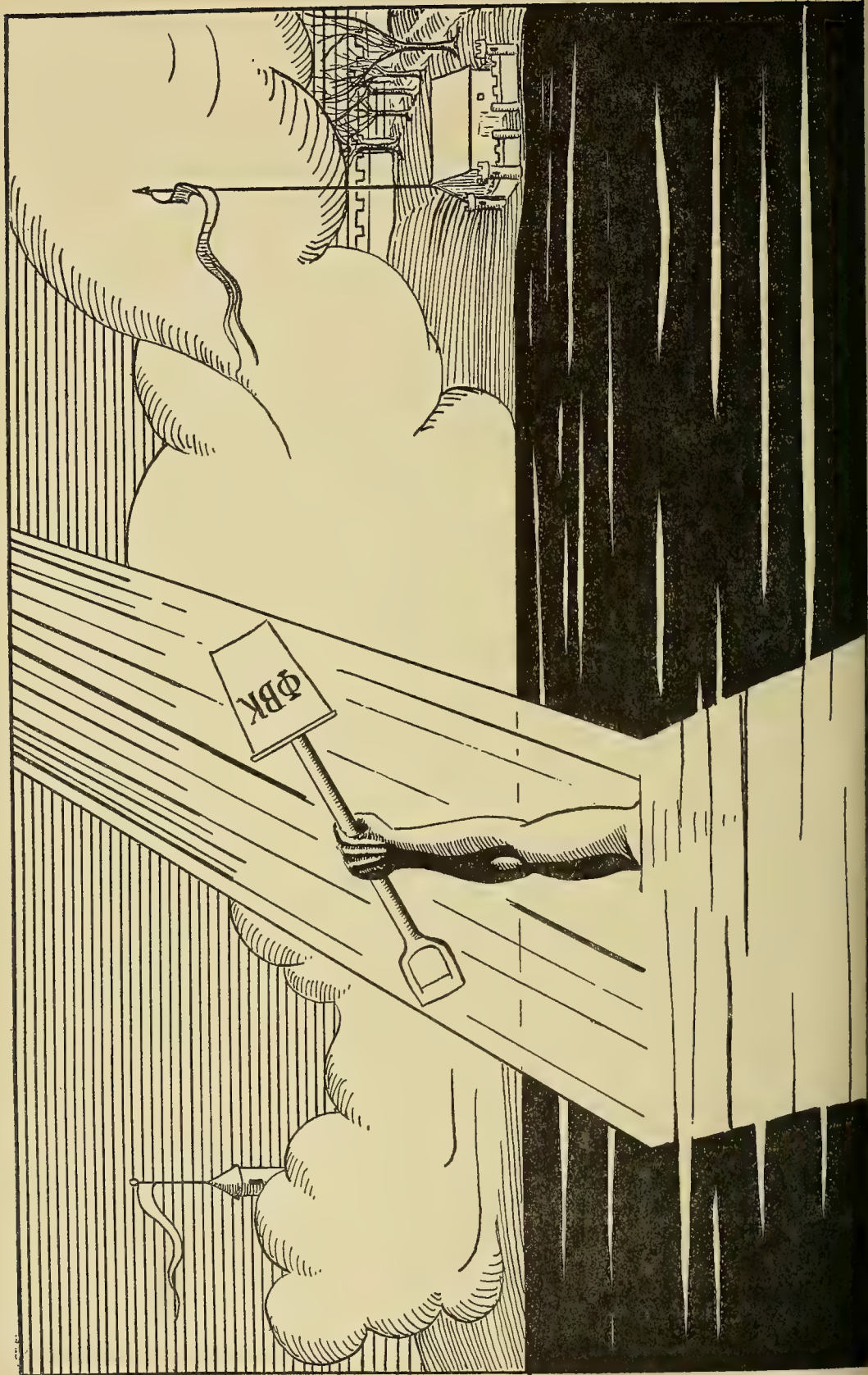
Book 1 The Birth of Shovelry

Chapter 1 Telleth how Sir Rinie gat a Shovel of the Lady of the Lake

RIGHT so the king sent for Sir Rinie, one but newly knighted, and Sir Rinie thither repaired and the king spake unto him in this wise: "Know thou Sir Rinie that there be many knights in this fair realm of Haford that have instruments. And these instruments withal they are bright and shiny and new, they keep in velvet cases from outen the which they never them take. And if perchance you speak with these knights and inquire concerning these instruments they will say 'Yea, pardieu, I have these instruments that my father hath give me, but I do never use them. I would liefer they stay in their velvet cases rather than I should cark and care about them.' But thou, Sir Rinie, have not ado with those knights, but take thine instruments out of their cases and use them from the time the cock croweth the morn till the bells ringeth evensong, for of such is the Kingdom of the Key and the Club Founders."

Then did Sir Rinie bemoan him and make great dole for that being of no great wit, he had never an instrument nor wit how he might come by any.

Now as he sat thus making great lament he saw a knight well versed in the lore of the realm, approaching, that said "How now, Sir Knight. Why sit ye so drooping?" Then spake Sir Rinie, "Alas that ever this mal-fortune should befall me, for instruments have I none," and he made great sorrow out of measure. "Forsooth," said the knight, "that is easy matter for I wist where lieth the goodliest instrument that ever knight had, an you want it." "For God's sake teach me to this place," cried Sir Rinie, "for I would full fain have that instrument." So they rode till they came to a lake, the which was a fair water and broad, and in the



midst of the lake Sir Rinie was ware of an arm that held a fair shovel in its hand. "Lo!" said the knight, "yonder is that instrument that I spake of." Then said Sir Rinie, "I wold that it were mine." Then said the knight, "Well an if ye wade out to the shovel ye shall have it." And Sir Rinie waded right gladly out to that shovel and took it by the handle and took it with him and the arm and the hand went under the water.

And so he came unto the land, and as the book rehearseth did many great feats of arms with that shovel in full many a joust in the classe room.

Book 11 The Quest of ye Fellowship Founders

Chapter 1—How that Sir Effe of Echis Counclilled those Knights but newly arrived at the Court to win them Great Reverence in ye Quest of ye Fellowship Founders

SO WHEN that ye new-made knights were all assembled in ye Hall of Roberts, an ancient and hoary Lord of great renowne, by name Sir Effe of Echis, mounted ye scaffold and spake in this wise: "Gentlemen knights, ye are all right welcome and I do undertake that many a fellow of you will come into great worship." (And here ye ancient Lord cracked ye musty jest whereat ye young knaves laughed right merrie.) And continueth Sir Effe of Echis, "Withouten saying of any more words, I council ye to undertake ye quest of ye Fellowship Founders, for truly ye that win to that honor shall come into great reverence. And for to achieve ye quest a knight must adventure him in many jousts and battles for ye love of ye court and ye king."

And then would Sir Effe of Echis wit how many durst undertake the quest. And I perceived that for the most part these knights went their way so soon as ever they might, until only three remained, Sir Zeal-of-the-Land, Sir Robert of Tom, and one Sir Herbert of Cluff, which latter knight wit ye well lay fast asleep as if he had but lately eat and drunk full much. Then was Sir Effe of Echis wroth and swore that the most of these new-found knights were no gentlemen. And of these knights who durst not adventure with ye quest, this my tale maketh no mention.

Then up spoke Sir Zeal-of-the-Land, "Fain would I win much renown and worship for that I love this fair court passing well and I would adventure in quest of ye Fellowship Founders e'en though it mean great

hardship and duresse." (And methought that the doughty knight as he spoke these words blushed full red.)

And Sir Effe of Echs cried, "'Sblood! Would that thy fellows were so spiritually-minded and durst adventure with holy things. I doubt not that you will win yourself much reverence." Whereat Sir Zeal-of-the-Land's heart almost burst from joy and devotion.

And I marvelled how that Sir Robert of Tom noted down every word that was spoke as if he had been a scribe and I perceived that he was reckoning of things of the spirit, and lo, he spoke, "Weenest thou ye quest of ye Fellowship Founders consisteth of twelve points whereof it well-behoveth a spiritually-minded knight to plan his jousts and adventures so that he may be certain of ye winning of ye prize."

And Sir Effe of Echs had just spake ye momentuous words, "As ye book telleth" when a hideous noise was heard, as of some dragon rowling in the sea.

And I espied that Sir Herbert of Cluff had awakened from his sleep and was mouthing great oaths that it were marvel to hear. And while the other knights stood as men transfixed, he stamped out of the hall shouting at the rafters how that he had escaped hard with his life, and how that his reputation was soiled for ever.

Chapter 11—How Sir Zeal-of-the-Land got him much Worship as Senechal of ye Knights of the Soc.

And it fortuneth that Sir Zeal-of-the-Land casting about him for strange adventures whereat he might get him much worship came upon a fair green field where he saw many knights jousting in manner passing strange. For the most part they were withouten any armour at all and their knees were bare. And then Sir Zeal-of-the-Land saw that in the thickest press of the knights was a ball of leather and that every man of them was most intent upon kicking ye ball with their feet or bouncing it off their heads.

"Verily," thought Sir Zeal-of-the-Land, "this is the silliest jousting that ever I saw." And with that he hurled himself into their midst and drove his spear clean through the leather ball, whereat there was a noise of much air escaping.

And thereupon the other knights were much amazed and they crowded about Sir Zeal-of-the-Land, and asked his name, and said that for strength and hardiness they knew not his match living. Then spoke one Sir Sinth, a knight tall like a maypole, "Sir Zeal-of-the-Land we are hight the knights of the Soc and we joust for ye fame of ye Court with other knights, in especial with ye knights of Scarcemore. In truth we should be much beholden unto you if you would be our Senechal." And

thereat was Sir Zeal-of-the-Land right glad for that he would win him four points of blessedness, and he swore solemn fellowship with ye knights of ye Soc.

But wit ye well, soon was Sir Sinth right rueful that ever Sir Zeal-of-the-Land had joined their company, for this new knight urged ye knights of the Soc to mortify ye flesh and live lives of fasting and great abstinence. And he spake in this manner, "Ye that are not clear of ye sins of the flesh shall never win ye jousts. I pray you and require you to leave off ye sinful smoking of ye cigarettes and ye burning of ye candle at both ends." And therewith Sir Sinth swooned, and when he had arisen made great dole out of all measure, and said, "These are the heaviest tidings that ever I heard. Think ye that we are Athos monks and would live on ye seven acorns?"

Then was great division and strife among ye knights of the Soc, and some clung to Sir Zeal-of-the-Land, but others took themselves to ye support of Sir Sinth. And things did not go well with Ye Knights of the Soc, for that they were divided among themselves. And often mused Sir Zeal-of-the-Land, "The way of ye knight that would win him much worship is hard, and well do those that attain to ye Fellowship Founders deserve of ye honor."

Chapter 111—How Sir Zeal-of-the-Land had certain Naughty Knights cast into a Dungeon for a Fortnight and how he became Warden of the Knights Council.

Now Sir Zeal-of-the-Land was a righteous knight and it hurt him sore to learn that certain knights made merrie with ye good red wine in despite of the laws of the Court in which it was ordained that no knight might partake of mead or other intoxicating liquors on pain of being cast into a dungeon and abiding there for a space of fourteen days. But in especial was Sir Zeal-of-the-Land angered with such lawless knaves inasmuch as he himself abstained from all liquors and lived like a stylite or an anchorite. And this doughty knight swore that any offenders of said statute that came into his hands should have scant mercy.

And it came to pass that in ye wee morning hours, certain lusty knights were carousing and draining ye flagons of ye red wine of the dago. And it fortuneed that these merrie fellows became boisterous and knew not what they did. And in their carousing one did smash down a door with his head and others did throw furniture out of ye windows. And they did make such clamour that Sir Zeal-of-the-Land awoke and cried, "Mercy me! I ween right well that certain knaves do brawl most drunkenly." And in his nightcap and flowing nightgown he did hie him to that

part of ye court from which the noise of carousal did issue and there he did find five jolly knights deep in their cups. And they were so far gone that they did know him not, but clapped him heartily on the back and forced him to drink of ye wine of the dago. Presently was Sir Zeal-of-the-Land sore distressed for that his stomach was young and tender and in his agony he did rebuke them in this fashion, "Fie on ye knaves that do break ye ordinances of ye Court in drinking of ye vile red wine. As a true knight I feel it is my duty to report you to King Arthur." Whereupon the knights laughed loud and long and did swear that ye stranger was a rare jester, pardee!

And Sir Zeal-of-the-Land gat him off in the pain of his stomach and halted not till that he came to ye chambers of Arthur and to him he related all that he had heard and seen. And ye king looked passing heavy as if he had given much not to hear what ye knight had to say for now he must perforce call the erring knights to justice.

Straightway was a meeting of the Knight's Council held and ye knights of ye red dago were charged with carousing all night e'en till the birds gan sing, and they were cast into a vile dungeon to abide there for a fortnight. And the other knights of the Court were passing sad, for they wist well that only good fortune had spared them from ye dungeon. And only they were glad for that Sir Zeal-of-the-Land had likewise been cast into ye dungeon sithen he, too, had drunk of ye red wine.

And things fared badly with Sir Zeal-of-the-Land. Daily was he chastised out of all measure by his fellows in ye dungeon, until he vowed that never again would he help those that had gone astray. And one night as he lay on ye flagstones of the dungeon and moaned in his great misery, lo, an angel came to him and stood over him and spake in this wise, "Mourn not Sir Zeal-of-the-Land, but be of good cheer, for your righteousness hath earned you much blessing." Thereupon ye angel vanished and ye knight hearkened him and suffered bravely ye buffets of his fellows until that ye fortnight was past and they were free men.

And not long after that, ye knights of the Court met in Council and Sir Zeal-of-the-Land by a universal agreement was made Warden of the Knight's Council, for the knights would fain keep such pesty fellows out of mischief. And henceforth Sir Zeal-of-the-Land was a marked man and like a cat with a bell on its neck caught no more jolly song birds. But none the less was this knight right glad for he had won him several points of worship, which he e'en thought so sweet that it was marvel to tell.

Chapter 1 V—How Sir Zeal-of-the-Land won his spurs in ye Brotherhood of ye Glee.

So when Sir Zeal-of-the-Land was created Warden of ye Knight's

YE FELLOWSHIP FOUNDERS

Council, he bethought himself that he had well nigh completed his quest for ye Fellowship Founders. And thereat he reckoned up his much blessedness, and weighed and measured it, and found that he was still wanting full two points of blessedness. Then was Sir Zeal-of-the-Land right weary and sad, for in his knightly adventures he had suffered great woe and pain, and in especial he could in no wise bethink him in what new venture he might get himself worship.

Thereat he betook himself to an hermitage that lay not far from ye Court of King Arthur, and there an holy man dwelt who had once healed Sir Zeal-of-the-Land of a grievous wound. And he threw himself on the ground before ye hermit's feet and begged him that he would once again save his life, for that if he did not win him more worship and attain to ye Fellowship Founders he would most surely die of grief. Then spake the holy man, "My son, canst thou sing?" "Nay, truly, my friends say that I cannot," replied Sir Zeal-of-the-Land. Herewith the hermit frowned as though he knew not how he could help him, and on a sudden ye knight spake, "But, holy father, wit ye well I can whistle." Whereat ye knight perced his lips and let forth such a tumultuous and piercing blast that ye hermit was well-nigh deafened. And it fortun'd that ye hermit promised Sir Zeal-of-the-Land that if he would nevermore whistle that he would try to teach him to sing, albeit he doubted that it could be done. And at this was ye knight right merrie for that if he could sing he might win his spurs in ye Brotherhood of ye Glee and therewith much blessedness.

And so Sir Zeal-of-the-Land abode with the holy man many a moon and daily sang chants to ye glory of God. And it befell that after many months of ye same, ye knight learned to carry a tune, and ye holy man marvelled greatly and swore that this knight must be loved passing well by ye Lord for that such a miracle had come to pass.

And we have neither ye space nor ye patience to relate all that ye books telleth of how Sir Zeal-of-the-Land returned unto ye Court and was finally admitted to ye Brotherhood of ye Glee, for that Master Benzine could not bring himself to bar one who so loved ye music.

Chapter V—How that Sir Zeal-of-the-Land was received into ye Blessedness of ye Fellowship Founders, and of his Marvelous Ascension into Heaven.

And so when Sir Zeal-of-the-Land had won his spurs in ye Brotherhood of ye Glee, he hied him incontinently to ye sanctum of ye Fellowship Founders to lay before them his much merit and blessedness. And he related to them his marvelous deeds, as touching how that he had got much worship as Senechal of ye Knights of the Soc, and as ye Warden of

THE HAVERFORDIAN

ye Knight's Council, and in especial of his wondrous conquest of ye Brotherhood of ye Glee. And all that heard marvelled that one lone knight might in the space of three short years residence at Court encompass such diverse quests and labours. And therewith Sir Lenzalot, who was most peerless knight of all ye Court, spake in this wise, "I dare undertake that yon knight is well worthy to be received in our Fellowship and with much reverence." And at these words was Sir Zeal-of-the-Land right glad, and departed their company so soon as ever he might with due obeisance, for that he would tell all his fellows of ye great honor that had befallen him, and how that he was astonished for he had in no wise reckoned on it. For wit ye well Sir Zeal-of-the-Land was a modest and soft-spoken knight.

And that same day when eventide fell and peace reigned o'er all ye Court, ye Knights of ye Fellowship Founders received Sir Zeal-of-the-Land into their midst and ye ceremonies were performed in this wise. In ye Union Castle in a long chamber lighted only by one bulb of strength forty watts (for ye Senechal, Sir Kay, griped oft that electricity was wasted) all ye knights of ye Fellowship Founders were assembled in solemn array, well beseen and richly. And Sir Zeal-of-the-Land was admitted, and well I perceived that he was all a-jitters for that ye prize long sought was now at hand. And one that was more aged than ye others approached and kissed him on either cheek and straightway led him to a curious table with four legs, whereon lay an ancient catalogue of ye Court. And ye ancient one by solemn dumb show made known to Sir Zeal-of-the-Land that he should place his hand on ye musty volume and swear after him in this fashion: "I swear to attend eight-thirty classes and Faculty-Student teas; to rescue all maidens of Burnt More that been in distress; to travel up and down ye land seeking young striplings that may replace those knights that have died in battle; and finally to live a life that is exemplary in every respect to those less worthy knights that form ye majority of ye Court."

And here must we make mention of one Sir Robert of Tom, who appeared for a brief space in Chapter One of this tale, and who at this same time attained to ye Fellowship Founders by most ingenious and subtle sorcery. For it is told how he added and subtracted and multiplied his little worship till that ye Fellowship and in especial Sir Lenzalot, were well-nigh daft and admitted him knowing not what they did.

And now we return us to Sir Zeal-of-the-Land, who when ye solemnities were past was made to break of the salty pretzel and quaff of the juice of the apple in right good cheer. And Sir Zeal-of-the-Land marvelled greatly that such renowned knights would disport themselves in such jolly fashion e'en as they had been ordinary mortals that do joy in eating and drinking. And he was filled with disgust for that he had hoped in ye Fellowship to breathe ye air of ye upper spheres.

YE HOLY FRIARS

And certain books telleth how that this mystical, holy knight was wafted direct to Heaven by a band of angelic spirits: namely seraphic asymptotes, parabolic parabolas, hyperbolic hyperbolas, and scrofulous surds. And it is related how that Sir Zeal-of-the-Land won him great renown among the angels of Heaven, and became holier and holier until he became wholly a surd.

Thus endeth the history of ye Fellowship Founders and how that ye knights Sir Zeal-of-the-Land and Sir Robert of Tom attained thereto, the which is a history one of the truest and most marvelous in this world.



Book 111—De Adventure of De Holy Friars

Chapter 1—Telleth of ye Abbey of Fire-cracker and how Master Winsith and his Fellows scaped therefrom.

BEHOLD at not many leagues distant from Camelot court, there lieth an abbey in a pass of ye mountains where live great numbers of strange brethren of a Holy order, and this same abode is hight Fire-cracker Abbey. All within this place is fair and well-ordered so that ye men of God may live holy and studious lives, nor do they ever fare forth into the world but hold strictly to the performance of their holy orders.

Lo, when the merry spring-tide had brought ye birds from their wintry nests and dotted all ye fields and meadows with tender buds and sweet-smelling violets, certain of ye novices of the Abbey became irked of the stern and monkish life which they led. Thereupon, in order to lighten such sorrows as had vexed them throughout ye long days and nights of winter, they set themselves upon devising a means of escape into

ye world. In this most perilous undertaking ye more youthful lads of Fire-cracker Abbey were governed by a certain noisy stripling, hight Master Winsith. Ye same was e'en a great jester sometimes carrying his pranks to ye extent that it angered his fellows beyond measure. But when that ye others were desirous of a leader they would ever turn to Master Winsith.

Bifel that upon a warm night in April, ye Abbey porter, being overwrought with his constant saying of prayers for that it was then ye season of Lent, gan snore full loudly at his post. Straightway one of ye novices whose cell by good fortune faced upon ye court-yard that he might hear whatever came to pass thereat, goeth to Master Winsith and counilleth him of ye sleeping porter, saying that ye time of escape had indeed come. At ye hearing of such glad tidings, clothed right as he was, ye leader leapeth to his feet and called upon ye company, one after other, saying privily unto them "Fire," which same word had ever been signal for gathering of ye boys.

In short shift was gathered into ye court-yard the greater part of ye Abbey novices and shortly had they slipped past ye doddering porter as he slept on his bench. Thereupon they all frolicked right sportily even as a falcon when it is loosed from its masters wrist. But when ye joy was far spent, Master Winsith calleth his company together to council what was now to do. Straightway spoke one of ye novices saying: "Behold, would it not be a right merry jest to pour water in ye sleeping friar's beds?" and at thought of such sport they all laughed loud and long albeit they had no thought of doing ye same.

At length spoke Master Winsith, counselling his fellows that they go one and all to ye Court of ye great King Arthur, there to essay their mettle in ye right doughty arts of shovelry. Such seemeth to please highly ye entire company, so straightway turned they their faces toward Camelot, jesting and laughing as they tramped ye moon-lit high road.

Chapter 11—Telleth how ye Novice Friars of the Abbey come to King Arthur's Court and are there admitted into ye Cowpany of ye Table Round.

At ye coming of ye fourth hour of matin, Sir Adolphus Hairychest arose from his bed and walked upon ye castle battlement that he might breathe ye sweet air of springtide and bask in ye mellow sunshine. Yesternight had he been tipping with ye Knight of ye Tin-ear nigh unto cock-crow and the same was cause of his late arising. Anon as he stood blinking in ye bright sun's rays, he espied upon ye high-road that leadeth to

YE HOLY FRIARS

Camelot a bedraggled and dusty crew in black cassocks laboring on ye steep hill on which lieth ye fair city. After a space came ye seeming-friars nigh unto ye great castle gate and beat full loudly for admittance and when ye noise thereof had continued for a space, Sir Adolphus, overcome with wonder at ye strange men, calleth loudly to ye porter thus: "Ho, sirrah, here be those at ye gate who would fain be admitted." Straightway came ye porter on hearing of ye loud bellow and unloosed ye great portcullis and admitted ye weary novices from Fire-cracker Abbey. After holding speech with ye porter for a space, ye same consented to lead them unto ye great hall where sat King Arthur mid costly furnishing and beautiful tapestry holding council with his knights. When they beheld ye tired company entering at ye lower end, they looked up to survey them. Shortly when Master Winsith and his fellows had reached ye gaudy dais on which sat King Arthur, all knelt to do homage to ye king of great fame. Then up spake Master Winsith: "O king, we come to crave a boon of thee. We be from the Abbey of Fire-cracker and are come to join ye Round-table knights." Then spake ye king by way of answer: "We of ye Round-table receive not all comers. Reveal unto us who thou art and who thy company." "Sire e'en as I have said," replied Master Winsith, "we come from Fire-cracker Abbey. Long since have we grown weary of our monkish life and would fain try our hand at knighthood. Truly, we believe that in jousts of arms and doughty deeds of shovelvy will we find our hearts content. We but ask of thee, noble Arthur, that thou make us least of all thy knights so that we may learn ye virtues of courage and valor." Certes King Arthur wist not what to think of ye strange words that were spoken unto him; howbeit, inclining unto Sir Lenzolot who ever stood nigh unto him (for that he was Arthur's right-hand man), he held converse in such wise that shortly he turned to ye friars and bespake them thus: "Sir Friar, we are verily pleased of thy desire to join the Table Round for we fancy highly ye monk who desireth to show that he hath ye mettle of a man. If ye would e'en try ye ways of ye world, certes ye are right welcome among us. But hearken unto my saying for ye must needs be lowly and humble while that ye serve as newcomers in this court." At such words answered Master Winsith boldly: "Yea, sire, we will hearken unto thy word and so hope we to become right good knights and worthy in due season." Then turned King Arthur unto such of his pages who were nigh, ordering them to see to it that ye friars be given proper raiment and ye gear of knighthood, as eke quarters that were worthy unto their station. Thus it fell out that ye friars of Fire-cracker Abbey became knights-aspirant of ye Round Table.

Chapter 111—Telleth of ye Life which ye Friars led while at King Arthur's Court and of ye Preachings of one Master Slinger, also of ye Founding of ye League of ye Ebangels.

All things haped fairly with ye new knights for they lived with due homage among their fellows, showing a true desire to become gentle and courageous knights. Not only was ye king pleased with their deeds of arms and their air of humbleness, but he likewise commended them on their sturdiness in the matters of ye holy spirit. They would e'en teach unto ye other knights how that our fair father Christus suffered ye passion and how that all should believe upon him even unto death. Numbers of ye knights, for that they were worldlings who knew not the power of faith but only ye powers of ye sword, would mock and laugh upon ye pious carriage and demeanor of their monkish brothers. In especial would they plague ye Master Slinger who, of all ye novices, held greatest faith on our fair Father in Heaven. Ever and anon after a feast in ye great castle hall, a company of knights would surround this same devout lad and test him with questions, hoping thereby to shake his great faith in Jesu ye good shepherd. By way of jest one would say: "Telleth us, dear master, whether that Sir Adam, he that is father of us all, had a navel even as we men who are born of woman?" At which saying Master Slinger would know their evil intent and would reply with all simplicity saying: "Nay, sirs, our common kinsman had not the mark upon his belly when he was placed by God in ye Garden. Ye ponderous philosophers would fain catch ye unwary by guile, for they say that ye navel is a sign of birth; howbeit I say unto you that it is even ye wound of ye flaming sword given to Adam when ye Angel of God drave him out of ye Garden." Then would the knights nudge one another in right good cheer for they enjoyed to ye full ye childlike faith of Master Slinger.

Howbeit, all was not prayer and devotion among ye knights-aspirant for, to tellen you shortly, ye spirits of ye young men waxed uneasy in their lowly life of service to King Arthur. Verily ye blood of youth boil-eth passing soon if it be allowed to simmer overlong in solitude and humility. Much atop the others in way of restlessness were Master Winsith, whom ye wot of, and a certain Master Bugaslinger, a nigh kinsman unto ye devout and holy Master Slinger, both being son's son unto ye renowned Sir Buga de Bois, a mighty jester and buffoon of nauseous fame throughout the land. The same uneasy youths gathered unto themselves a company of ye others, which that were of their council, and amongst these latter were such noisy braggarts and Master Sword-awn, Master Whipple and Master Charles of Kahn which same was nigh kins-

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man unto a sometime knight of ye court of Arthur who had won his spurs with fair fight on ye Tourney field.

Shortly for purpose of abetting their doings they would fain be united in a brotherhood and so cometh into being ye League or Brotherhood of ye Evangels. Thus hid they beneath a fair and righteous name such foul misdemeanors as ye shall hear anon.

Chapter 19—Telletth of ye Pranks of ye Evangels and how that King Arthur being vexed driveth them from ye Court

Behold ye sweet season of summer had passed away and ye cold winds of autumn had now begun to wither ye fair green leaves. Without there raged a right cold and blustering wind but within ye high feast-hall of ye castle all was merry and warm. Anon when ye sweetmeats and ye white wine of cow were all lifted from ye boards, up rose ye Senechal, mid much acclaim, and spake in a loud voice so that all might hear, even ye brethren who sat at the furthest from him: "Lo, sirs, so soon as ye company dispurseth there shall be a meeting of ye Evangels in ye Old High Room atop ye north castle turret." At this all ye knights did shout with glee, for verily ye Brotherhood had become somewhat of a jest at ye Round Table. Howbeit, straightway when the knights gan slowly to depart, ye Evangels arose as one and went unto their communing together. Right unto this day knoweth no man what seditious speech had these youths as they lingered in ye turret room, but, certes, no good did ever come of it. For lo, when ye bells had rung to evensong and ye knights were making merry throughout ye spacious halls of ye castle, several of ye Evangels stole privily unto that part of ye castle where are the chambers in which slept ye knights. Whereat, without being seen of anyone, the youths placed a flagon of ale over each portal in such wise that when ye knight entereth therein he is wetted full sore by ye tipping of said flagon. Perceiving that this merry jape might perchance cool the wrath of ye knights, ye young masters set themselves diligently to ye emptying of ye chestꝝ which stood in each chamber and eke ye hiding of ye robes and raiment which did adorn ye beds. Thinking such to be enough for the time, the Evangels retired, each going silently to his own chamber.

Anon ye remanant of ye knights of Table Round mounted ye stairways such as led to their chambers. At last cometh one knight to ye portal of his chamber and on entering right merrily is he soused incontinent in ale. Whereupon all ye others come unto him and lament the sorry hap which has befallen him and murmured among themselves say-

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ing: "What dastard hath done this baneful deed?" Howbeit, none being so vexed that their sleep would suffer harm therefrom, they slowly drew unto their several chambers.

Now, by ye Holy Rod, it was great marvel to hear ye cursing and nashing of teeth which followed when ye knights discovered to their sore distress that they had all been served likewise. Then was ye hall noisy with shouting and confused running. Each man spake unto other: "May ye Virgin's deadly curse light upon ye dastard knave who hath done this thing. Let us e'en thrust him into a butt of Malmesey if that we fortune to seize the coxcomb." Then spake Sir Lenzolot and his voice rose high above ye din: "Sir knights, here hath been done a traitor's deed, let us straightway to the king and there crave a righteous judgment of him in this fel matter." Then were the knights right glad to go for they ever hearkened unto Sir Lenzolot for that his speech sounded of high command and lordliness. Thus goeth all ye knights to the apartment of ye king and there they found Arthur in his night robes brushing his teeth in right kingly fashion. Whereupon Sir Lenzolot turned to retire ye other knights but ye king certes would hear of none such thing. "Stay, comrades," quod he, "reck not that ye see your king in his privy councils," and thereat laughed he right loud, thinking that he had cracked a merry jest. Ye other knights laughed beside and jollied each his neighbor, howbeit they thought the pun full foul and unkingly. Shortly a season of solemn silence fell upon ye brethren of ye Round Table as Sir Lenzolot gan his speke as here followeth: "O king, a sad misfortune hath befallen us for lo our chambers are in high disorder following the visit of some foul fiend to these quarters. Therefore we crave a boon of thee, namely that thou wilt do unto us ye pleasure of chastizing ye rascal or rascals who have served us thus."

At these words the king's eyes did flash full sore so that it was right terrible to see. Then spake he: "Sir Lenzolot and mine own true knights, well and surely know I ye cause of this great distress. Have I not long since been king over you and think you that I know not what passeth in mine own court? Sirs, I say unto you that it was even those beggarly knaves from the Abbey of Fire-cracker who have done this thing." Whereupon he ordered ye knights to go seek out the master Evangels and hail them into his presence. In marvellous short time were the youths brought before him and King Arthur cursed them roundly thus: "May Jesu bite thee, fould fiends that thou art. 'Ods blood, sirrahs, mangle me slowly and drop me in ordure if I do not make ye rue this day. For long time now have we of ye Table Round born with thy pranks and japes, now are we wroth with an exceeding bitterness and our anger will not be allayed. Sir knights, seize these dastards fast and we shall e'en tip the noisome braggarts out of ye court." Straightway, being ordered so to do,

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ye knights beraft ye Evangels of their raiment and herded them in ye castle court-yard. Then saith King Arthur: "Fetch and heat ye irons for I will surely brand these knaves so that all men shall know them withersoever they go." Then were the irons brought and heated in the fire and when all this was accomplished King Arthur spake, saying: "Sithen that they are so strict on ye fundamentals, burn their fundamentals with ye sign of a huge hammer, so that all men shall know them for such." Straightway when all this was accomplished, ye knights drave the troublous varlets out of ye castle. Then as King Arthur perceived them off at last on the high-road he saith: "Jesu Maria grant that such shift be not come to our court in any time that is to come" and with that he returned unto his chamber and having wound ye clock he retired to ye sweet sleep of one who hath narrowly escaped from sore woe.



Book 1V—De Chronicle of De Rakes

Chapter 1—How Sir Griffon rode in his Adventure and came to a Laund where dwelt the Knights of the Rake

NOW the Book saith that of all the knights of King Arthur's Court few gat more worship than Sir Griffon. And Sir Griffon rode on his adventure and came unto a laund called the laund of Loid. Now all Loid is divided into nine parts and it so happed that Sir Griffon came unto the seventh part of the laund of Loid where dwelt many knights that had curiously emblazoned on their shields, silver rakes. And these Knights of the Rake were jolly men who liked well to drink the good wine and other manner of disports, me list not hereof make no mention. And when the Knights of the Rake espied Sir Griffon, they welcomed him right gladly and one hight Sir Threbathe said, "Forsooth, Sir Knight, ye are welcome here for this place is called the adventurous place, for here be many strange adventures, and there come but few knights here that go away with any worship." "That is wonderful thing," said Sir Griffon. "What ye mean in this country I wot not of,

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for ye have many strange adventures, and therefore I will lie in this castle this night." And so Sir Griffon was led unto bed in a fair large chamber and he laid him down upon the bed. And anon therewithal there came a knight armed with a stein and he bade Sir Griffon: "Arise, sir knight, and joust with me." And the knight did thereby drink five and twenty steins of a fair liqueur of such a strength that he were almost borne back over his horse's croup. And then Sir Griffon started up and dressed his stein and drank down eight and twenty steins of this fair liqueur and e'en called for more, and the knight marvelled greatly at Sir Griffon and yede him back into another chamber and was seen no more.

Chapter 11—How Sir Griffon had Marvellous Adventures

And so soon as the knight had gone, the fair large chamber in which Sir Griffon stood gan turn ever round and round. And Sir Griffon laid him down again for his head felt passingly strange. And right so he saw come in a score of hideous monsters and they resembled nothing so much as pink elephants. And they stood in a line and looked at Sir Griffon so that he dread him sore and hide his head beneath the covers in most un-knightly fashion. And when he looked again those elephants were gone.

And anon or Sir Griffon wist, came in a host of serpents, green and passing horrible to see and they writhed and came near unto Sir Griffon. "Jesu, mercy," said Sir Griffon, head under cover, "Alas in all my life thus was I never bestead." Right so Sir Griffon forthwithal saw a dragon in the court passing horrible and there seemed letters of gold written in his forehead; and Sir Griffon thought that the letters made a signification thus: *Ye Fair Laund of Haford Hath No Interest in Ye Education of Those That Do Use Toxant Liqueur*. And Sir Griffon marvelled greatly at these words for he wot not of their meaning.

And it was then came morning and he laid him down for pain of his head which ached passingly sore. And he fell into a deep sleep until two of the clock.

Chapter 111—Telleth of Sir Sint and the Knights of the Soc and divers other matters

And Sir Griffon bode many days among the Knights of the Rake for they were jolly men and he loved them passingly well. And the custom was much much at that time for these knights to make many a pilgrimage to a noble shrine in the laund of Conshok. Here, it hath report, the good bere flowed right free, and the brethren of the Rake did make many a

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journey to that Land of Conshok for they did love the good bere passing well. And there was of them one Sir Sint who was a Knight of the Soc. For as the book saith, there were in those days certain knights who did call themselves Knights of the Soc, and they did go about the country jousting. And sometime perchance were they socced but at other times they did soc their enemies. And Sir Sint was even the champion of these knights of the Soc, a much man and large. And of him hath been a limerick writ, which came about in this fashion. In the season when the Knights of the Soc did joust they chastised themselves and mortified the flesh. Neither did they puff the vile weed nor drink the red wine nor in any other way disport themselves, that they might be strong for the jousting. But of such time when the jousting was over, then did the knights of the Soc disport themselves and make right merry. And oft times when they smote down their enemies, "Mercy Jesu," said Sir Sint, "I marvel what knight would mortify his flesh after so fair a victory." And thus was told the limerick of Sir Sint which all men know and which redes in this wise:

*When that Sir Sint came off ye waggon
He sate him down furninst a flaggon
And wit ye well
Within a spell
He had a bien plaisaunt jag on.*

Chapter 1 V—How Sir Horrick of Dug won great worship among the damosels and how he became a magician

Now leave we off a while of Sir Sint and speak we of Sir Horrick of Dug, a Knight of the Rake, who inhabited in the seventh part of the laund of Loid. And this Sir Horrick of Dug was a fair knight as he himself wot well, and he did get much worship in especial amongst the virgin maidens of the land. And he did follow the fair damosels as bees the sweet honey and they did perforce bear him for lack of other way out. And Sir Horrick of Dug and Sir Dervandale that they might get even more worship among the fair damosels of the laund did stablish the Pavilion Clubb and they invited thereto all the knights from ye Launde of Haford. And they caused to be set up a great pavilion, and ye knights did there convene and there they drank of the blood-red wine and had full merry cheer and there were many fair ladies.

But these were not all the virtues of Sir Horrick of Dug, for among divers other things he won great renoun as a man of magic, the which came about in this wise. Sir Horrick was once assist at a tea at which were many fair damosels. And there came to this feast one from a faraway southern launde and he spake in a strange soft tongue that all the damo-

sels admired at its sweetness. And then it was that Sir Horrick did bring forth a feat of wondrous magic as hath not been seen in our laund sithen the days of Sir McColl. He did cause his own speech to change and lo, he answered that strange knight in that knight's own curious tongue, saying these magic words: "Ah coom fum Boltimoe, too." And all that heard on it marvelled greatly for that Sir Horrick brang forth so great a miracle.

Now Sir Horrick was a noble knight as many a knight wot well, Sir Horrick himself not least. Arrayed in his tall black helm and other fair trappings, he was wondrously well garnished, and there was never no knight more richlier beseen. And when he danced full trippingly in middes of ye Pavilion Club he gat him much worship no end. But wondrously strange to tell there were of the knights that disliked Sir Horrick. And one bespake him privily to Sir Griffon and said, "Certes, Sir Griffon, if one saith truth that knighthood be in flower, then meseemeth Sir Horrick is the flower, and by the gullet of God, I ween it be a primrose." But as touching the most part of the knights, they bare Sir Horrick no manner of mal engin. They shaken their heades merely, saying (and from this cometh the words that hath sithen gat so great fame) "Alas poor Horrick."

Chapter V—How the Knights of the Rake held a great tourney and how they were saved by an Ethiopian dwarf

So it drew fast to Michaelmas; and the jolly knights of the Rake did bethink themselves to have a great joust. So, of a Friday night, they betook themselves to the Pavilion and there made so good cheer with the red wine and many fair ladies that it was marvel to hear and see. And the Knights of the Rake drank much wine and then repaired to their castle in Loid. And at that place, there was more jousting and brawling than there was tofore so that unnethe they might hold themselves on horseback. One of the knights forsooth did full actually, for opening the gate of the castle with difficultie he became right ireful at it and attacked it and smote it and wroken his anger on it. And lo he won a great victory over that door for he brast it off its hinges. Then all the knights did make good cheer that none that saw them but weened they were the happiest knights in the world. And at the last syne it grew late they betook themselves to bed, leaving the broken weapons and armour strewn about the field of battle. And on the next morn they lay long in bed sleeping.

Now the king had made a law that none of the knights should joust in their castles for the king was out of measure a strict man. And there were certain lords whose duty was to enforce this law. So it came to pass

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that in the morn they approached the castle where those knights had been jousting and they would surely have seized those knights and thrown them in a dungeon but for one thing. It so fortun'd that the Knights of the Rake had to serve them an Ethiopian dwarf. And this dwarf looked out of the castle window and espied the two lords afar off. So he was afeared and caught up the broken weapons in haste and threw them out of the castle window that when the two lords arriv'd they found nothing, for which the Knights of the Rake did thank the Lord Jesu.

And after this Sir Griffon betook him thence from that part of the laund and bade farewell to the Knights of the Rake and dwelt no more with them.



Book V—The Adventures of Balchmere and the Gorillas of Netherlloyd

Chapter 1—Telleth how Balchmere came unto the Brotherhood of Netherlloyd

IT SO fortun'd at the court that there lived a right doughty knave hight Balchmere that was of a curious disposition and anatomy. For that he was of unknown lineage, he did serve as kitchen varlet and did earn his meat by the balancing of a tray for the sport of certain of the knights. Albeath that he had labored at this employment for a twelve-month, yet did he not wield the tray in dextrous wise for he was from his birth muscle-bounden. But Balchmere was e'en of big build and eke of such fierce demeanor that a company of the knights befriended him and set themselves to the planning of his knighthood. These same were known throughout the court as Ye Brotherhood of Netherlloyd and certes they were a windy, ruffian breed.

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It chanced that upon a day when a wintry wind howled loud about the battlements that ye Brotherhood of Netherlloyd gathered their number unto the chamber of Sir Gutteral Jaeke. This same bold knight did thereat hold speech with those his brawny brotherhood that did live at the extremetie of the knights' quarters. Turning unto Sir Adolphus Hairychest, he did speak in this wise: "Forsooth, Eddie, this knave Balchmere is a right lusty varlet. He rolleth the cubes of fortune with devilish reck, and doth seem right well-suited unto the merry japes of our brotherhood. Moreover, report hath it that he holdeth brave concourse with the sleekest nymphs of our neighboring convent of Braen Meer and brast me for a virge if the fellow hath not knightly mettle."

Then spake that old swashbuckler, Sir Hairychest that was of a grisly visage, and at his speech, a great silence fell on the company: "By the holey rod, I am of thy thinking, Jaeke. Let us enjoin him to take part in the lists at St. Walton's Piece on first quarter-tide next."

Then did Sir Jaeke turn unto John of Haine: "Hence, milksop, and fetch unto our presence that knave Balchmere. Telleth him that the knights of Ye Brotherhood would hold converse with him." Straightway when he was come, all did welcome Balchmere to their midst in Netherlloyd and informed him of their purpose. Whereat Balchmere was fair astonied and in his sore confusion, strake down a score of furnishings of the smokey den where these knights dwelt. But for all that he was greatly joyed and laughed a whinnying elfish laugh, which same the others were right merry to hear. Whereupon Sir Lenzolot, who had but late strayed into the blue-aired company, fell sore distraught and inquired what Balchmere did in that place. And he was sore displeased that the Brotherhood of Netherlloyd should take it upon them to accept a new member, and in especial, one that was a mere kitchen varlet. And he sware a great oath, saying "Now by the gullet of God will I make a wager. An should this villain prove of knightly prowess at the lists, then shall I even give to him ten butts of the best Pantherpus Ale. But an he should prove but bone and meat as I verily declare him to be, then shall get him back to his tray." And even afore Balchmere could make retort, Sir Lenzolot had stamped out of the den. No whit daunted, Balchmere cried out, "And blast me for an eunuch if I fail of accomplishment." And the knights that heard him were right well pleased.

Chapter 11—Telleth how the Knight of the Tinne Ear counceiled with Sir Lenzolot to lay Gins and Traps for Balchmere

Now as the moon rolled it course and it drew near to first quartertide

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there did come about evil days for Balchmere which fell about in this wise. One of the Knights of the Brotherhood of Netherlloyd, and by far not the least, was a swart, heavy fellow of iron frame, and he was known as the Knight of the Tinne Ear, sithen was his lineage and ancestry unknown to the court. When that he was come to the court, he had brought sore amazement to all the concourse by tearing atwain his trencher at the feasting table when displeased by the taste of his portion of broccoli. And further did the knights marvel when at a certain jousting he had one of his ears strake off by one Sir Grossbart of Mastodon, for the loss of the which member he made amends by fashioning a tinne ear from a small armor plate which he was wont to wear. This embattled knight but a day before the eve of St. Barclay, privily took himself to Sir Lenzolot and addressed him thus: "Sir Lenzolot, how sayest thou that we curb that raw stripling Balchmere by subtle device. For I bear witness that the knave hath strength and durance out of measure to win him his spurs and get him his place in ye Brotherhood, and verily doth it vex me to think on it." And Sir Lenzolot did concur and he plotted with him of the Tinne Ear, that they might cumber and distress the knave of the kitchen.

Therefore it came to pass that the Knight of the Tinne Ear did approach Balchmere that very morn and as was his wont, strake the fellow on the back with his mailed fist, and spake as follows: "Give thee good morrow, Balchmere, and wit ye well what I say unto thee. For I venture that thou wilt brast the seams of full score knights on the morrow, for verily I be of judgment in this matter and can e'en tell knightly mettle when knightly mettle I see. But spend ye not St. Barclay's eve in prayer and abstinence as do those knaves of Firecracker Abbey, but let all manner of feasting and sport be thy lot. Accompany us then to the Vale of Conshok at even fall and bear us company in the tossing of pots. For in my mind there is nothing in the realms of the damp firmament above where dwelleth our Father nor in the delectable pits below (wherein is my especial liking) that furnisheth so fair a preparation for manly jousting as doth the tossing of brimming pots." Then Balchmere, sithen that he was of many gallon size did roll his mouth and promise to accompany the Knight of the Tinne Ear that very evenfall.

Chapter 111—Telleth how Balchmere bare himself at the Vale of Conshok and how he drank till all did marbel

Now fair was the company and sprightly, yea as the foals in the meadow, when the Brotherhood of Netherlloyd fared unto the Vale of Conshok that even-tide. And there did ride beside Sir Lenzolot and Sir

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Gutteral Jaeke and Sir Adolphus Hairychest, and the Knight of the Tinne Ear, certain other knights, so that Netherlloyd was verily emptied of its lusty band. And make we mention here of those other knights. There rode the White Knight as he was known, with visor down, sithen (it hath report) he was born of a gentry that did teach him to abhor all manslaughter and knightly murder, and he would fain not make show to the wide world of his feats of arms. And also there did ride a wondrous strange knight, one Edmund of Akebelly, that long had amazed the court with his open blasphemy and wanton curses, and I wist he had brought horror to the brethren of Firecracker Abbey. And in the rear rode one Sir Durelley of Gague and his brother-germain, Sir Byll the Hard, knights that were ever seen to be together, at court and when riding on knightly adventure.

Now when the company had come to the place of festivity, which had the wondrous and strange custom of keeping its entrance in secret, then gan the knights to dress their spirits for the night's cheer. But ever before any had made progress with their pouring of the right good Pantherpus Ale, that prettie knave Balchmere brought amaze and fright to the whole company. For he did eke drink of the good Pantherpus Ale in such wise that none had seen the like, sithen did he not alone drink as the others were wont to do, but yea, verily, he did inhale it. Now report hath it that Balchmere, as was said heretofore, being of a curious anatomy, did have strange devises and workings in his weasand, the which maken him have power to toss off three flagons in the space of a mere taste for aught other knight. And in the said performance, he gat in his bowels good measure of the air about him, and forsooth did swell himself till he was e'en liken to brust. And the knights of Netherlloyd did council among themselves what the issue would be, and in especial, wit ye well, did the crafty Sir Lenzolot and the Knight of the Tinne Ear, that did smile unto themselves, for that they did believe full well that they would prevail in their wager touching the jousts at St. Walton's Piece on the morrow day.

Chapter 1V—Telleth of the Great Joustings at St. Walton's Piece and how Balchmere, sithen he walked not the Marked Line, drave before him Eleven Knights.

Now speak we of the day on which came to test that wager of which is bespoken heretofore. I wist that Balchmere felt him sore distraught when he gan rise on that day of jousting, sithen his head out of all measure did buzz and his vitals were in piteous rivalry with one another. And the Knight of the Tinne Ear, seeing the sore qualms and disorders of Balchmere, thoughten on him to make a jest, and eke a crafty testing of the knave's strength. Quoth he unto Balchmere, "How now, Balchmere, let us engage in a litel contest. Take thee account of this line that I

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mark, and see what one of us shall walk it along withouten to stray nor fall." And thereupon, he maken a mark on the ground with his glaive, and walkèd it along in deft fashion, e'en as doth a but new-born pigge. And when Balchmere saw the issue, he taken hold on hisself and maken semblance to walk over the mark. But in no wise could he keep from lagging to this side outhere to that, and albeate did the Knight of the Tinne Ear make no merry show, yet was Balchmere liken to bemoan his doubtful state. And he turned him in sorry wise to arrange him for the jousting.

Turn we now to St. Walton's Piece where did assemble them right marvellous great store of knights and nymphs and ladies that all did betake them to a gallery, the which was hewn from a solid rock. And there came heralds and squires, and all manner of peasantry and yomen. And then came a right prettie show of knights in full armor, that galloped across St. Walton's Piece, bearing their casques each in his hand. Then was there parleying between Sir Hans of Hansenson and him of the opposing array that had command. And when that they did part them and go asunder each to his cohort (for it hath long been a custom for the jousting of first quartertide to be done by two cohorts that do each consist of eleven picked knights) all did fix their eyen on the field of batel.

Nowwhilom the heralds did measure the lances and bespeak the last advises unto the knights, there did clamber into the gallery of knights and nymphs and ladies, an auncient hermit that bare a basket woven of wild grass stems, and piled with all merry display of gaudy sweetmeats and pleasant articles withouten number. And when that the herald did raise his trumpet to announce unto all that the batel was fair begun, then did the aged hermit raise such a clamour that all else was drownen out. Then certain of the nymphs did barter a part of their trinkets for sweetmeats and apayed the ould man's fever.

Nowcame the two and twenty knights together and the noise thereat was like to thunder. And Balchmere that was of the middle part of the array, gan feel himself to reel. Nathless did he holden himself in trim and foughten as fair as any man. And after that the cohorts had rushed together, all were borne to the ground, and all gan strive with one another on foot. Balchmere strake about him marvellous great buffets, but poor aimed out of measure as his head kepped its buzzing. Then Sir Grossbart of Mastodon, by far of all the grisliest knight, on a sudden received a blow that split his casque, and brought him to draw it off and throw it behind him. It so chanced that the casque struck down Balchmere, sithen it took him about the vitals, wherein he bare great payne. And then did the Knight of the Tinne Ear think on him that his will was accomplished, and that the knave should in sooth go guerdonless. And when the leech that was wont to bind up the wounds of them that fell in

THE HAVERFORDIAN

batel, gan hasten him to Balchmere's aid, then came to pass the miracle that passed all men's understanding. For e'en as the leech gan helpen Balchmere, then did the kitchen varlet bestir himself and gat him up and cried in powerful voice, "Hence, varlet, with thy foolish leech craft, and may Jesu bite thee, thou of the Tinne Ear, for thy foul intents and now behold and see thy noyous works comen to naught!" Then came such a rushing of wind through his weasand, accompanied by such an frightening roar, yea like unto the wer-wolf that rangeth the night woods. And Balchmere flang out his glaive and gan lay about the opposing cohort and stopped not his hideous roaring, nay not for the space of a glass. And all that looked on marvelled to see the cohort of the opposite party, cast away their knightly weapons and make their escape from St. Walton's Piece with all horror such as men n'er come to but few times. And the Knight of the Tinne Ear fared to his den with baleful distraught and was seen no more for the space of three moons.

And it hath been noised that in the winter that followed he performed further evil councils for Balchmere, and did e'en on occasion privily take the spurs that Balchmere had fairly won, and hide them. But it hath further report that Balchmere, that was now become Sir Hunslaughter, did go unto the keeper of liveries, one hight Lord Dogglejohn, and maken him to rivet the spurs to his naked foote.

And here endeth the account of Balchmere and how he came into knightly worship, the which is callen the most marvellous happening that e'er happed at St. Walton's Piece.



Book VI—De Redactor's Book

There was at the court a learned Redactor who did collect whate'er he could find of the literature* of the times, the which followeth.

DE BALLADS

(The redactor but late did find a widower in widower's weeds and with shaven crown, wandering forlorn through Flounders Hall. And when the redactor did accost this widower, the poor man dropt a silent tear, and rustled his widower's weeds and told the sad story of the passionful Sir Vance.)

The Passionful Sir Vance

O there did dwell in Haford toune
A knight that hight Sir Vance.
And all the trammels of Haford toune
(For nae coëd was Haford toune)
Did crampen his life and bear him doune
That loved to skip and dance.
With a hae nony nony and a hocht-ja-ja.

Sir Vance he was a mickle sma' knight,
But a wiry knave was he;
Al be that his chekes wer pink as the rose,
His beard like the virgin timber grows,
And his limbs are strong as every man knows,
To run the cross countree.
With a hae nony nony and a hocht-ja-ja.

"O whar are ye ganging, my gude Sir Vance,—
Are ye off to a far countree?"
"I am off to Knoxen College for to leave this sex-starved
place;
There the passions cramped no longer shall have scope and
breathing space;
I will take some savage woman, she shall rear my dusky
race.
With a hae nony nony and a hocht-ja-ja."

SCHOLARLY FOOTNOTE: In that golden epoch of shovelry there sprang up a veritable garden of songs. Knights, monks, outlaws, and peanut vendors, all wrote sonnet cycles and other little gems. There was also a large body of folk songs and ballads. It was an age of song. Fortunately for us nearly all of these have disappeared.

THE HAVERFORDIAN

(This rime was writ down by the redactor exact as was tolde him by one Olliver of Eggtown. The story telleth of one hight Sir Boulanger of Haford toune that did undergo a passingly strange conversion, for he did give up his worke, his wife and his own fair soul to seek for a wee goud key the which he desired greatly.)

The Quest of Sir Boulanger or How the Baker Changed His Recipe

Sir Boulanger drinks the blude-reid wine,
In his castle in Haford toune:
"O whar will I get me the veriest way
To win me grate renoune."

Then up and spak a lerned scholàr,
Sir Leslie John hight he:
"The veriest way in all the laund
Is ye get the gouden key."

Sir Boulanger has dropt his pen,
Has lieve the inke grow coud,
And fain wold be a lerned scholàr
To win him a key of goud.

And he hath writ full mony a carde
In mesure all five by three,
And redes and wa'ks full mony a league
All through the fair countree.

And there him mete on Munenday morne,
Twa friend of hi'n or three:
"Now Christe thee save fair Boulanger,
Now Christe thee save and see.
How doth thy quest for the true lerning,
Under the greenwood tree?"

Bot Sir Boulanger speke never a worde;
Ne neir a worde did he say,
Bot mumbling strange beneath his breeth
He kepit strate his way.

"Now what hath chanct Sir Boulanger?
I feir me he is daft.
The mony a bookès he hath red
His braine hath maken saft."

YE REDACTOR'S BOOK

And that is the last that ony did see
Of the guid Sir Boulanger;
Lang, lang did his friends await him hame,
Bot he cum not back the day.

Lang, lang his friends did wait him hame,
Till the teir blinded thair ee,
Bot never hame cum Sir Boulanger,
Frae his quest for the gouden key.

(The herefollowing litel fragment was caught by the redactor as it floated out of an upper casement from a castle in the eighth part of the land of Loid, accompanied by musicke from a sweet musicke instrument.)

A wee man, a sma' man
Doth run a scandal shete.
*A-down-a-down derry
And push the pen along.*
A skinny man, a ta' man,
Help him in this fete.
*Sing down-a-down derry down
And push the pen along-o.*

And what does the sma' man
That you were tellin o', sir?
*A-down-a-down derry
And push the pen along.*
He telleth them of Haford toune,
What they already know, sir.
*Sing down-a-down derry down
And push the pen along-o.*

And what does t' other, sir,
The skinny man see ta',
*A-down-a-down derry
And push the pen along.*
He dwelleth in a nest, sir,
A vile muddy nest, sir,
Along o' a black crow, sir,
The vilest ever you saw.
*Sing down-a-down derry down
And push the pen along-o.*

(The here-following curiously-wrought account was given to the redactor by a strange knight which lay dying anear the castle of Flounders Hall. And he begged the redactor that he would make it known to all the people of Haford. "For it hath cost me much weal and woe," he said, and so died.)

Sir Tristram on a Sentimental Journey

Sir Tristram look-ed very sad,
He look-ed sad indeed,
For all the gloomy wights he saw
A-trudging down to mead,
A-sliding down the banisters
To hasten to their feed.

It was in ancient Flounders Hall
These coltish people dwelt,
In little cellules by themselves;
'Twould make your own heart melt
To hear their melancholious
Accounts of how they felt;

And how they hated he-man things
And habits bad and vicious,
For they did spend their days and nights
Watering a narcissus.

A weak narcissus odor drifted
Gently down the hall,
So weak, you'd say, upon your soul
It wasn't there at all;

And yet Sir Tristram found his friend
Bending near a vase,
And speaking guggling little chucks
With a faint cherubic grace
From a pink seraphic face,
Whistling ditties all apace.

And having finished with his hunt,
Sir Tristram said, "Is this the place
Where dwell the tawny radicals
That revel in disgrace?"

As through this lofty mansion walked
Sir Tristram, sad of mien,
He said unto himself, "Alas!
Things are not what they seem."

And then he turned the corridor
And suddenly he fell a-faint,
For he did see a ghostly form
(It was not, sure, a saint)

YE REDACTOR'S BOOK

A-tossing on a bed of straw
And making loud complaint;
Yet this was merely little Dobbin's
Sleeping habit quaint.

The cultured brows of all these men
Were deeply furrowed, row on row,
Their steel ploughed minds omniscient were,
—In Flounder's fields the lilies blow.

Sir Tristram saw a little boy
That so loves choo-choo trains,
He pastes their pictures round his walls
To entertain him when it rains.

And weekly doth he take his pew
(As regularly as physic)
Where quiring angels round him sing.
(He listens to his watch tick.)

And last of all did Tristram see
A hollow looking wight,
With books and boxing gloves piled round,
Who worked by candle light,
And sang bad songs, as badly played
On Schopenhaurish nights.

His thousand fold belongings hung
About him on the walls
As though that he were fixed to stay
Till Second Ilium falls.

Sir Tristram met one in the Hall
A-sauntering, and through his pores
Seeped such aestheticism—Ugh!
Sir Tristram fled out doors.

De Intimate Papers

(As the redactor was e'en attending to one of the divers necessities that all must perforce attend to, he chanced to be in a wee holey outhouse of Haford, square in shape with sloped roof. And there he came upon the two here-following fragments which were saved by him from a fate worse e'en than death. And when he had red these papers on the one side, he would fain read also t'other side, but out of measure was he sad when he found that t'other sides, alas alack, were not readable.)

Haford Neues

LIEF II

HAFORD NEUES
Founded in ye Plague Year

REDACTORS
Sir Edmund of Akebello
Sir Lenzolot
Sir Leweyes Bowhunk

REDACTORIAL STAFF
Eck majors, militarists, glee men, welterweights,
and other peasants of low degree.

KEEPER OF MONIES
Sir Durelley of Gague

THE NEUES ITS REDACTORIAL POLICY
Sir Edmund and Sir Lenzolot play at ye
bridge whiles Sir Bohunk gets out ye paper.

THE SHOW MUST GO ON
Ye Redactorials in ye Neues present not
of necessity ye Opinion of any Group of
Contact with ye College, nay oftentimes
they present not anything at all.

Ye Honour System

Ye honour system hath long been a matter of much discussion in ye Neues and wit ye well that many ween not what they wist an ever they hear tell not few but full many and many a word of ye honour system. This honour system hath run a course long, long e'er any o' the knights that in and out of the toune have long been used to heavily cark and care withouten thinken or e'er knownen what ye true honour system it is or caren much neither. This doleful state it liketh the neues full well to lightly take upon itself so straightly make clear to all that wot not what the Neues and all that wist not what they ween that in our noble toune there lieth a thing the which hight by all that wist the truth, and be not false knights the which many have alas become, the honour system. Full many and oft are the times and of them me hereof list to not make mention for that as hath above been said it hath been many and many a year ago that there hath been established by those that all men except those perchanse that wot not what they wist nor know well what they ween, and it hath callen the honour system, the which all men know full well and it needeth me hereof to not make no mention. The question that asketh itself at this time as say the learned doctors and the which have so sayen for many long years of the which we have made mention above, is whether it be mete outhur whether it be not mete and if it be mete then know truly that it be deemed by many an untrue thing but if on the other hand it be not mete then truly is this discussion in vain the which we hope not, to encourage those that wist not what they ween to ever follow and to always be true to the noble and full worshipful thing the which is the subject of this redactorial, the honour system.

THE CROWES NESTE Sir Atte-Moor

The other knight (ha, ha) we sat amongst divers other knights staring up at ye Rufe (get it?) to get our phil (to-da-dee-da-da-dee-da-da) of knowledge. Wright in front of us sat a knight of great height, hight Sir Wright. Sir Wright claiming to have been present Atmore (heh, heh) classes than Sir Fite, a Fite (get it?) began and a Stoudt knight (boy, oh boy) hight Sir Tom Knight did step in to attempt to Winne ye battle. Then up Loomis a brave figger who said, "Great Greif, I have a better Roos than that up my sleeve; I will go and Hunt Jones and he will stop this Fite." "Dusseau," said a small Hart-ed wight near-by. "If ye find him not we must forsooth grin and Barrett, but if ye do find him and he be not a Fultz knight he Wilsoon squash the raquet.

Ye Student Opineth

Knights Withouten Any Work
It hath long been asked what doeth those knights withouten any work. On fishday last we arranged ourselves in our oldest armour and made ourselves to look like knights withouten any work. We left Haford toune with never a groat of monie and betook ourselves to the laund of Phila that lieth hard by. There we chancet upon a score of goodly knights withouten any work, playing at ye game of square marbles. Being fain to get us some worship, we entered into the jousting and thus spent two days for which now we repenteth us sore for a sad misadventure befell us. We came back to Haford not only withouten any work but also withouten any armour.

**Sir Zord the Red.
Sir Ray Hooray.**

Ye Fair Probleme

Methinks not emphasis enow be laid on ye Whole Probleme of ye payment of ye warre dettes. For whereas ye Holy Sepulchre lieth yet in ye hands of Saladin (sithen ye Haford toune swell with knights that spendeth covetous lives 'twixt placket and pot and not in ye Zeal for ye Whole Probleme of ye vanquishing of ye adversaries of ye Christendom) yet ye great wolde be in sore oeconomical distraught. Yea, the man that hath the eyen and the ears of his mind set on ye public weal and who doth no whit minish his credence in ye rigours of justice, meseemeth such man maun e'en set him doune and digge out ye kernel of ye Whole Probleme. For ye way be long but ye kernel be swete. We be but sma' men, yea nigh unto ye cradle in learning, yet meseemeth our time cometh and we maun fain gette in yonder and fighte.

Sir Aitche Gee de Wussell.

MUNDUS COLLEGI WRIT BY SIR HORRICK OF

(Redactor's note: Here follow most popular sector of ye HA NEUES, as is attested by ye plebiscite taken late yesteryere.)

New Styles

It hat ben report that ye knight ye Knoxen College have adopted style of growing ye beardes the was introduced by ye Sieur de late of Haford toune.

Gude Idea

Ye Yooe of Pitt hath of late re a neue store of Orang-utang which shall formen ye bulwark footballe teme, come next yere.

Braen Meer—Attention

It hath bene of late determin ye researches of Sir Machinsloss ye colleges to ye weste of Miss that ye Maids of Iowa Yooe each ye sume of 5.27 dates per w

MOOSIK COLYUM

Ther nere ne programme that bet double-stopping, ne bet gu thru ye forest of wodewinds, I loved so well as I loved ye Wagner numbers (alas! what the is unbeknownst to me). Let knights resume yur pilgrimage nerest radio of a Sunday afternoon somthing ther is in ye wind. Fe will ye find a world famed lute playing on his lute, as he played famous Gewandhaus Orchester. hap it hath been recorded yt a very great lute player. Albeit I not what his programme is. that ye like ye noise of ye pipe forth to Spruce Woods, for ther find a very great organist, wh perform himself on ye organ, doubts me what his programme be. And if ther be any of you w not thru a glass darkly, nor yet face, ye may hear a youthful c of instruments playing on Leno Debussy (and yet had ye bet to that oon, for we be not entirely c on that oon). And lo, will ther moosik by moosikans that b employed, and yet are they em to play with some employed moe for ye benefitt of ye unem moosikans that be not employed know I not what thair progr will be).

Sir Liszt Bachshu

KALANDAR AMUSIENS

MUNENDAY:—Ye Club Flounders will May-pole daunce in ye olde High halfe after seven o' the clock. I paper dollies.

WODENSDAY:—Pants-pulling at St. Piece.

FIFTH DAY:—Drinking bout. Sir ye toune of Ardenmour.

FORDIAN COMETH OUT

vised by Reviewer as
Best Sithin Beowulf

LL OF LITEL GEMMES OF LITERATURE

er Hath Nothing on ye Bards
of Haford

neue Hafordian that hath but
een appearen is like to a litel
of singing birdes. Ye contents
of be so swete that after ye re-
r had red the first lief he was so
me that he in sooth fell on his
(Continued on lief IV)

IN YE MALE:

Redactors of ye Neues:
Sirs:

ow me to calle to your attentione
vous misquotation of my speche
Founders Club feast. Whereas
ve writ that I said 'Ye keeper of
s hath no monie,' what I really
was, i' faith, 'Ye keeper of monies
got no monie,'

Sincerely yours,
Sir Oulde Grad.

adeth Deeper Things in Life

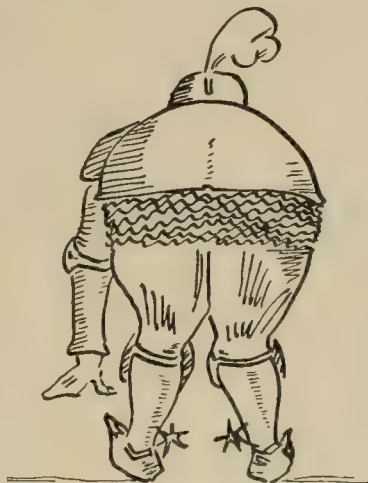
ONATHON PROLIX STRESSETH
TUAL STRENGTH IN COLLEXION
ON FISHDAY LAST

Collexion on Fishday last, Sir
thon Prolix, curate of ye Olde
st Church in Singapore, did stress
eper things in life and did laud ye
ual strength. Sir Jonathon then
in on to point out that there be
ing of more import to ye Haford
ings than they get ye intrinsic
emental realities of life. Sage
ok then turned to ye subject of ye
is and deep-seated values of life.
vg spent no litel time touching
e matters, Sir Jonathon turned
to ye whole gist of his discourse,
hich was that ye should trussen
piritual loins and hearken to ye
easic values of life. In maken his
cision Sir Jonathon did make addi-
f one further point, viz., he did
at therefore ye maun become as
children.

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Tournament Closer Than
Ye Score Indicatheth

OPPONENTS SLITELY
SUPERIOR

On Wodensday last ye foote balle
team was slitley bestead. Yt hath
report that ye doughty Knight of ye
Tinne Ear ben severly kiken in ye

(Continued on Lief VI)

SCHOCLOT BARRE
CHOONE GUMME
PEANUTTES

I GAT 'EM

John, ye Peanutte Man

+-+-+-

Compliments of ye Neues

KNIGHTS OF SOC SOC SWATMOR XV-VII

The order of the battel was: Sir
Scarbrow socced Sir Stetson, Sir Stet-
son socced Sir Zord, Sir Zord smote Sir
Joys, Sir Joys socced ye pigge skin, ye
pigge skin strake down doughty Sir
Sint, Sir Sint all incontinent strake
down ye pigge skin, ye pigge skin
bare Sir Longnecker over his horse's

(Continued on lief V)

ENGINEERS' BLOWOUT

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Sir Blacklehurst
and
His Harmony Boys
In Ye Class Records

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Sometime Afore June

'For them that are wearie
And fain wold lie doune.'

WE MAKEN BEDDES
SAFT

LES and LOU
Yoemen

XXXXXX

Compliments of Ye Neues

Four editors of ye Hafordian mys-
teriously disappeared from ye court
Muneday last. Foule play is suspected.

The Epilogue

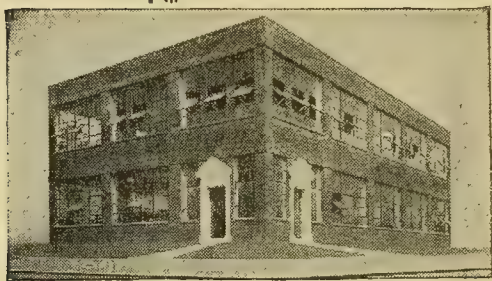
IT HAPPENED that the knights were feasting as was the custom, in the great hall of the castle. And they were maken much cheer and merry. In sooth what with much eating and drinking and gude wine they were soon right drunken and they shouted forth loud roundelays, the such as "Yea, Again Are We Here" and other loud and bawdy songs. And soon they came in such estate that many fallen under the table and others sprawled forth in the sieges full fast asleep. Gradually the great hall became hushed and quiet save for one lone knight that masticated steadily on, pausing only to replenish from great platters and pitchers the fast disappearing store of meat and drink before him. Suddenly there is a movement on the opposite side of the table. Sir Bilson who is lying sprawled across the table, stirs heavily in his sleep. He opens his eyes to gaze up at the lone eater with a puzzled look in his eyes and mutters, "How now, Sir Backlehurst, how cometh that ye . . ." The puzzled look changes to one of amazement. The great throne gradually sinks and there rises in its place an ordinary fireplace. The ancient heads draw back into their frames and Wilmer strolls by the table. "God, what a lousy cup of coffee," says the former Sir Backlehurst.



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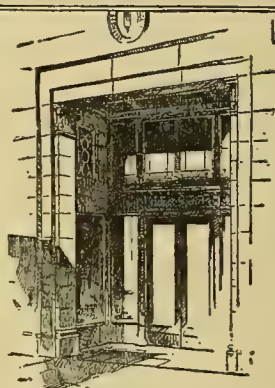
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THE HAVERFORDIAN

VOL. LII

HAVERFORD, PA., APRIL, 1933

No. 6

THE HAVERFORDIAN is published monthly during the college year. Its purpose is to foster a literary spirit among the undergraduates. To that end contributions are invited. Material should be submitted to the Editor before the tenth of the month preceding publication.

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Editorial

NOW that we have had our fun, it might be well to declare our intentions for the future. The present editors have a good deal of sympathy with those HAVERFORDIAN subscribers who, for at least three years, have felt that they aren't getting their money's worth. Since the golden days of Joe Martin, whose stories everybody enjoyed reading, the HAVERFORDIAN has been pushed from pillar to post to keep alive. Now a competent, but fatigued group of dilettantes would help it along for a year with their own brand of foreign poetry and impressionistic tales; now a group of "popularizers" would fill the issues up with faculty articles and letters from prominent people on the campus. Once, as you may remember, the editor included several blank pages for readers to fill in themselves, if they didn't like the rest of the issue.

At present we are against making the magazine either a labor of love for half a dozen students, or a joke book for the campus at large to try to laugh at. The HAVERFORDIAN was started in the first place to give students with literary interest the same kind of encouragement and incentive which Walton Field events give to students with football or track interests, and the same purpose holds today. If there is literary starvation sometimes about the Haverford campus, there is certainly also periodical starvation in other activities; but that is not a reason for abolishing any activity.

We hope more students will try to write. If you long to see a piece of your composition in print, remember that you have a better chance now than you will have for at least several years after you graduate. It makes us of the editorial board smile (a little wryly) when we consider the difference in the reception of our struggling brain children, and the stuff we polished off at all hours of the night for our last issue. Where we are serious, we turn out thin soup, apparently; where we make our motto "It doesn't mean a damned thing—that's the beauty of it," we get a bouquet. For this reason we intend to unbend a little to our friends and critics from now on. We shall try to throw a diamond or so from the college acres into each issue to please you. But you ought to do some of the writing yourselves.

From Helena Streets

THE twelve clanging strokes of the Court House bell at noon had a religious note in them for me during the month of April last year. God, Capitalism, or the Necessity of Going Through College, whatever autocratic power it was that brought me to digging ditches for the Helena Water Co., seemed to relax its hardness with floods of compassion while I dragged myself out of my tunnel and limped to the tool chest for my lunch box. All sins were forgiven for an hour, and every minute of rest was as sweet as honey. Sandwiches could be crammed with unheard-of ferocity, milk guzzled, oranges disembowelled, and three, or even four, cigarettes could be rolled from Prince Albert tobacco and smoked one after another. In those days I was a disciple of Alice Joy, and smoked her employer's tobacco because I liked her voice. They were hot days, especially at the noon hour, and I loved to lie, flat on my back by the tool chest, among lanterns, blow torches, lead pots, and broken reducing pipes, with my reeking felt hat over my eyes.

Ditch diggers are just ditch diggers to most of the world. They are lumped under that common name and dismissed as if they didn't have any characters of their own. When I was very young, my faith in ditch diggers and their characters was unshaken, and I wanted nothing better than to grow up and become a shoveller in their ranks. But as I grew older, I went through a long period of doubt. I doubted the efficacy of dirt piles, and felt that all the slavish work they represented had been deliberately planned by some unscrupulous capitalists to break poor men's backs. I doubted shovels, picks, overalls, and even the Ditch itself. Therefore it was satisfying to have my faith made whole again in these April days, although I prided myself on believing that it was a richer faith than at first when, fifteen years before, I had stared open-mouthed at muscular men swinging picks over their heads and smoking forbidden pipes.

Now that it is over, I can recognize three classes of men with whom I toiled. There were the old, crestfallen ones, the young and mulish, and the strong. Of these, the old crestfallen ones had my sympathy from the first, just as the young and mulish ones vexed me. The strong men, independent and lusty, were admirable in themselves, and had no need of likes and dislikes.

One noonday when I sat down as usual to gallop through my lunch box, I noticed a kindly old man sitting near. His sandwiches were humble, and he ate them without passion. He had a great mason jar of tea beside him, from which he took deep draughts. When I saw that one of his eyes (and it was not too sweet to look at) had been cruelly blinded, I all the more admired his patience and gentleness. Having eaten my lunch, I edged over to the old man.

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"It's swell April weather, isn't it?"

"Mm Hm. Lovely day. Beautiful day."

I made some remarks about the number of men who were working and about the hard times. He told me this was the first work he had done in two years, since he had been sick in bed for a long time. He asked me if I came from Helena.

"Well, yes, I live here now, and I came from here originally, but I've been away for a long time."

"Mm Hm! Well, I've lived here long before you was thought of, then." He finished a sandwich and went on slowly, "You know, I've put in a lot of shifts in my life . . . When a man works forty-five years he puts in a lot of shifts, you know. I've raised up a big family to be men and women . . . Yes, I've raised up a big family."

"And you're all alone now?"

He nodded, and said that his wife was gone. "Yes,—Mother she died five years ago." He looked at me sorrowfully and added, "And I've been knockin' around ever since. You know it's a pretty hard thing to keep a-goin' on when you know that the best friend you ever had is gone."

The white-haired old gentleman's only vice after eating was the thoughtful use of a toothpick. This day's toothpick made him philosophize. Gazing off at a vacant lot, he began giving me some advice. He told me not to be surprised at getting married, and remarked on the permanent nature of love, provided it turns out to be true love, and praised the married state.

"You never know who it's goin' to be, or when it's goin' to happen. Sometime you meet somebody you think is pretty nice and then pretty soon you like her a little better and then before you know it . . ." and so he rambled on. It was like listening to the voice of a hermit or an old counsellor in a fairy tale, nor would it have shocked me to hear him say,

"For thou art but a stripling, and I at the evening of life. Go then, breast the world and drink life to the lees."

Somebody was lighting a blow torch, and half a dozen workmen were standing up, yawning, and going through exaggerated stretches. It was one o'clock again.

This afternoon, foreman Batch set me to backfilling ditches down the line, where the mains had been laid. Backfilling, at least up to eighteen inches of the street surface, was not as strenuous work as digging; it consisted in gouging and raking the piled dirt into the ditch which was flooded with water from fire hoses. The brown soup thus made settled down into a hard-packed mass. Raking the earth with a shovel blade down into that long puddle of water marked the climax of all the mud pie dreams I had ever had when I was little. The top eighteen inches were a different matter. Here the dirt had to be pounded down with a

FROM HELENA STREETS

heavy iron tamp after each short period of shovelling. As less and less romance appeared in the work, especially around that zero hour of the day, three-thirty, when ditch diggers' watches tick slower, I began to take more notice of my associates.

Close by there was an old fellow whose shovel moved deliberately. He looked long-suffering, but his face hadn't the patience of the white-haired man's. Jake, as this short, swarthy man was called, looked as if he were living and working just to spite the hard world which put him where he was. All the same he managed to laugh in his throat at the jokes of the old Hungarian next to him. The Hungarian, who looked like Ernest Torrence, also seemed to be aware of his hard lot with every shovel stroke. Jake had a few words for me, too. First he told me he wished he had never been born. Then he cursed his work:

"If I wass a young husky like you," he said thickly, while slowly banging his tamp into the soft clay and looking at my shovel, "I'd never touch one of them damned things." After a while he went on pessimistically, "You know you have everything to live for. Me, I'm all through. All I got to look forward to is da wooden box, now. You know you got to look forward to that—when it's comin'—when they put you in da box. I think I have a beeg party before I go, and invite all my friends."

Jake wouldn't ruin his wind by smoking. But stopping once to rest, he said with a few twists of his face, "Well, I guess I'll have a little dynamite now," and took out his box of snuse (or Copenhagen Snuff), tapped it on his knuckles, pulled off the lid, and put some of the vile stuff into his mouth with his forefinger.

Since there were plenty of men backfilling, the end of the day saw our ditch brought to its finish in the shape of a long dirty grave. The last minutes of work were spent scraping up the leavings from the sidewalks and curbings. I couldn't help watching a certain well-proportioned man nearby, as he did this finishing work. Eight hours of labor meant nothing to him, apparently, for his shovel fairly danced in his gloved fists. No drudging cramp in the back slowed down his work, and half the time he didn't even push with his thigh, as even the best ditch diggers do, but stooping like a crane, he shovelled efficiently and tirelessly with his powerful arms alone.

In the evening I told my uncle about the unhappy old men. He shook his head and said that if the City Engineer would let him, Batch could run a grading machine over the street and fill up the ditches with two or three swipes of its blade. "But," he added, "they want to give work to all the men they can."

It was several days later that I came to know the young and mulish ones. Cloniger and Condon were two young men who wore overalls and

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corked joints when they felt like it. It wasn't hard to earn five dollars a day for sitting on the end of a cast iron pipe, whacking in a lead collar around a joint, and trussing up a form for the pouring of hot lead; and it spoiled their day to be assigned to shovels when no pipes were being laid. Cloniger had a fat neck, a *bas-relief* nose, and a general sluggishness. Condon had a hard, lean frame, welts on his neck, and a falsetto voice. I'm glad to this day that I was the cause of bringing about a little more back ache for them.

Two service pipe connections on the old main had to be unearthed, and since the most direct method was to dig two parallel tunnels, four feet from each other, and connect them along the old main, I spent a day scratching and raking on my hands and knees. It was easy work most of the time since the ground underneath this side street was largely made up of gravel from placer washings of forty or fifty years ago. Like backfilling, too, this gophering work had its romance left over from childhood. It was just five o'clock when I scrambled out of my tunnel to escape a stream of water that was rushing down the ditch from the street corner above, where they were flushing a hydrant. Viewed from above, my extended gopher hole looked very questionable. It lay directly under the pyramids of dirt from the main ditch and I prayed that the sandy earth below would hold its shape.

When I came back in the morning, the very ditch looked unfamiliar, to say nothing of my careful cubby holes. Only the strength of the asphalt, and the effort of a wispy little column of sand were holding up the extreme weight on top. Alarmed at the fierce work which the hydrant water had done, Batch had me begin moving the top load. But sand and gravel won. Cloniger and Condon were called in during the afternoon to help clean out the ton or so of caved-in street.

"I don't like this lousy muckin'; you—Condon?"

"Naw," his companion grunted as he threw out a shovelful of broken asphalt. Cloniger took out his package of Luckies, but soon hid it again when he saw Butch coming with the drinking water. Butch argued a little and then gave him a cigarette. Butch earned two and a half a day and supported a family.

Laziness should be an art. With these poolroom characters, it was a disease. Moreover, they bragged of their biological powers. I laughed at their jokes, but remembered the man with the iron back, and worked all afternoon like a Puritan.

Two days later it was my fortune to work with that well-knit man, whose name was Garland Porter. I liked him well, but to watch him throw dirt six feet over his head, filled me with despair. His section of the ditch sank deeper and deeper and my hands got new blisters from trying to keep up with him. His mouth was tight when he struck blows

THE BONER OF HOMER

with his pick, for he was too busy to grunt. Until I tried it myself, it was a pleasure to watch Porter waltz down the street with a jackhammer. Self admitted, he could handle that roaring implement all day long and not get tired.

Walking part way home with him several nights, I found out that he was married and had two boys. Hard work had always been his daily fare and it agreed with him. He had been in the war, and hated it, but he had no sour mementoes of it in his mind. It suddenly occurred to me that I, who so often declare that I would any day go to the penitentiary rather than bear arms for my country, and who feel so strongly that propaganda must not wreck our lives again, I probably couldn't even beg a uniform and rifle from the government. They wouldn't want me with my blind eyes, and flat feet and peculiar heart. But they would be glad to take Porter. And when I said, "Well, g'night, Gar," one evening, and turned toward my uncle's house, I wanted to sit down and compose another war play like *Journey's End*, only with Gar Porter in the foreground, instead of a brilliant and neurotic Oxford man.

Ditch digging is dirty work, as anyone knows who has slaved away with a crowbar in an ill-smelling little tunnel, or shovelled all day in the rain, leveling off surface ridges of mud and sticky clay. And yet this work, as far as I have found it, is even more wholesome and clean in its effects on the worker than any of those honest toils like ploughing the fields, which have long been praised for improving both body and soul. When the day's work is over, and the tired shoveller goes home and takes a bath and gets into civilized clothes, he feels for once like a real human machine which has no need of tooth brushes, talcum powder or Mum. He probably still does need them, but he is glad to be free from their insistence for a while. He is also made happy in finding out that there is such a thing as a True Shovel, a genuine implement which digs the ground and serves society.

Oliver F. Eggleston.

The Boner of Homer

Underneath this crumbled stone

Just a heap of rag and bone,

Lies..... Alone.

HOMER ILIAD SOCRATES.

Prov. 7:9

THE above epitaph is to be seen in the lonely west corner of a nearby graveyard. Almost covered with hideous vines it is barely legible on a stone, weather-beaten by countless rains and covered with parasitical green fungus. But, there is tragedy in that little corner, in

THE HAVERFORDIAN

that little verse. It has been years and years since anyone remembers this Homer I. Socrates, let alone know him, so this story is bound to be new to all readers and will bring to light some old truths and facts, bearing with them, perhaps, a moral.

College records show that a student by the name of H. I. Socrates entered college many years before you came and graduated four years later, as is wont among colleges. No sooner had Homer put his foot upon the greensward (the campus, to you dumb guys) than it was recognized at once that he was a genius. Homer was the only person who could turn on a hot water shower and *get* hot water without waiting hours on end; the only person who could walk into the library, read, understand and enjoy the card index capping this off by walking right smack to the book he wanted, without losing time by wandering up and down aisles, looking behind posts and other things. He never grabbed for food at the table (by this trait he never in his four years of college got a piece of rye bread without waiting for a second or third serving); he never pushed and shoved his way into the dining hall as did the other vulgar college lads. All in all, it did look as if he were the ideal student, who would eventually get somewhere in college besides the Dean's Chair of the Third Degree. He was a quiet fellow and did not have many friends chiefly because he would walk immediately to his room following a heavy snowfall, never pausing to go around throwing snowballs through window-panes with fiendish glee, and, conversely, he did not push buckets of water upon unsuspecting roommates, seated below his windows. As a consequence, he was considered very queer, but he did not seem to mind that very much, and paid attention strictly to his own business.

One day the idea came to him that he would take a step forward and show these fellows what was what. (Was it really taking a step forward?) Yes sir, he would show these nasty, nasty boys that he had something. Here he snapped his fingers and humped his hips to add emphasis. He, Homer Iliad Socrates (his mother named him for a race horse that finished last, as punishment to the horse) . . . yes, he would get the highest average in the history of the mouldy walls of the sacred institution. That's what he would do, he would, he would. And, he set about to do it.

That was the first chip in the cut glass.

Then a *fox pass* happened that was really not his fault. Nor, could it be attributed to the college authorities for how were they to know that when they put a lot of names into a hat—drew two—split the deck, with ace high and—yes, how did they know that they would draw Joe Blopp as a roommate for Homer?

Now there have been funny things done in the land of the midnight sun, where the icebergs bloom and grow, but the strangest thing that has ever been seen—was Joe and Homer as roommates. As much as

THE BONER OF HOMER

Homer was a brightie, just so much in the other direction was Joe. Homer vowed he would work for a top mark; Joe didn't have to work for his, it just came. At the end of the first quarter, Joe's average was so low they could not get it on the report. The registrar was frantic; the Delinquent Committee figured and puzzled but just about the time they got things figured out, it was time for another report and they had to start all over again. Joe still did not receive a report. This went on time after time. In fact, Joe never got a report all the time he was in college. Nor could they kick him out. How can you kick out a guy when you can't even figure up his grades? Yes, Joe was pretty safe. The college knew he was dumb but he was just smart enough to be dumb enough to keep from being kicked out because he was not *really* smart enough.

Meanwhile, Homer ground away (see that verse on his tombstone. It's really just like Homer). He led his class with an average of $99.872\frac{7}{8}$ at the end of the first year. It was a common sight to see him walking across the campus pushing four wheelbarrow loads of books at a time, a wheelbarrow in each hand. (Quite possible since he always wore a four-in-hand tie.) His thick-rimmed glasses just balanced on the end of his nose. Passersby could hear him mumbling: "*F* to the eighth power times Pi squared 945 raised to the eighth power cubed . . ." or some stuff that sounded just like that, much of it in a low grunt. When you would try to speak to him he would immediately interrupt your greeting with: "Did you see what average I got last quarter?" or else he would ask what mark you got in such and such a quiz or what was your answer for this and your result for that. Very irksome. And so it went on, all through college as year followed year.

While he was a sophomore, he took seventeen subjects, often going to four classes in the same hour. So marvelous was his capacity for absorbing that by the end of March, his Junior Year, he had read every book in the college library and was then starting on the back numbers of the old magazines. He could walk in the door and translate old Chinese sayings or read illegible inscriptions on clay stones brought from foreign strands and hidden in dark, glass cases. He never slept during his whole four years in college, he needed so much time to study. He ate only one meal every week and that was Sunday breakfast, because he used to take the pancakes back to his room and, spreading his wrinkled trousers along the bed, would lay the pancakes firmly upon the creases. This economy measure saved him a small fortune that would have otherwise been paid to tailors for the pressing of trousers. He had command, and when command is used *command* is meant, of seven hundred thousand useless languages and it was not at all strange to walk into his room and hear him carrying on an imaginary conversation with fifteen or sixteen equally imaginary persons, himself acting as interpreter to himself.

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By the beginning of his Senior Year he had an average of 107.654 (he was able to get over 100 for an average since he taught several of the courses he was taking) and also, he had so many Phi Beta Keys that when he walked across the campus the clanking of steel against steel sounded like the clanking of a chain hauled by the ghost in a haunted house. It was during the Senior Year, though, that he really got down to work. "Got to cut out the loafing I've been doing," as he said to Blopp, who so far had not received the report of his first-half year in college. Speaking about Joe calls to mind the fact that he was the fellow who started the idea of unlimited cuts. He never went to class for two months at a time, and the college having no way to kick him out (since he could not write, none of the professors had cards that he was taking their course) was forced to give into him. Since Joe would not conform to them they would have to conform to him. There is a monument at the bottom of the skating pond sacred to the memory of the boy who was responsible for the unlimited-cut suffrage.

Homer, incidentally, considered Joe as a no-good-no-account. He felt Joe was a coarse thing who spent all his time in baseball and football and even dealt a hand or two of Bridge. (Curse, ye of little faith.) "You'll come to no good," Homer would frequently remind Joe, but since Joe could not understand English very well, no one's feelings were hurt.

So far, the point of this tale has probably been grasped: Homer was a grind, and a brightie; he cared for nothing else but to lead his class. He was round-shouldered from browsing through countless books; his nose had developed a slight upward turn from continuous pressure on the grindstone. His voice was harsh and squeaky. It got so that by the middle of his Senior year, many professors were cutting their classes when Homer came at the appointed time. "Let Homer teach us," the students screamed as one man. Homer put the pressure on and took twenty-three courses. Once he got 99 in a quiz (the lowest mark in his whole four years, it turned out). Well, he went right around to that professor and laid the law down with the result that the mark was raised to 99.01. You see, Homer threatened to flunk the professor in a course the professor was taking under Homer, unless the mark were raised.

Now we are coming to the best part. *Final Comprehensives* were coming!

Everybody in the college felt that Comprehensives would be a push-over for such a bird as Homer. Homer eased up not a jot. He had never slept in his bed all the time he had been in college and now, he did not even go near the bedroom. He gave up Sunday breakfast using books to press his pants. Daily he greased and crammed. Now was his big chance, he reasoned! He sweated and labored and finished reading all the books in the library for the second time and was half-way through the magazines

THE BONER OF HOMER

for their third reading by him. Present college records show that this feat has never been equaled since A. H. (After Homer).

And then came the—*Exams!!!*

You can imagine the intense excitement in the College Hall when the President of the venerable institution (just what *is* a venerable institution?) arose from his rickety chair to announce the winner of the \$1,000,-000 prize for the college student in the graduating class who had the highest individual average. There was a terrible noise like the hammer of sledges on boilers as Homer shifted uneasily in his robes and Phi Beta Keys clanked against Phi Beta Keys.

The crowd had been a busy hum but when the omnipotent arose like the moon coming over the mountain, silence became almost oppressive.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he began, adjusting his old-fashioned nose glasses as he spread the paper on the altar-like stand between himself and the finger-nail chewing audience. The glasses were arranged in his habitual manner. A slight cough and he continued.

"Ladies and gentlemen, I know what you are all impatiently waiting for me to announce." Here he paused, teasing them like a fisherman playing with the trout. He hrumppphhhed again.

"The winner's name I am sure will surprise you all. Mr. *Joe Blopp*, with an average of 110.0075324 and $\frac{5}{6}$ ths."

The audience at once fell through the floor to the damp cellar below. The next day Homer died from tuberculosis. Joe went to Europe, returned and bought a baseball club and later received a seat in the United States Senate.

It was years before a stunned college determined to re-examine the records and—and what do you suppose they found? Joe's average had finally been obtained by the Delinquent Committee but only after the college had decided to omit the giving of reports for the last quarter, thereby enabling the Committee to get even-Stephen. The Committee had finally caught up with Joe. The members used logarithms, chemical equations, a road map of Sweden, surveying instruments and a knife and fork found under an old owl's nest. You can imagine the remorse of all when they got an average of 110.0075324 and 5-6ths. But, the investigators found that the joke was on the committee, for the work of logarithms had been done in a quadrant requiring a minus sign before the result and the Committee had *forgotten to put the minus sign before Joe's average!!!!* Oh, Boyoboyoboy!

As for Homer—remember, Homer used to teach some courses? Well, Homer passed 22 out of his 23 courses, but he flunked his Comprehensive in Chemical Psychological Economical Astronomy 17B with an *F*.

And what do you think? Homer was Head Professor of Chemical Psychological Economical Astronomy 17b . . . *Homer had flunked himself!!*
C. M. Bancroft.

A Very Modest Proposal

I REALLY hate to discuss love and sex. It has got to be that one ought to apologize for mentioning it since so many cheap books on this alluring subject have come out. But I exhort my reader to put aside unworthy thoughts and, having freed love from its present ill fame, consider it intelligently.

Love is one of the primordial forces in us. Perhaps it is surpassed in power by the will to live and by fear, but certainly love *is* of exceeding moment for all of us. It pervades our entire life. Love answers the question of why we work in college, in graduate school, in a job; it holds the secret of most of our life endeavor. Love, or its resultants, is one of the big sources of driving energies in our lives. Deny it as you will, the cause of most of our actions can be traced back to love.

Such a tremendous dynamic power as love is must needs be controlled: we are all aware of its dangers when it is unrestrained. Our domestic relations sessions of court are filled with cases arising out of misconduct occasioned by unrestrained love affairs. Our daily newspapers bear glaring witness to the sorrows and distresses attendant upon erring love. How often do the headlines record heartbalm suits or the pilfering of some "sugar daddy" by a chorine, all resulting from unregulated love.

What has been the age-old restraint for this restless and devastating power? Why marriage, of course. Marriage harnesses the powers of love; it directs them towards a permanent goal; it utilizes this tremendous force for the benefit of society in general. Marriage is, and always has been, one of the greatest bulwarks of society.

In addition to this, marriage has in all ages and climes provided man with his most trustworthy and dependable ally. Except in rare instances a strenuous future has awaited the young man about to set forth into life, and marriage has from time immemorial furnished that pleasant companion who is ever eager to please—a wife. The Creator realized that he had made man imperfect and that man alone and unaided could not successfully cope with the life that lurked ahead. Therefore was woman created and bound in marriage durably and everlastingly to man as a tender yet staunch fellow traveler in this vale of tears.

Gentlemen, if you are inclined to doubt this, I beg you to survey the world and inspect the efficacy of married love as it has existed up until the present time. Glance through every rank of society in every past age and verify this statement. Allow me to call to your attention a few examples of this wonderful institution that has been—married love. We need not leave our own country for astonishing and convincing examples. I whisk you back a few hundred years into the past of our own great continent.

A VERY MODEST PROPOSAL

We have heard since childhood how, in the days when America was being settled, wives went side by side with their husbands into the unknown dangers of the wilderness. We carry in our hearts a picture of these courageous figures clad in homespun, and in our mind's eye we see them toiling slowly westward, ever on and on. For another example of the wonderful role of marriage we need look no further than the wives of the men whom those sturdy pioneers were displacing. We are all familiar with the patient squaw who has become the traditional personification of the good wife. In her we see a loving wife and a faithful friend, one who labored in the fields under the heat of the noonday sun; one who returned to her humble home and joyfully did domestic chores. Truly she was both a solace unto her warrior's heart and a reliable contributor to his pocket-book. Nor did she allow these manifold duties of farming and managing a home to interfere with the bearing of children. On the contrary she evidenced her sense of duty and her feeling of devotion by bearing to her warrior-husband a numerous copper-hued brood. Verily, the Indian squaw was a mate fit to face bravely into the besetting dangers and risks of wild America. We pay her our homage.

There is no necessity of doing more than reminding the reader of further instances in later American history of married bliss and conjugal harmony. I refer the reader's attention briefly to the wives of the Revolutionary War, of the Civil War, and of the World War. The reader requires no further proof of the strength and sure assistance that has in the past resided in marriage than the stories of the devotion and sacrifice of women in these wars. At every time of crisis in the past men have felt the need of a loving and courageous helpmate; and now once again we face a dark and troublesome future. Now the young men facing the world have need of wives who will make the enormous sacrifices the times require. Now again we face arduous days. We have grown up in an era when millions had automobiles, and when we lived in the lap of luxury. Enormous incomes were made by countless thousands. But—and I need not remind you—a different prospect confronts us. The man of our generation must needs have a wife who will face into the future with a brave and sacrificing heart.

But what are the women like whom we should be marrying? They are a generation of women who grew up in the prosperous years; they have not had the training necessary to fit them for the life they would have to lead. They have been used to luxuries and will demand that these be supplied them by a husband. Think what it would take to marry a luxury girl of our generation. A fine home with expensive furniture; electric irons, washers, sweepers, what-not? and maids to run them. They would have to be furnished with their own automobile and quantities of spending money. They would demand hats by the gross and whole

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wardrobes full of evening gowns. They will demand all these things before they will love. They are a generation of women who have their eyes on material things, and who will demand these gowns, evening gowns, tea gowns, dozens of gowns, as the price of their love. They are a generation of women who have forsaken their very nature, and will refuse marriage unless the suitor can maintain them even better than their parents. Yes, they will absolutely require that, for love is no longer spontaneous, but is a commodity transferred from indulging parents to you if you can afford to buy more teagowns.

What then are we to do? Gentlemen of my generation, I issue a call to you to meet the situation with determination. Renounce the women of our generation; yes, I say, *renounce them*. What then? That question I answer with a modest proposal.

We must marry out of our generation. That means that we must choose maiden, widowed, or divorced wives somewhere between the ages of thirty-five to forty, or else select young and tender wives of from ten to fifteen years of age. Now as to the first alternative, that is to marry a middle-aged wife. I advise against this. The most pressing danger of such a course that I think of is that you might have difficulty in avoiding an irascible wife. This generation would have been chosen from by an earlier set of men before we arrived on the scene and the danger of getting a bad bargain would be great. Moreover, women of this age would probably be set in their ways so that they would be confirmed in whatever bad habits they had. Such a woman might have some money it is true, but she would probably be inclined to be stingy instead of liberal, and the money would be offset by some unfortunate personal habit like a fondness for cats. Also such a woman would probably be disillusioned and would not marry you for love anyway which would introduce a material aspect and that is the very thing we have been trying to avoid. Of course there is the possibility that she would die within a reasonable number of years after marriage and leave you free to choose a more pleasing wife when times were better. But the life span is increasing, and, all in all, I do not recommend marriage among this group.

There is left to us, therefore, the choosing of a wife among those girls who are somewhere around ten years of age. This I strongly advise. In the first place the girl is young enough to allow of your taking a hand in her rearing and training. I admit that there is the difficulty that her character is not, at so tender an age, completely evident, and that there is no guarantee of her remaining beautiful, but these contingencies must be risked. The most important feature of such a marriage is that you will be faced with the problem of a proper disposition of your bride until such a time as your financial situation and the young lady's age permit consummation of the marriage. I have done some research into the prac-

THE OLD PEANUT VENDOR

tices of ancient royal families in such cases but find little to guide us there. Therefore, in view of the fact that her parents will probably be willing to allow you to assume the expense of her maintenance, I advise you to take her in hand as soon as the marriage papers are signed.

There is of course the possibility that some parents will object to such a procedure because of the tender age of the proposed bride and American ideas of prolonging the youth of children. In this event point to the girls of our own generation. Explain the importance of keeping the young girl from getting her head full of foolish notions about her rights and privileges. Show that it is much more desirable for girls to be brought up with strict and supervised ideas with regard to their duties towards their husbands, particularly in times of stern realities like the present. If every other argument fails, point again to the girl of our own generation and the parents will be brought around.

I urge you, therefore, to plan a careful course of training for your prospective wife possibly under the immediate direction of a hired female tutor. But you must always be sure to maintain a close supervision over the course of training. See to it that your future wife is drilled in studies of the beauty of self-sacrifice, and the importance of economy. Only in this way can you hope to overcome the evils of our own generation of women, and assure yourself of a wife whose love will equal the love of women of former ages.

Gentlemen, I submit this modest proposal to you. I have only intended to suggest the idea and leave the details to be worked out by those who are interested. Personally I shall remain a bachelor. But whatever you do, Gentlemen, I exhort you to turn your backs on our own generation of women who have strayed so far from the nature of womankind as to prefer tea gowns to love.

James R. Graham.

The Old Peanut Vendor

If William Wordsworth Had Met John the Peanut Man

*He stands beside the Campus track
That leads in front of Founders' Hall,
A threadbare coat is on his back,
And he is large, not small.*

*He takes his stand from morn till eve
On rainy days or sunny,
And from the frugal folk that pass,
Collects a little money.*

THE HAVERFORDIAN

*Taking an early morning stroll,
I chanced to see him there,
And stopped to ask him what he did;
(I had some time to spare.)*

*I spoke to him right cheerily:
"Tell me, old man, I pray,
Why stand you here so patiently
Emitting cries all day?"*

*He lifted up his pudgy hand
And pointed to his side,
Where, on a box, his wares were set;
"Peanuts!" he loudly cried.*

*"You have no peanuts there," I said
—This is a simple tale—
"And if your peanuts have been bought,
What have you then for sale?"*

*He looked at me with baleful eye,
And not to be defeated,
He wagged his white unshaven chin
And "Peanuts!" he repeated.*

*"But you have only Hershey bars,
Yeast-cakes and candy by your side,
There are no peanuts I can see,"
But "Peanuts!" he replied.*

*And though I reasoned with him thus
The greybeard loon would always say
"Peanuts!" every time the same;
And further to dispute his claim
Was throwing words away.*

*And oft upon my chair I sit,
And tears roll from my eyes
As I think upon that ancient man,
So simple, and so wise.*

Patrick Hodgkin.

Belligerent Beer

*I learned with what a rosy feeling
Good ale makes floors seem like the ceiling,
And how the moon gives shiny light
To lads as roll home singing by 't.*

THESE, to be found among the opening lines of Masefield's *The Everlasting Mercy*, should prove quite appropriate to the times.

Observing how the mere prospect of a glass of beer may set a whole nation crowing with infantile delight, one finds one's heartstrings twanging with joy at the realization that this sophisticated world, so-called, is after all a very child-like one. From which, I hope, you will not gather the implication that all children are fools.

Spending the last summer in France as I did, I was continually irritated by the cocky cocksureness with which every Frenchman I met asserted that Prohibition in America would soon be a comedy of the past. It seemed to me that the speaker in every instance made his remark not in a sympathetic, but in a gloating manner—something of the pleased attitude with which we observe one of our fellows fall back to our own level. It hurt my pride too; for I had to a certain degree felt quite proud that Prohibition was a thing that no other country than America could have accomplished—or perpetrated, as you will.

Almost a year has passed to allow my poor sensibility's maturing into reason; and still it appears that what I have termed the "gloating manner" was not the product of my imagination. The reason for the hatred that France, England, Germany, *et al.* bear toward the United States—I speak my mind—has not for its foundation so much our, until lately, greater prosperity; as that they feel annoyed at our placid, sober state of mind which, so far, no efforts of theirs have been able to ruffle. And now, we have given them reason to gloat.

It must not be thought that a beverage of so small an alcoholic content as has been proposed is going to disturb our common-sense; it must be thought, however, by every person of moderate intelligence, that the beer-mug is being used as a jimmy to pry open the door leading to whiskey, gin, and good old corn-liquor.

Well, why should we not have the freedom allowed in the choice of our "liquor" as is granted in such a country as France, for instance? The answer is simple: because in France it does happen that people know how to drink a glass of Pommard as you might smoke your pipeful of tobacco—and who would think of smoking a half-pound of Girder Cut Plug at one sitting?—while we in America drink, *par malheur*, only to get drunk.

THE HAVERFORDIAN

At a time when war seems as inevitable on the European horizon as ever it did in 1914, it is a question whether we can afford ourselves the hazardous luxury of getting pleasantly inebriated. When the storm breaks we shall find it difficult enough to make a bee-line for shelter; certainly we shall have no time to lose in zig-zagging towards it.

As I see it, our older generation has perhaps done its best, but the best has scarcely been good enough. Our elders have impressed us so often with our importance in the days to come, that it is as a din in our ears. Our importance as to what?—cannon-fodder? But let us take them at their word, and begin to reason for ourselves. No one will deny that if all the college students of this country should begin to clamour for peace with the same energy that students of other nations exert toward war, something might yet be done to prevent another “war to end war,” drive for Kultur, or whatever catchname you please to call it.

It will not be long now before the ballyhoo of propaganda gets under way. Something to insult our “national honor” is sure to happen. Whether the beating of the war-drum will “get us” will depend to a large extent on how sober we, the “younger generation,” really are.

R. B.-R.

The Calm Unruffled

THE weather had been foggy for two days and on the second night there was no sign of its clearing. The little yacht climbed through the long heaving swells and seemed always about to pierce the murkiness in front. But the grey wall ever receded before her and ever closed mysteriously in behind. The yellow lights alow and aloft made a strange aurora about her, an isolated misty world which she carried along with her. At intervals the sudden boom of the whistle burst forth followed by a long piercing shriek. Above, shreds of fog swept interminably through the beams of the range lights.

It was ten minutes before twelve when the second mate climbed onto the bridge to relieve the mate.

“Everything as usual?” he inquired through the turned-up collar of his slicker.

“Just the same,” replied the mate. “Not a vessel in a hundred miles of us.” But at that instant he stopped and stood listening for a moment. “Did you hear that, Mister?”

THE CALM UNRUFFLED

The second mate shook his head.

"Lookout, did you hear a whistle?" cried the mate to the man on the foc's'l head.

"Thought I heard something off to port, sir, but I'm not sure."

The two officers stood with heads cocked on one side listening intently. After a seemingly endless silence they both started. But it was only the quartermaster coming up the ladder. "Report eight bells, sir," he said saluting the mate.

"Very well," said the mate, "you may strike eight bells." Then to the second, "Well, Mister, guess I'll turn in." He walked over to the ladder and was about to descend when he stopped motionless. There it came loud and clear—a deep throaty whistle from somewhere ahead. He walked back onto the bridge. Suddenly the air was vibrating around them with the crash of their own whistle. Then there was silence. The men on the bridge stood motionless, for a long time straining their eyes into the dark, when the excited voice of the lookout came up from the foc's'l head. "There she is, sir, two points off the port bow, coming dead at us, sir."

At almost the same instant a confusion of shouted orders and clanging bells came from the darkness ahead followed by five short blasts of the deep whistle. Even before the mate shouted, the helmsman was spinning the wheel to the right. The yacht began to tremble and swing off. The two officers stood tense and motionless. On came the great grey bulk and the mass of blazing lights that was the other ship. Gradually she edged around till she was broadside to the yacht.

"She'll never make it," said the second mate, breathlessly, "there goes the bowsprit." But nothing happened. Just when the two ships seemed to be actually touching they swung slowly apart and the great stern of the other ship slid by the yacht and was swallowed up into the night.

"Put her back on her course," said the mate to the helmsman, then yawning, "Well, I guess I'll be turning in, Mister. Good-night."

The second mate stared after him open-mouthed for an instant. Then he turned to the man at the wheel: "Watch your course there, helmsman!" and he spat ostentatiously over the rail.

John Hazard.

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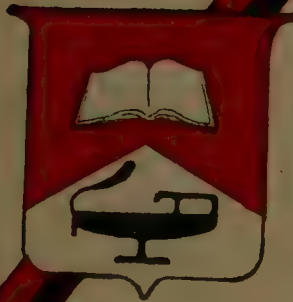


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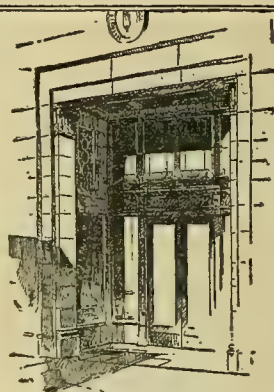
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A Taste of Unemployment

WHERE are all the unemployed? That is a question we had often asked ourselves and had never been able to answer satisfactorily. There are thousands out of work in Philadelphia but in the course of an ordinary trip into the city, a few odd panhandlers is all you see of them. Where is this vast army of men? Where do they eat? Where do they sleep? How do they live? After asking ourselves these questions for a sufficient number of weeks and receiving no adequate answer, a friend of mine and I, being of a somewhat romantic nature, decided to find out for ourselves. We would let our beards grow for a day or two, dress up in old and dirty clothes and try our luck in the city.

We would leave after lunch on Saturday without a penny in our pockets, "bum" our way into the city and stay until Sunday afternoon, getting enough to eat and a place to sleep as best we could.

After lunch on Saturday we looked our parts. Ray looked tougher but I looked dirtier. I *was* dirtier in fact, having spent the half hour before lunch rolling around in a dirty attic to achieve the proper effect. Even then we had some qualms as to whether we looked like bums. But these apprehensions were soon put to rest when we started into the city. We found that we looked too tough even to bum a ride and had to walk all the way in—a very gratifying compliment to our disguises. The farther we trudged along the more our feelings sank into harmony with our looks. We began by addressing passing motorists as "damned capitalists!" and with every additional person who sped by us without a glance in our direction our language became worse until we were speaking creditable sea jargon. By the time we had walked ten miles we were so tired and footsore that we found ourselves with the outlook on life popularly attributed to communists. Well-dressed men and women we stared down balefully. When we passed a policeman we avoided his glance. We were vagrants, criminals. But whenever we passed a pretty girl, strangely enough we were poor homeless boys wandering forlornly through the country in search of a shelter and a mother's love.

And so we came to City Hall and continued down Market Street to the riverfront. There was nothing stirring there except an American-Hawaiian freighter about to go out. After she had taken in her gangway, singled up her lines and blown three blasts on the whistle, a fireman slightly drunk, who had been joking with some stevedores on the dock, suddenly realized that he was supposed to be aboard. He walked over to the side of the ship and called up to someone on deck. There was a sudden scurry and a ladder appeared over the side. We watched him clamber

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aboard and pictured his reception by the mate. Then the ship crept out of her berth and slipped down the river and we started back to the center of the city.

By this time it was getting dark and we were hungry. We were confronted with our first problem: how to get something to eat. On South Street we saw a tall man with a pinched face, black uncut hair covered with a dirty cap, dressed in a shabby coat with the collar turned up. We accosted him. "Say, buddy, how can we get something to eat in this town? Are they running any breadlines?"

"Breadline's at three o'clock," he said. "You can't get anything now."

We stood irresolute. "Gosh, we haven't had anything to eat since yesterday."

He started to move on but instead he said, "Why don't you try one of those big bakeries. There's one down on Second Street, a big German Bakery. They'll likely give you something if you ask for it."

We thanked him and headed for Second Street. There we found a clean thrifty-looking little shop with "Teitlebaum's Bakery" in gold letters on the window. We hesitated at first, waiting for some of the customers to come out. They didn't come so we went in anyway. A nice-looking girl at the counter asked us what we wanted.

"We thought maybe you'd have some work we could do to earn a little something to eat. We haven't eaten for two days," we said looking hungrily at the cakes and buns.

"Well if you'll come back at nine o'clock, I think they'll give you something," she said. "They most always do."

We started out again for City Hall. About half-way there we tried a Jewish grocer's. He picked up an orange, seemed on the point of giving it to us and then put it back in the crate. "There's a woman runs a bakery over on Lombard Street. She'll give you something," he said.

We found the bakery and went in. A large phlegmatic Jewish woman listened in silence to our plea for work. When we had finished she walked stolidly over to the counter, picked up two huge loaves of strange Jewish bread, put them in a bag and handed them to us. During the whole time she neither spoke to us nor looked in our direction. We went out with the bread.

When we reached the City Hall we went in the men's room to wash. There were a number of men, mostly colored, sitting around on the floor. At least it was warm there. One handsome black buck in particular had just washed his underwear. While it was drying on the radiator he was taking a bath in the wash bowl. We longed to recommend this procedure to some of the others but we refrained, withdrawing instead.

In the Pennsylvania Station we found a quiet corner and cut off

A TASTE OF UNEMPLOYMENT

two large chunks of our Jewish bread and began supper. There were lots of silent unkempt men sitting around us but they didn't look hungry; they just looked sullen and beaten. They sat staring dully before them, hopeless.

After two large pieces of dry black bread we decided to have another try at the German bakery. Perhaps they would give us something a little more palatable. On our way across Broad Street a burly policeman shouted at us.

"Hey you!"

We looked at him with an innocent "Who me?" expression and he said "Yeah you. Where you from?"

"New York," we answered.

"Ever been in the marines?"

"No."

"Where'd you get these pants?" pointing to my blue dungarees.

"I've been working on a ship."

"Oh," he said, relenting a little. "I thought you was a couple of marines going over the hill. You know you get fifty bucks apiece for bringing them in."

We regretted that we couldn't help him make a little money.

"Oh, that's O. K.," he said airily. "Just thought I might pick up a little extra dough for the wife and kiddies," and he waved us on. A few minutes later we gave the bread to a little colored girl we saw in a narrow dirty alley. She snatched the bread, thanked us very politely and ran eagerly into a nearby doorway.

Our second trip to the German bakery was more successful. Mr. Teitlebaum himself came out from the back of the shop and joined his two assistants who were listening to our story. When we had finished he shook his head sadly.

"There's two million boys like you wandering around the country out of work," he said, motioning one of his assistants to fill up a bag for us. We thanked him and went outside to take stock of our booty. It consisted of thirteen sugar-coated buns. We ate them all.

The next thing was sleep. We made a number of inquiries and found that lodging could be had for nothing at "The Shelter." "The Shelter," we found, was a great building occupying a whole block at 18th and Hamilton Streets. As we came near we saw men approaching from all directions. We went in at a little door and were confronted at the bottom of a stairway by a man whom we immediately classified as a very tough prizefighter.

"Well?" he said.

"We want a place to sleep," we explained.

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"Come around tomorrow between one and nine and register. You can't stay here without you register first."

"Well, we just got into town tonight. How did we know . . ."

He wasn't listening; had his back turned to us and was talking to a man in a little booth. We waited. Suddenly he swung around.

"Listen, you guys, I told you you can't sleep here without a pass. You know you have to register between one and nine and then you loaf around the city all day and come up here at midnight and want to register. Now get out." He was tough, very tough indeed.

"Well, where can we sleep?" we asked.

"Try the police station at Twentieth and Buttonwood," he snapped and turned back to the man in the booth.

We stood outside disconsolately. It was a little risky trying the police station; they might ask too many questions. On the other hand it was getting cold and we had no overcoats. Better to take a chance we thought.

The Jail

The house sergeant at the Twentieth and Buttonwood station was a big, clean-shaven, honest-looking man with a kindly but penetrating eye. He looked us over carefully.

"What are your names, boys?" he said picking up a pen and opening the big ledger.

"Ray Carter."

"How old are you?"

"Twenty-one."

"And yours?"

"John Bowdoin."

"And you're twenty-one too?"

"Yes, sir."

"Both come from Philly?"

"No, I come from New York," said Ray.

"I'm from Washington," said I.

"What do people do in Washington?"

"Mostly work in the government," I answered.

"Well, what are you trying to do, John?" he asked kindly.

"We're trying to get a job on a ship," I said. "We heard the Pennsylvanian was coming in today and we've been down on the docks looking for her but she didn't show up."

"Not many jobs in Philly," he said.

"No, sir."

"Well, you go with the turnkey. He'll fix you up all right."

We followed the turnkey into a narrow brilliantly lit passage, one

A TASTE OF UNEMPLOYMENT

side of which was composed of the bars of a row of cells. The big grilled door of the first cell was open and the turnkey motioned us in. "I'll have to turn you out at six o'clock," he said. Then he closed the heavy door with a clang and snapped the huge brass padlock. We gave each other a startled look. We were really in jail.

The cell was about six feet wide and eight feet deep, three walls being of brick while the end facing the passage was covered with heavy iron bars. It smelled strongly of disinfectant. Along one side was a wooden bench about a foot and a half wide where we were evidently to sleep. We took off our coats, folded them up for pillows and lay down as best we could, our heads at opposite ends, our feet in each other's stomachs. During all this time there was a terrible racket going on at the other end of the passage. There were evidently three drunks in cells 4 and 5 and they were quarrelling and cursing in loud thick voices.

"Get the hell over, you . . . Do you think you own this jail?"

"Well . . . you, you . . . ! Get the hell over yourself."

Even in the midst of all this racket we dozed off to sleep. About half an hour later we heard the door open and a mild, stocky little man came into our cell. "Make yourself as comfortable as you can," said the turnkey as he went out.

We greeted the newcomer. "What are you in for?"

"Just to spend the night," he answered, looking around for a place to lie down. He finally chose a corner, spread out his overcoat and lay down on it. The drunks in the end cells were still cursing.

We dozed off again. Suddenly the outside door was flung open and two husky policemen ejected a short bandy-legged man into the passage. He was a little gorilla of a man with a bushy beard and a cap pulled down over his eyes. He bounded into a corner of the passage and stood there swinging his arms, muttering and glaring at the policemen like a trapped animal. They caught him by the arms and hustled him off down the passageway. The last we heard of him was: "For Chrise sake don't put him in here, they're eleven in here already."

The next arrivals came in about two o'clock. We were both too sleepy to get up to look at them but from their chatter we recognized them as Filipinos. There was evidently only one of them who could speak English for he gave the turnkey all the names. After they had been booked we heard the turnkey's deep voice. "All right, let's have your belts now." There was a short silence. "All right, buddy let's have that belt and the scarf too."

Then came a soft slightly cynical Irish voice. "What's the matter, officer, we're not going to hang ourselves."

"You never can tell," said the turnkey. Then a door closed, a lock clicked and the turnkey went out.

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The Filipinos began to chatter softly in their pidgin Spanish while the Irishman and one Emanuel, the English-speaking Filipino, discussed the raid that had brought them in. They were in the cell next to ours.

"When the cops came I grabbed all the stuff I could hold and beat it upstairs to one of the rooms," said the soft Irish voice. "But that crazy girl, she follows me up there and when the cops came up they got me for being with a woman in a room."

"That's seex months, eh Chico?"

"Nice little rest," sighed the jolly voice.

It was then that I dozed off and it must have been an hour later when a commotion in the passageway awakened me. The door to our cell opened and I heard someone stagger in. Whoever it was wandered vaguely over to where I lay and leaning against the wall over my head, stood staring down into my face. I tried to keep my eyes shut but the unseen presence was too much for me. Also I was curious to see what manner of man could have such a terrific breath. I opened my eyes and saw a young fellow looking vacantly down at me. His hat was on the back of his head, he had no tie on, though otherwise fairly well-dressed, and his nose and chin were bloody and swollen.

"Whatsa name, kid?" he said.

"Red," I answered.

"O. K.," he said, "knock off s'more sleep—uh—what did you say it was, Joe or Bill?"

"Joe," I said.

"O. K. Bill, knock off s'more sleep. . ." He swayed over to the front of the cell, caught hold of the bars and shouted nasally, "Who's got some smokes?"

"We got no smokes but we got a butt," said the Irish voice.

"Give us a butt, pal."

The butt was passed around between the bars.

"Thanks, pal. How many you got in that cell?"

"Seven. How many you got?"

"Let's see," said the drunk counting carefully, "four guys beside me. Four guys and a shadow; I'm the shadow."

"What are the other guys doing?"

"Sleeping. They must be farmers or something."

"Where'd they pick you up?"

"On Girard Avenue. My own mother turned me in, for Chrise sake. Where do you guys hang out?"

"Twentieth and Buttonwood," came the humorous reply.

"Come on, don't give me that. Where are you guys from?"

"Twentieth and Buttonwood, keed." This time from Emanuel.

"Hey pal, what's that you got in there with you, Filipinos?"

A TASTE OF UNEMPLOYMENT

"We Chinamen," said Emanuel.

"The hell you are, you God damned dirty yellow-skinned half-breeds, you're not good enough to be Chinamen, you yellow rats. Where you guys from, Honolulu?"

"We Chinaboys from Hong Kong."

"Yés, you are, you Listen, you yellow-bellied half-breeds, I know you. I've been three years in the Asiatic Fleet in Honolulu. I know you, you black"

"Maybe you white, but your mouth black," retorted Emanuel.

"Say pal, are those God damned yellow-bellied goo-goos friends of yours?"

". . . . you," said the Irish voice genially.

". . . . you too," yelled the drunk. If I could get to you, I'd beat the hell out of you, you"

"You're not quite big enough," came the caressing reply. "I took a good look at you when you came in."

"Listen, I'll meet you outside after the trial, howsat?"

"I'm not going to be outside after this trial, buddy," said the cheerful voice.

For three hours the drunk in our cell raved. He called those Filipinos every name that three years in the navy had placed at his disposal. They answered him occasionally in kind and their soft repartee was always keener than his loud curses. Sometimes the drunk and the Irishman talked together, half the time chatting as pals and half the time reviling each other. But whatever happened, the drunk got the worst of it. When he was friendly the Irishman pumped him and kidded him unmercifully. When he cursed the Irishman out-cursed him in his soft humorous voice. But underneath it all ran that strange subterranean current of understanding that enables two sailors to revile each other one minute and in perfect joviality to treat each other as old buddies in the next.

It was about six o'clock when the drunk got the blues. This amounted to his wandering disconsolately back and forth saying "I got the blues." Finally he lay down and went to sleep. At six-thirty we began wondering where the turnkey was. All sorts of disquieting thoughts passed through our heads. Suppose they weren't going to let us out? Suppose we were really locked up for vagrancy? Suppose the magistrate chose to send us to the reform school? At about a quarter of seven the Irishman began saying "This is terrible." Evidently seven in a cell was a bit uncomfortable.

"This is terrible. Open that door," he chanted.

"You can't get outa here," came the sing-song response.

"Open that door."

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"You can't get outa here."

"Open that door."

"You can't get outa here."

"Open that—"

"What time is it?" came a drunken voice from the other end of the passage.

"It's time to change linen," answered the pleasant ironic voice. "Are you boys ready for your clean linen?"

"What time is it?" insisted the voice thickly.

"Time for breakfast?" replied our friend sweetly. "What will you have, grapefruit or orange juice?"

Then we heard footsteps. The turnkey came in, checked our names off the book and turned us out the back door. We never did get a glimpse of the owner of that pleasant ironic voice. But we shall always remember him for he epitomized all that is clever and humorous, all that is happy and carefree in those quaint followers of the sea.

Limitations of space prevent the inclusion of the rest of our weekend. Although it consisted merely of breakfast at the Sunday Breakfast Association and practically compulsory attendance at their revival service, yet it was more interesting and would take more space than the mere mention would imply. Sufficient to say that after having been saved and redeemed, we filed out into the street with a thousand homeless, hopeless men who were already wondering where their next meal would come from. And we, lucky ones (and we knew it), set out to resume our safe and pampered existence at college.

John Hazard.

Pause

*How droll! Like slipping on my last year's coat,
Whose folds fall free, by habit hung just so.
Small need of smiling now at every one;
Since yesterday you whispered, "You may go."*

*It's over! And quite clear behind my back,
As here and there I pass, I hear them say:
"I wonder what it was that changed him so
For that short time, that lasted till today?"*

René Blanc-Roos.

Kid Plev

I'VE tried every way I can to—to school myself to liking the son of a gun, but I'm damned if I can do it. You know what he said this morning? Didn't you hear about that? He says to Jule when he gave him the chain and picket, he says: "You want to hold the picket away from the chain when you check for distance." Jule's head-chained half-way around the world I suppose, and then has to have Kid Plev tell him how to do it! . . . I think he's the dumbest sucker I've ever run across."

Neol Adams was puffing more than usual as he walked up the county road on the outskirts of Lavina, for besides the cigarette which always hung out of his mouth and made him gasp, there was the added expense, this particular August evening, of exasperation after a day's work with the newly arrived stake puncher. Neol was rear chainman on a surveying party which had just that week moved to this barren little town to begin a new project. Although he didn't belong to what might be called the uppercrust of the party—the instrument men, and Zahn, the boss, or even with their lieutenants—the head chainman, draughtsman, and topographer, he took his job with a kind of fierce conviction, and found it was all he could do to wait till evening to dissipate his wrath by taking a fast walk with Willy Hanley, the level rodman.

"Zahn was sore at him today, too, did you notice?" he went on. "Zahn was talking to me this morning when he took me ahead in the Chrysler to set a sight for Si. He said by God that Merrill would snap out of it or something would happen, and damned soon."

Neol's companion laughed and took a couple of hops to catch up with his long-legged friend, who was nearly a foot taller than he. Willy, who rarely got embroiled in the disputes of the transit party, since he worked separately with Jule, the level man, was cheerfully open-minded and easily the best man in the outfit to bear the rehearsals of party strife. "Merrill's a great mathematician, you know, Neol," he said, and chuckled. "He was over there this evening telling Si all about logarithms and the law of sines and—gosh!"

Neol snorted. "You know Si never went to school much,—not more'n the sixth or seventh grade, and he may not know as much stuff as Merrill thinks he does about advanced algebra, but by God you know he has the kind of knowledge that a fella has to have on a job like this." Neol halted his speech suddenly and arched his neck toward Willy to impress him with the ensuing proof to this observation. How many times had Willy heard just such words of wisdom from Neol! Fortu-

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nately he had a generous heart and listened seriously. It was a fine night, anyway, and he was enjoying the exercise.

"You can show me one of your snotty kids out of State College with all his books and bright ideas, and by God I'll put him by Si Ramey and he'll look like a sap trying to shoot a section corner when it's away off on a mountain some place. Or he'll be all day settin' up his transit on a steep place when there's one of your high winds blowin'. It don't—it doesn't take all your laws of cosines when you're up against some place where you got to use your head. Now Merrill—he don't have any gumption about things like that. He claims he can play a cornet, but *he* doesn't know anything except what he learned out of a book and by God if you ask me that isn't much."

"No. Merrill's not—quite—as bright—as he—gee! I just saw a falling star!" Willy never talked very loud or fast for he didn't have a steel trap mind.

Neol announced that he was beginning to get cold. He said he was ready to get back to the hotel anyway and get some sleep, provided he didn't see Merrill.

It was nearly two hours after Mr. Adams had climbed into bed in his little room that Merrill Dunham came back to the hotel or wretched old frame building as it really was. Following the lead of the young blades on the crew, he had scoured the town of Lavina the second evening after his arrival, to find some fair partner for social pleasures. He had found such a partner this very evening and had spent three or four thorough hours at her house, exchanging stories and laying nets. Her father, Mr. Hogan, who was the hard-working milkman of the community, approved his daughter's acquaintance, especially when he found the Merrill family had lived next door to him fifteen years before in Plevna, Merrill's home town, which lay four hundred miles to the east. It was this exciting information that kept Merrill's eyes open as he climbed the hotel steps (for he was very sleepy) and he longed to let some of the boys hear the good news. Happy to see Willy's light burning, he went in at once to recount the progress of his evening.

"Gee, you're in luck, I guess, huh Merrill?" said Willy, putting aside the book he was reading. Violent snores came down from Neol's room, making Willy smile to think how happy the vindictive rear chain-man ought to have felt to be asleep just then.

"Yeah," Merrill went on, "when we was livin' in Broadview these people moved from South Dakota and the next year we moved right next door to 'em. So I'm all fixed. El'nor, she's a damn nice kid, you know. How long are we going to stay here? By golly I'm going to have some fun."

KID PLEV

"I dunno—Merrill," said Willy patiently, yawning at the same time. "Yep, I bet El'nor's—right up in there."

Merrill walked down the hall to his tiny room, lighting a cigarette as he went. His shoulders were humped, like a tired warrior's, his head was bent forward with a certain expression of mature judgment, but his legs plumped up and down exactly like a farmer in a ploughed field. Merrill was enjoying his new job. The young fellows like Willy and the draughtsman and topographer, challenged his powers of witty talk. The hardened old men who ran the instruments challenged his manly physique. Si Ramey, the transit man, for instance, who chewed tobacco and snuse at the same time, and whose red fists were like vises when he playfully squeezed Merrill's hand—he was a good one for testing his strength during a long day's work. But the whole crew, Merrill thought, were good guys. "Gosh, I've only been here a week," he reflected as he pulled off his clothes, "but I feel as if I'd known the fellahs all my life."

Turning to fix his pillow before he snapped off the light, Merrill saw a letter lying on the window sill.

"Oh Gosh, I wonder when this came?" he said as he tore it open. It was from Plevna and read as follows:

Dear Kiddo,

Get a load of this. Jaky was just in town and says that he's getting up a new band to play at Miles City again this year, and you're in it, if you want the job. Forget your transit stuff, even if it's what you're cut out to do. Jaky says he'll give you forty a week for blowing through that old horn of yours, and I'm telling you it's better than what you get for working your slide rule there in Lavina. Remember,—Helen and all the gang will be back, and rooting for you.

Saw your Ma and she thinks it's O. K. I can bring your cornet down next week when I drive through. Wire me as soon as you can.

Hoping you swing it all right,

Yours,

Ed.

"Oh boyoboy, isn't that the nuts?" Merrill cried excitedly as he read the letter through for the third time, and rolled over on his bed with his feet in the air. "I wonder what Willy will say to this!"

He got up and tiptoed out into the hall, suddenly afraid that he might wake the whole place up. Grinning and triumphant he stole down to Willy's room. But the door was shut, and both the peaceful sighs from Willy and Neol's garish snores made it clear that he would have to wait till morning to tell his friends the welcome news.

Oliver F. Eggleston.

L'Après-Midi D'un Elk

I WAS just giving my music files the once over when I run across this program. Jeez, you know when I first sat down in the orchestra booth to hear them play this, I thought it was gonna be *lousy*. Here's some of the junk they had in the program: *Prelude to "L'Après-midi d'un Faune"* ("The Afternoon of a Faun") . . . Claude Debussy

Born at St. Germain, France, August 22, 1862; died at Paris, March 26, 1918.

Before Debussy thought of writing music for *L'Après-midi d'un Faune*, he had sat at the feet of Mallarmé among that famous company of experimentalists in new kinds of beauty, new conceptions of style and form—Verlaine, Gustave Kahn, Pierre Louys, Stuart Merrill, de Regnier—who gathered about "the Poet of Poets," as he was so indulgently called in the dim and yeasty Nineties . . .

"Jeez, now that's enough to stop a guy from having anything to do with a concert, but hell, I kept on reading, and found some beauties in the latter part of the program (this is some stuff they quoted from a bozo called Edmund Gosse):

"A faun—a simple senuous, passionate being—wakens in the forest at daybreak and tries to recall his experience of the previous afternoon. Was he the fortunate recipient of an actual visit from nymphs, white and golden goddesses, divinely tender and indulgent? Or is the memory he seems to retain nothing but the shadow of a vision, no more substantial than the "arid rain" of notes from his own flute? He cannot tell. Yet surely there was, surely there is, an animal whiteness among the brown reeds of the lake that shines out yonder. Were they, are they, the swans? No! But Naiads plunging? Perhaps! Vaguer and vaguer grows the impression of his delicious experience. He would resign his woodland godship to retain it. A garden of lilies, golden-headed, white-stalked, behind the trellis of red roses? Ah! the effort is too great for his poor brain. Perhaps if he selects one lily from the girth of lilies, one benign and beneficent yielder of her cup to thirsty lips, the memory, the ever-receding memory, may be forced back. So when he has gluttoned upon a bunch of grapes, he is wont to toss the empty skins into the air and blow them out in a visionary greediness. But no, the delicious hour grows vaguer; experience or dream, he will never know which it was. The sun is warm, the grasses yielding; and he curls himself up again, after worshipping the efficacious star of wine, that he may pursue the dubious ecstasy into the more hopeful boskages of sleep.

Cripes! I was ready to leave the place. As if the above wasn't enough, listen to what the program artist himself says:

The mood of languorous reverie is fixed by a meditative flute, singing, unaccompanied, the chief theme—a drowsily voluptuous phrase (*doux et expressif*) that falls and rises indolently between C sharp and G natural, as if undecided whether to stay in the key of E or wander into C major. In the fourth measure, Debussy waves his conjurer's wand and we are reminded of that warning uttered by another wonder-working poet—

L' APRES-MIDI D'UN ELK

Enter these enchanted woods,
You who dare . . .

for Debussy, by a single instrumental gesture—a chord of the woodwind, a shimmering of harp tones, and a brief dialogue for the horns—has laid his spell upon us, and has opened a path into that incredible world of his where the familiar and the magical are inverted. There is a short crescendo on a motive that Debussy afterward made use of in the Fourth Act of *Pelleas*. The chief theme returns in the flute, and then for ten measures, we get an unclouded golden stream of pure Arcadian loveliness.

Honest to God, I swear—but the man with the stick came in finally and the thing started. And honest to God, it was damned fine. But from the way these sissies on the program wrote it, you never would of known it. Why hell, it put me in mind of some girl's account of a debutante's tea . . . These lilies don't know how to describe music, why can't they get a man to write it. Because after all, it was the nuts of a piece. I'd like to give you a real idea of how the thing sounded like.

The beginning is where the little elk comes in, you can tell this by the high wiggly noise of the flutes. Then the fellows with the black medium-sized horns got in a little close harmony for just a few notes together and in the meantime the babes over on the side got off a perfectly swell effect on the harps. To me this denotes the little elk ducking behind a tree when he sees the bear. The bear sticks around for while, you can tell this by the square shiny horns tooting back and forth. Then the whole thing gets louder till it works up to a couple of crescendoes which indicates where the bear scratches his back on the bark of the tree. You can just see how scared the little elk is by the way the music gets louder for a minute and then dies away. But the little elk pulls himself together after the bear goes away and this is indicated by the same high shaky tune as in the beginning.

I could go on and finish the piece for you, but I don't claim to be a music critic, although believe me, the applesauce some of these sweet little dears write is *lousy*. They ought to put those babies back in the nursery and let somebody write the stuff that can chin himself a few times. Why they didn't even say anything about the bear.

D. G.

(*alias Dutch Gagovitch*).

Duello

THE devil take that fog-horn," he thought, resuming his former position of leaning on the rail. The mist twirled by him and felt wet against his neck and throat. "Damn that fog-horn," he said. From the ballroom on the lower deck came sounds of music, voices, and shuffling feet.

He stared down into the black, oily water below him. At times the phosphorescence of the bow-way flashed luridly against its inky background.

Ay, very easy. With his heavy clothes and overcoat he would not be able to swim a stroke. He smiled as he thought of what a joke it would be to change your mind as you were flying down past D-deck.

"To be, or not to be . . ." Fine time for his mind to be running to poetry. Funny how your mind seemed not to concern itself about you when you wanted most to use it properly. "For in that sleep of death what dreams may come when we have shuffled off this mortal coil, must give us pause . . . puzzles the will, and makes us rather bear those ills we have than fly to others that we know not of . . ."

"And fly to others that we know not of . . ." Why, the man had but aimed at effect when he wrote that. Shakespeare, wise Shakespeare, could not himself have believed it. A man to be afraid of consequences resulting from a plunge into that pitch-black water? Nonsense. It would be no worse than being anaesthetized to have a chunk of shrapnel drawn out from between your ribs. (His hand moved toward his side.)

What, then, was it that kept his foot off the railing? It was not fear? And—suddenly—he had it. Simply the belief nothing could take away from him—the belief that things might change. They might not, but still they might. It was Hope, then? Yes, Hope. Strange how a hackneyed word repeated endlessly assumed only after many years a concrete shape.

He turned at the rustling sound behind him. She said: "I think I promised you this dance, Mr. Carter?"

He smiled at her. His eyes looked strange, she thought. "Nymph, in thy orisons be all my sins remember'd." He laughed.

She looked at him for a moment, eyes and lips smiling a query; then, as with force he pushed himself with his elbows from against the railing, hooked her arm in his.

René Blanc-Roos.

Books

CUBA

REFRESHING, humorous, vivid, complete, penetrating—these are some of the adjectives which consideration of “Wilson Wright’s” *Man Wants But Little* brings to mind. Fiction should enlarge our knowledge of life or increase our understanding of character, and *Man Wants But Little* does both in a manner amazingly satisfying for a first novel. The book paints a rich and riotous panorama of life in Cuba, an island which never much interested me before I read about it here. More important, it brings to life characters which, through conventional treatment, have become lifeless “types” in literature.

The novel’s title suggests the sort of people they are. All that they ask from life is the opportunity to work land, acquire more land, enlarge possessions and family, until they have created solidity and earned respect. The protagonist, Jose Perdriga, wants only his wife Maria and enough land to satisfy his instincts, inherited from an immemorial peasant ancestry, for work and acquisition. Fantastic Cuba is continually preventing him from getting what he wants. Muddle-headed Marco Sanclemente, his father-in-law, and the kindly, sentimental Señor Wilson, one of Cuba’s significant Americans, are always pushing him into responsible positions, ignoring his dislike and incapacity for anything but farm work. He finally wins through, but only, it seems, after fighting all Cuba. For, withal that he is an insignificant peon, he is bound up in the all-pervading ramifications of the Cuban political system. He antagonizes and insults his father-in-law, and as that absurd worthy increases in power and influence he does all that he can to take revenge. Here we step behind the personal drama for a glimpse at political and economic Cuba—at elections where Liberals and Conservatives fight each other for the control of the treasury rather than the government, at a war boom which makes and breaks fortunes and sows the seeds of socialism, and—behind all at Wall Street, which, holding Cuban industry in its hands, holds Cuba too.

To write all this requires an authoritative knowledge of the island republic not to be gained by any alien not instinctively in sympathy with these people who want but little. The literary achievement involved seems the more remarkable when one considers the extreme simplicity of the manner of presentation, which gives the characters a bluntly objective quality that a native writer might fail to impart. For such simple writing about a naive life is the creation of a detached, sophisticated mind.

—R. E. G.

Drama

SO THE Philadelphia theatre is not dead after all. Just when one seemed justified in interring one's last hope, along came March and three good plays within two weeks. Which, when one considers the tedious preceding months, enlivened only by *A Story of Love*, and *Of Thee I Sing*, is just another example of the perversity of things.

Too True to be Good, *Another Language*, and *When Ladies Meet* are surely a strange combination of plays, yet a significant one. Least deserving of the three, *Another Language* is the most famous, had the longest New York run, and probably was best liked by Philadelphia audiences. This is because, primarily, it is a "good show," achieving a perfect balance between writing, acting, and direction. The theme is an ancient one, the struggle between the artistic few and the bourgeois many, and the solution Mrs. Franken gives it here is neither novel nor completely satisfactory. Yet the play is saved from triteness by two new points it makes. We are shown that, contrary to popular belief, the artists are not the snobs; it is the bourgeois money-grubbers who look down upon *them* as useless parasites. Again, it is brought out, when the alien artist is called upon to explain her credo, that she is not only unable to speak her husband's language, but that, through long disuse and repression, her own language, the secret language of her soul, has slipped from her command. Mrs. Franken's inquiry into these two problems justifies her re-examination of the old theme, and she has written well. But one wonders what the production would have seemed without the marvellous naturalistic acting of Glenn Anders, Dorothy Stickney, Margaret Hamilton, and John Beal. The vital production it was given made the play successful in its bid for interest; without proper acting and direction it might easily have seemed a tepid, overdrawn exhibit.

When Ladies Meet, not so popular, was a vastly better play. Rachel Crothers never actually needs the support of fine acting, although, as director of this production, she made sure she got it in this case. Perhaps it is unfair to compare Rose Franken's first play with one of the products of Miss Crothers' thirty years in the theatre, yet something must be made of the marked difference in their popularity and merit. Personally, I think that, where *Another Language* struck home to an audience which saw itself being portrayed upon the stage—and recognized itself—*When Ladies Meet* dealt with matters beyond the average ken, and that is the reason for its failure to appeal. This time Miss Crothers concerns herself with a lady novelist who, in love with her publisher, decides to go to his wife and beg her to release him. This seems to her the intelligent way out of a bad situation. But the ladies meet, unaware of

DRAMA

each other's identities, and discuss a similar situation, revealing the fact that the husband is a philanderer and that the wife, knowing of his endless affairs with other women, loves him still and perforce forgives him. Upon this scene the husband blunders in and gives away the game. With this revelation of his character before them, the ladies find that they no longer love him and become interested, instead, in each other. When ladies meet, apparently, the man is shown up for the cheap fellow he is. Miss Crothers makes this appear inevitable, and leaves scarcely a loop-hole for the escape of masculine vanity. It is a careful, cruel analysis fully supported by the acting of a fine cast.

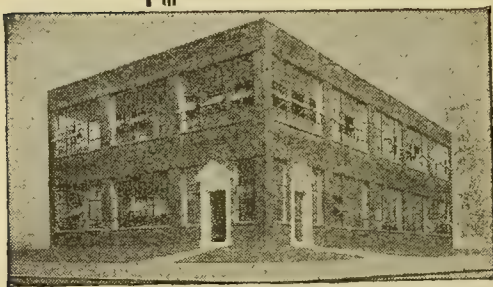
And now, *Too True to be Good*, least patronized of all recent Philadelphia plays (although I saw it hold two audiences tense for several hours). Shaw's reputation, of course, frightens away the light-minded, yet his plays hold all classes once they are in the theatre. And this is also to be said of *Too True to be Good*, his latest, perhaps his last, certainly his best play. For it is greater than *Heartbreak House*, *Man and Superman*, and *Captain Brassbound's Conversion*. It does not equal them in form, for it is plotless and unconnected, but it contains his most important message, and that is all that matters. Shaw disregards dramatic conventions because he does not need them; his plays have too much to say to necessitate dependence on device. All the old rippling, incredible wit is here in this play, the never-ending jokes at the expense of the medical and military professions—and much more. Just as he whipped into line the shapeless thought of the nineties, Shaw has taken the turbulent post-war years and summed them up in a play, and called that play *Too True to be Good*. Swiftly and surely he portrays the destruction of rational determinism, post-war hedonism, militant atheism, and every other ism that modern man has recently put his trust in. All our beliefs are shattered, and we are all "falling, falling, into a bottomless abyss." We know nothing, and there seems to be no way of learning. And then comes a twelve-minute curtain speech in which the greatest dramatic genius of our age tells us that he no longer believes in the things he has spent his life preaching. If this speech was calculated to make us lose our faith in its author, it is a failure. This expression of a willingness to discard all the hard-bought knowledge of the past and start learning all over again, is the most inspiring talk I have ever heard in a theatre, and it makes me, at least, sure of one thing. If there is a way out, Shaw, even at 77, will find it for us.

Richard E. Griffith.

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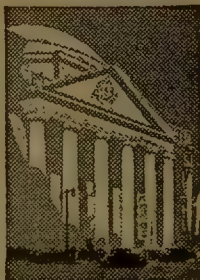
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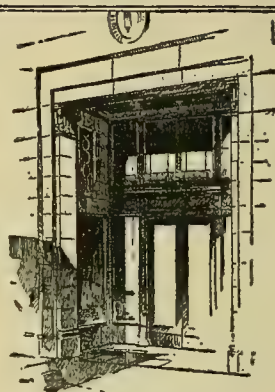
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THE HAVERFORDIAN

VOL. LII

HAVERFORD, PA., JUNE, 1933

No. 8

THE HAVERFORDIAN is published monthly during the college year. Its purpose is to foster a literary spirit among the undergraduates. To that end contributions are invited. Material should be submitted to the Editor before the tenth of the month preceding publication.

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Resurrection

*A long translucent strip of curded cloud
Stood still, while brokenly revealed, the proud
Full moon behind it, swiftly westward rolled
After two fleeting stars of burning gold.
The strong west wind that swept the cloud along,
In space played a wild tempestuous song,
Whose notes were by the distance dulled, unheard
Above the rustle of the wood which stirred,
Asleep, but whispering softly, and the stream
That purled and grumbled in its restless dream
Of open seas. Then from the empty blue
Where few stars shone, a bell-like chorus grew;
A sound of mingled voices calling; soft
A first but swiftly louder, from aloft
The ringing song descended like the cry
Of hounds in full pursuit across the sky.
Lost in the far blue void, the music's source
Remained unseen until in headlong course
A flock of geese showed black against the racing
Amber cloud; the silhouetted tracing
Of that arrowhead a-wing as it fled
The warmer Southern haunts and Northward sped.
They passed the cloud and vanished. The wild call
Fainter floated back, but its message all
Delivered. Honking, honking, as they flew
Trumpeting abroad their song anew
The Hounds of Spring had come and every bird
Had brought the hoped-for, thrilling, stirring word.*

T. S. Brown

Mrs. Metharel

MRS. METHAREL always came in to town to buy her hats and shoes and dresses; and because it did not make any difference which day she came in on she generally chose a sunny one so that she could sit in the park in the afternoon, or do anything else she wanted to. She came in on the business train with her husband, and when he spoke to his acquaintances, self-consciously and half-heartedly, she nodded, and smiled to them. He was timidly proud of having his wife with him, and when they got into the train he was solicitous of her comfort, and leaned forward to adjust the window; and he did not read his paper, but kept it tightly rolled on the seat beside him.

Sometimes she went with him to the office to get some money, but generally they said goodbye at the station. They walked together up the platform, and at the mouth of the underground he turned and kissed her, and went down into the tunnel with the jostling, noisy crowd of brown-hatted, grey-coated business men. Mrs. Metharel watched him go, and though his back looked just like everybody else's, and she soon lost it, she always watched a brown hat and a grey coat until they were out of sight. And then with a little sigh she turned and started off on her own independent day, shopping for dresses and shoes.

In the evening it was the same. She waited at the barrier and watched the brown hats and grey coats coming to catch the five-forty-eight, until suddenly one of them was her husband. And she said, "Ah, here you are Arthur," and he stopped and kissed her; and then they walked together up the platform to try and find an empty carriage: but they never could; and when he asked her if she had had a good day, and she told him what she had been doing, they spoke in short jerky sentences because they were both so conscious of the strange hostile faces in the carriage with them. But when they got home they did not talk much more, because Mrs. Metharel went upstairs to change her dress, and did not come down until the supper bell rang, and her husband put on his slippers and opened the paper. He had always wished, ever since they had been married seven years ago, that after supper when he went to sit in the big low chair by the fire, she would come and sit on his knee, and he could kiss her, and talk about nothing at all. But this never happened, and it did not somehow seem right to ask her. She always found some knitting or darning to do, and he sat and read the paper, and read interesting paragraphs out aloud; and sometimes he read a book to her, "The Life of William Gladstone" or "The Life and Times of Henry

THE HAVERFORDIAN

Shelbey." But she preferred novels and during the long days when there were no temperance meetings or when she did not go out to call she would often read Ethel M. Dell or Zane Grey.

Thursday afternoon, the tenth of March, 1920, was one of Mrs. Metherel's shopping days, and by lunch time she had finished buying two new pairs of shoes and a spring overcoat, and she went into a restaurant and ordered mutton chops, carrots, potatoes and gravy, and after that a dish of rice pudding. It was a cheap lunch, for Mrs. Metherel never spent much on herself, and when she had finished it, she put a penny under her plate for the waitress.

Mrs. Metherel walked along the sunny side of the street for it was still early March, and she stopped and looked into the shop windows. She had looked at all the ones with women's clothes in them in the morning, and so she passed those by quickly; but the ones with men's shirts and hats and ties in them fascinated her. The gold-headed canes and leather gloves folded beside them looked so distinguished as they were displayed in glorious isolation at the other side of the window from the shirts and collars and ties. She wished that Arthur would get a bowler hat instead of that old brown soft hat—he must have been wearing it for years. She picked out a hat for him; gracious, it was thirty shillings; what a ridiculous price to pay for a hat. Underneath it was a red and brown tie; it was four and sixpence, but it looked so bright and enticing all neatly tied in a white collar that she went in and bought it. Arthur never bought himself any ties except dark and dirty-looking ones with little spots all over them, and she didn't suppose that he would ever wear this one more than once or twice. She could almost see it lying in the top left-hand drawer of the dressing table, year after year, and looking almost as good as new; goodness knows what would happen to it finally. Perhaps she should not have bought it.

Mrs. Metherel decided to go down to Trafalgar Square to look into the windows of the travel agencies. They always exercised a peculiar spell over her. The gaily decorated posters and maps carried her right away from London, and she could stand and look at them for ten or fifteen minutes, and in her imagination travel to Arabia or Greece: she liked the pictures of the staterooms and lounge rooms of the boats too. Mrs. Metherel walked briskly along the Strand, and then she started down Haymarket.

She was stopped by a number of people passing back and forth across the pavement. She stopped to let one pass in front of her: a middle-aged lady, she was, and dressed in a middle-aged way, and she was calling excitedly to someone behind Mrs. Metherel. Mrs. Metherel glanced around and saw another middle-aged lady dressed in just the same middle-aged way; and she stood in front of the dark doors of a theatre and held up

MRS. METHEREL

two tickets; and she called back to the first lady. And when the first lady came up to her, they both turned and went in. Nice respectable looking women, thought Mrs. Methere; too nice to be seen going into the theatre—and in broad daylight, too.

There were some photographs over by the door, and Mrs. Methere went to look at them. They were probably very silly pictures, she thought, but she went over just to glance at them in an off-hand sort of way. Yes, just what she had expected; they were very silly pictures of people just talking to each other in a room, and they all looked quite artificial. Then she looked down and saw another one. That was different. It was a picture of two people kissing each other, and the lady had her back turned, and all the way down to her waist she had practically nothing on. That was disgusting, and Mrs. Methere was shocked. She was ashamed of being seen looking at such a picture in the public street, and she glanced up sharply to see if anybody had seen her. But people were passing her by quite unconcernedly, and Mrs. Methere took another furtive look at the photograph. Most of the people going into the theatre were women, and nice-looking women too, Mrs. Methere mused; she was surprised. For she had been taught that the theatre was a wicked place where only immoral people went. It was one of the first steps along the path to eternal damnation. She could remember her father discoursing on the "evil and ungodly ways of the devil's house": she had always been much impressed by his speech and manner, (he was a parson), and she had never doubted that he was always right. But now as she stood and watched all these respectable-looking people going into the doors of the theatre, her father's words came to her from a long way away and a long time ago, faintly, and hard to hear, and she wondered if the theatre were really such a very wicked place.

Many philosophers and psychologists tell us that there is no action in our lives which cannot be accounted for by preceding circumstances. They would be equally dogmatic about what happened next. The philosophers would tell us that it had been so decreed from time immemorial: the psychologists would speak just as convincingly about repressed complexes. For Mrs. Methere suddenly walked in through the open glass doors, she went up to the little ticket office and she asked—"How much is it?" All thoughts of the wickedness of it were overpowered by the emotions of excitement and novelty. For she had never done anything exciting in her life. Once or twice exciting things had happened to her—like the time when she had got lost in the fog and the time she had broken her leg—but she had never done anything exciting herself; and the irresistible impulse to go herself and see and hear that which she had never seen or heard before, to see in fact—though she hardly dared admit this to herself—the kiss that she had seen in the photograph, drove

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her, as a force greater than herself, to the little glass window of the box office.

In answer to her inquiry the girl behind the glass window looked at her in astonishment, and then said briskly: "Gallery all sold, balcony two and fourpence, stalls three and tenpence, and six shillings." Mrs. Methereel did not understand what the girl was saying, exactly, but she did understand that the cheapest seats were two and fourpence. "Oh, I'm afraid that's too much," she whispered; and she walked out past the chattering groups in the lobby, through the glass doors, and into the street again. She had been a fool to go in at all, she thought. But as she turned down Haymarket again the travel agencies seemed to have lost all their glamor. She walked more slowly, and she thought of the happy, excited people going into the theatre. No she did not want to go down to the travel agencies at all. She turned quickly and walked back to the theatre. She fumbled in her purse and found two shillings and four pennies. She hurried through the doors of the theatre and past the groups in the lobby up to the glass window, and she pushed her money through the little hole. "One," she said nervously, and she blushed.

She found her way to her seat with difficulty. The ushers were rude to her when she did not understand what they said. She pushed her way into the wrong row, and they came and shouted at her. People broke off their chatter to turn round and look at her, and she became embarrassed and confused. She felt their eyes penetrating into her soul; she felt them talking about her, laughing at her. Finally she got to the right place, and she sank down into the little chair and waited for the darkness to come and cover her shame.

Even to the hardened theatre-goer the sudden darkening of the theatre, the white glare of the footlights on the black curtain, and the expectant hush which falls over the audience impart a certain thrill of suspense just before the curtain rises, and he collects his wandering thoughts and focuses his attention. For the inexperienced the effect of this magic moment is almost intoxicating. And for Mrs. Methereel the knowledge that she was about to see that which good Christian people never saw, that she was doing something wicked, added its peculiar flavor to her heightened emotional tone. So that when the audience sat in stillness in the almost dark theatre, their faces alone illumined by the strange cold light from the front of the stage, Mrs. Methereel breathed hard and gripped the arms of her seat tightly, hardly knowing that she was there at all. She felt cut off from the reality of the world, as in a dream. She felt, in some strange way, as though she were assisting in the unholy rites of some mysterious pagan religion, and she stared tensely at the lighted curtain.

The curtain rose with a little hum of machinery, and then again there

MRS. METHEREL

was silence. Flooded in the white glare of lights, and framed by the deep shadows of the wings, a brightly colored living room lay revealed to Mrs. Methere!s wondering gaze. But it was such a living room as she had never before seen. It was all black and red, and shining metal and glass. The chairs were low and seemed to be composed entirely of two great leather cushions held together by polished steel tubing of a curious shape. Against one wall was something which Mrs. Methere! took to be a bed with no ends, covered over by a big black rug, and with great red and black cushions scattered about its surface. Two low tables, made apparently of glass and silver, reflected bright flashes of light. And upon the wall hung gaudy, crazy pictures. But despite its strangeness Mrs. Methere! liked the room, and she knew it to be the sort of room in which society people and rich people lived. It had the brilliant and exotic beauty of excessive luxury, and she knew that it was wicked; but she was thrilled by it; she was intoxicated by it, and the bright lights which gleamed from the glass and polished metal dazzled and hypnotized her.

The room was empty, but after a few moments the noise of voices was heard off stage, a lock clicked, and a young man and woman entered from the right. The man relieved the girl—for that is all she seemed to be—of an extremely complicated wrap, and she turned to take a cigarette from one of the tables, revealing to Mrs. Methere! the almost entirely naked back of the picture outside the theatre. They chatted to each other with a sort of staccato gaiety quite unfamiliar to Mrs. Methere!, and they smoked cigarettes and drank cocktails.

Although she found it hard to understand much of the conversation at which the audience laughed so loudly, Mrs. Methere! was carried quite away by what she saw. She forgot that she was sitting in a theatre, and all her past life seemed suddenly to be swallowed up by a great blanket of non-existence: she was living upon that bright stage; she was sitting in those deep leather chairs; she was smoking cigarettes and drinking cocktails,—and she was being kissed—oh! the unspeakable bliss of those kisses—by handsome, masterful, men. And so new and unprecedented was all this, that it was not until the sudden glare of the lights, which marked an intermission, revealed to Mrs. Methere! that she was indeed sitting in a row of small and uncomfortable chairs, surrounded by many ordinary ladies dressed in ordinary clothes, that she understood its terrible immorality. She had seen men kiss other men's wives, shamelessly, and with every evidence of pleasure; and she had seen women flirting with other women's husbands, and apparently welcoming their advances: and because she had identified herself so completely with those characters on the stage, she felt herself incriminated in their guilt. But although all the moral nature of her training cried out against these things, she had also felt the pleasures of a forbidden way of life. She had smoked cigarettes,

THE HAVERFORDIAN

she had danced, she had drunk cocktails; and she had been held in the passionate embrace of men who were desirable.

Mrs. Metherel was not in the habit of examining her thoughts and feelings with any particular interest or understanding, and it seemed to her that she was being torn by forces which were beyond herself; the powers of good and evil were wrestling for her soul. But she was under the spell of a new life that had suddenly opened out before her, and the expostulations of her conscience were swallowed up in the thoughts of the unfinished drama waiting behind those curtains, as the grim realities of a new morning are swallowed up in our interrupted dream as we sink back into sleep. And as the curtain rose again Mrs. Metherel once more entered into her new life: she sat on that low couch and smoked cigarettes, and men came and took her in their arms.

Ever since she had entered the theatre, hardly a thought of her husband had entered Mrs. Metherel's mind. But now as she came out into the pale light of the street at the tail end of the jostling crowd, she thought with horror of meeting him at the station. She experienced a sudden cold realization of the enormity of her behavior as she thought of telling him what had happened. Coming as it did, after the excitement of the climax of the play that she had just witnessed, and after she had already passed beyond the heady and artificial atmosphere of the theatre, this feeling produced in her a physical weakness amounting almost to nausea. She came to a bus stop and when a bus came that was going to King's Cross she stepped onto it and climbed up the steep narrow stairs, up onto the open top. It was cold, and she drew her coat close up around her chin and sat down.

The swaying of the bus and the cold night air held all of Mrs. Metherel's attention, and she sat almost in a trance as the lights streamed by. The immediate details of her suffering sank back out of her mind, and left a dead weight of unanalyzable misery that was almost unbearable. She looked down over the side of the bus into the pale darkness of the street. Death and oblivion and forgetfulness—one plunge, and then eternal rest, escape. She thought of the welcome darkness of death, a long sleep of forgetting; but never for one moment did she think of arousing herself, of scrambling over the low rail, of hurtling down into the darkness. She was too closely bound up into life by the details of life. She had to meet her husband at the station in twenty minutes. She had to travel home with him, have supper with him, and sit with him through the evening; she had some knitting to do. But as she thought of this she knew that that could not be. She would be shamed, no longer his wife as of old. And the evening opened out in a great emptiness before her. What would she do: what would Arthur do? For she had been unfaithful

THE FIREBRAND

to him. She had drunk cocktails, she had smoked cigarettes, and she had kissed other women's husbands.

She hardly knew how she came to be standing at the barrier waiting for him. Dully she watched them coming to catch the train. Hats and coats bearing down upon her darkly, and then a stranger's face flashing out white in the station light, looking at her questioningly for a brief moment, and hurrying past. Hats and coats—strange men. Hats and coats—her husband.

Suddenly he was there. She was silent, afraid, all alone by the barrier. He advanced upon her menacingly. He stooped and kissed her. "Why you look tired, Hilda," he said, "what did you do all afternoon?" What had she been doing all afternoon? He had kissed those lips of sin a cold formal kiss, and he had asked what she had been doing all afternoon? Of course he couldn't know—why should he know? No she could not, she could not tell him. "Yes I do feel a bit tired," she heard herself say. "I went to the Tate gallery. I expect I looked at too many pictures." She had lied to him: she had lied to him. They walked together up the platform. She had lied to him. She would have to tell him; but not now: she could not face him now. Perhaps if they got an empty carriage she would be able to tell him then. But there were two other people in the carriage, and she was relieved. She sank down in a corner seat, tired and frightened, and when he spoke to her she hardly answered at all. She had lied to him. She would have to tell him. Of course she would tell him.

P. Hodgkin.

THE FIREBRAND

*Now that he's burnt out, we're glad that he's burnt out:
He made us feel less comfortable, he made us sense—
In a vague way, 'tis true—the world is somewhat a pretense
Of smooth and smug respectability. It would not do to doubt*

*The things our fathers taught us. We had best suppose—
As they did—that what is, is right;
We, if not blest with, can assume a purblind sight . . .
Well, friend, let's go to see that play before it close.*

René Blanc-Roos.

A Night in the Fog

THE air was heavy with lazy fog. Along the street the overhead lights were blurred into irregular nebulous islands of faded night. Several blocks away the red of a traffic signal blinked with subdued malice. A paper-boy, a huddled, black shape against the drug store window, across the street, cried his wares dismally into the deadening dank. With softened screech of brakes a car pulled up; the driver purchased a morning paper. A trolley car gong sounded dully.

I was much later than I had intended; but the food had been so rich and the wine persuasive; cigarette smoke had filled the luxurious room; someone had played a haunting melody; and voices had been mellow—outside it was cold, and night wept in its misty shroud. Still, I had delayed too long and might miss the last train.

Along Parke Street, after twelve o'clock, the trolley cars run according to a rather eccentric schedule, or no schedule at all. I realized this disquieting fact but was not resigned to it; I did all in my power to summon one by gazing anxiously into the fog, and wishing.

I had thought the corner deserted but for myself, not having seen his drooping figure by the pole. He muttered to himself and sighed woefully, at which I perceived I had a companion. His coat collar was turned up against his face; a dented derby was perched insecurely upon his head; and the laxness of his body leaning against the pole suggested a liquid looseness, which if indulged further might precipitate him into a heap.

Another trolley passed, going the wrong way; I gazed after it hopefully as if it might change its mind and come back on the other track.

"What—yu doin'?" He had slouched around the pole into a more companionable nearness. There was a taint of alcohol in the damp air.

"Waiting," I replied laconically without looking at him. I meant to discourage conversation.

"Tha's a lie." He stiffened somewhat, still keeping a hand on the pole to steady him. "Every one's a liar," he growled, then fell back against his support, as though the effort had been too much for him. "Every one's liar 'cept me." His voice was lachrymose. "The're all liars,—Liars!—LIARS!" An oratorical arm fell to his side with a jerk that almost tumbled him into the gutter.

My breath floated into fantastic figures and merged into the all-encompassing blanket of fog. It was growing colder. Listen as I might I could hear no distant rumbling of an approaching trolley. Perhaps there had been an accident along the line.

A NIGHT IN THE FOG

"Who're yu?" demanded my maudlin companion.

"John Smith."

He was muttering to himself and didn't hear me.

"Wha'—yu doin'—here? ought be—'ome in bed. 's trouble wit' yu felles—gwan—yur drunk."

"You are (?) quite right," I replied with wasted subtlety.

"Oughtn't drink, son—'s bad." He sniffled and groped for a handkerchief—but he forgot.

"Root all e—vil," he continued. "I's once 'n arch'tec'—built—bri'gez—'n dams—damn good too, son. 's badfer yu, ne'er touch it."

After some fumbling he produced a bottle from the side pocket of his overcoat. He considered it with distaste and made a move to throw it into the street; but thinking better of it worried the cap off and applied it to his lips. The liquor gurgled. His breathing was hoarse between swallows.

He lowered the bottle. His eyes were bleary. A damp, slightly grey forelock clung to his brow. His lips were wet.

There was a puzzled expression upon his face as he caught sight of me.

"Who're yu?"

"Surely you know me, I'm John Smith." It was cold, and I was miserable with thoughts of missing the last train. I might as well wring whatever diversion I could from the antics of my befuddled companion.

"Yu John Smith?"

"Sure am, old timer." Jocularly is difficult at times.

"Didn't rec'nize—yu, how're yu?" He deserted the pole, shoving himself toward me with one hand, and draped himself around my neck.

"Have drink yu ol' ——" His breath was almost as strong as his language. I attempted to refuse. "Take a drink, yu lousy —— 'r I'll ——"

I took the drink. Never have I tasted anything so vile; I sputtered and gasped for breath.

"Tha' 's right, now I'll 've 'n other snifter."

It wasn't quite as cold as it had been.

"What are you doing here at this time of the morning?" I asked him when he had lowered the bottle.

"Waitin'," he muttered.

"Waiting for what?" He left me for his pole, almost falling en route.

"Waiting for what?" I repeated, thinking perhaps the concentration needed for his journey had prevented him from hearing me.

"Wha' 's tha'?" He reached out an uncertain hand and seized me by the arm. "'ve 'n other drink."

The liquor, perhaps with the assistance of the wine I had previously

THE HAVERFORDIAN

taken, was producing a gratifying warmth in the stomach, and a slight vertigo in the head.

The suggestion was not entirely distasteful.

"Gwan!" he insisted, pressing the bottle on me.

The effects were not so violent as those I suffered before. I returned the bottle and patted him kindly on the shoulder.

"What are you waitin' for?"

"'m I waitin'?" He blinked his eyes foolishly. "Who tol' yu?"

"You did; what 're you waitin' for?"

"Sure! Le's 've 'n other lil drink."

We had another. The drug store window seemed to move somewhat with the slow moving fog, which was growing thicker. The street appeared slightly unreal. It was no longer cold.

My friend slid down on to the curb.

"Tha' 's very fine stuff," I praised his liquor.

"Was 'n arch'tec' — built —bri'gez. I like — yu." His gestures appeared independent of all mental direction. "'m goin' t' tell yu somethin'. The' 're all liars—'cept—us," he confided.

"Wha' 's that?" I inquired, not sure I had heard correctly.

"Waitin' fer—trol—ley—car," he replied.

"So 'm I, I think."

When a trolley finally did approach our corner we got out onto the track to signal it—because of the fog. It was so foggy I couldn't find the steps; the motorman was kind enough to aid us in boarding the car.

It was an exceptionally foggy night.

F. P. Jones.

Chance

THE day the ship left Havana, Anton the Czech was in an ugly mood. For three whole days he had been raving drunk ashore, and been dragged stupidly aboard an hour before the ship sailed. At a quarter of twelve, Havana was two hours behind and he sat at the lower end of the mess table staring sullenly before him. The crew avoided him as they gathered for the noonday meal. Anton was an ugly man when recovering from a drunk. They had seen that sullen immobile form spring into sudden raging action and the great arms that hung listless at his side become terrible battering rams. Better not to disturb him.

CHANCE

At twelve o'clock the new Filipino mess boy came down the ladder with two steaming pails of chow. They were passed down the long table, crossing from side to side until they came to Anton, empty.

"More chow!" he shouted to the little Filipino.

"No more chow," piped the boy indifferently in his high sing-song voice.

"Get some more chow, you yellow-skinned rat," roared Anton. The Filipino was frightened.

"Cook he say no more chow. You go see heem. He say—"

With a roar of rage Anton was over the bench and at him. At the same instant the old grizzled sailor who had been sitting beside Anton, leaped up and caught his back-drawn arm. A short struggle ensued but it was soon over. That night at supper he was cursing the mess-boy as coarsely and good-humoredly as his fellows.

* * *

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"Cook he say no more chow. You go see heem. He say—"

With a roar of rage Anton was over the bench and at him. At the same instant the old grizzled sailor who had been sitting beside Anton leaped up to stop him but missed the back-drawn arm. Anton struck and the Filipino fell twisted against the steel bulkhead, his head striking with a clang that filled the foc's'l. Then all was quiet. Gradually the sailors edged away from the great Czech who stared stupidly down at the still form before him. Then one man turned and went quickly up the companionway; one by one the others followed. Five minutes later two officers walked grimly down the deck with drawn revolvers and a pair of irons.

John Hazard.

The Washerwoman

THE dignity of the proletariat has always been a favorite subject of mine. I like to argue about it with those people who are Babbitt-conscious, or who object to many-headed monsters. Last summer it was my fortune to meet a poor woman who has only strengthened my zeal. Living a thousand miles from nowhere, she seemed to me to eclipse any of the strong, stern proletariat who live in our great cities.

Late in the second day of a long hitch-hiking trek from Yellowstone Park to the East, I landed in Wyola, a barren little town which lies in the lower right-hand corner of Montana. The town, only a bare stretch of houses by the Little Big Horn River and not far from the Custer Battle Field, looked like a dreary enough place to spend the night. If there had been more cars on the road, I should have tried to move on. It doesn't take a professional hobo to acquire a certain evil craving to move on from place to place. (It is a corrupt form of the more polite "wanderlust".) Only a few hundred miles of hitch-hiking had put me into a petulant, dissatisfied state of mind where all that seemed attractive was the next town. But it was getting late, I was tired and thirsty, and I walked over to the back door of a nearby cottage to get a drink of water.

There, by her back door stood a brusque, middle-aged woman, scrubbing clothes in one of two great wash tubs which stood on a rude platform. A small boy who was bringing her a pail of water from the garden pump, struggled along the path, using both hands before him to carry his burden. When I asked for a drink of water, the woman quickly told the little boy, who was her son, to run and get me a dipperful at the pump. Then, going on with her washing, she asked me whether I was paying my own expenses or wanted to earn my supper. I jumped at the chance, and for half an hour's fetching and carrying, was given a fine summer supper, à la carte (for she asked me what I felt like eating) of egg nog, bread and butter and marmalade. My labors, which continued after supper, were easy and enjoyable. When the wash tubs were furnished with sufficient water, I carried more brimming buckets down to the front yard where my sturdy employer directed me to empty them gently into her little rock garden, into flower beds which lay enclosed in automobile tires, and onto the meagre patches of grass which she called her lawn.

THE WASHERWOMAN

There was still time for me to go down to the Little Big Horn River for a bath. The small boy told me where his favorite swimming hole was, and his mother gave me a note to take to a friend of hers who lived on the way. While I carried my suitcase into her ramshackle little house where she kindly allowed me to leave it for the time being, she spoke of the hardness of the times. Smoothing back her hair and hanging up her apron, she said, "There are so many boys trying to earn a living these days that can't. They come here, lots of 'em, and I always feed 'em. My, I feel sorry for 'em. You just can't *buy* a job these days, you know. Oh dear. So many people are hard up, I declare. But heavens, you know, I'm lucky, because I have this garden here and do washing for a lot of people in the village, too. I've got a *snap*."

I went down to the river for my swim and bath, leaving the laundry woman's message at the house she pointed out. If I hadn't been thinking about my good benefactress in the midst of my bath, the muddy current might not have swept away my little guest cake of Woodbury's soap which I had brought from Old Faithful Inn.

It happened that I earned another meal from the good woman before leaving Wyola. That meal was, naturally enough, breakfast early the following day, since the midnight freight for Lincoln, Nebraska, didn't stop for water as the railroad clerk maintained it would. After a night on the ground, it warmed my joints to flourish the pump handle again and to carry more pails of water to tub and flower bed. Seated at my friend's kitchen table with three fried eggs and several thick slices of bacon before me, I listened to her say, "Yes, you know I was wondering where you was going to spend the night. I just said to Jimmy, 'Why that boy could a-stayed here.' Here, let me pour you some more milk."

I left her with the kindest feelings in the world and to say the least, I shall never forget her. It seemed incredible that she should think she had a *snap*, living as she did, out in that lonely little town. Stop and see her if you ever go through Wyola.

Oliver F. Eggleston.

“Two Thousand Words Every Other Week”

A Lesson in Essay Writing

TWO thousand words every other week.” The other week had come, and I who had dreamed of being one of the brilliant dramatists of the century, I, who was going to become the greatest novelist of my generation, found myself approaching the task with an empty feeling in my head, and a hopeless sinking in my heart. Looking back over my life at this time, I found that the only things I had ever written of two thousand words or more were letters and philosophy themes. Had it come to the point where I should have to write Dr. Hotson a letter or a philosophy theme? I asked myself. I had already made as many translations as seemed proper, and still I found that I had nothing particular to say for myself. Moreover it was against my principle to force the muse. One should not write unless one had something to say, and when I had something to say of course I said it—in letters and philosophy themes. It was not right that Dr. Hotson should make me speak when I had no flaming mission to fulfill, I reflected bitterly.

Then I had nothing to say. I, the profound thinker, had nothing to say. No, of course that was absurd. All it meant was that those startling and original ideas which would later lighten the world like a flash of sunlight on a cloudy day, were still lying dormant in my mind; I would not release them until they were finally worked over in the perfection of detail, and polished with the reflection of a maturer mind. Of course if I chose to do so I would be able to write a brilliant and witty essay on practically any subject that was suggested. Yet despite myself I had certain misgivings. Two thousand words were a great many when you had to write them all yourself, though you could perhaps read them in two or three minutes. However, I had better try and see what I could do. Time was getting short and I wasn't getting any further. So I got up and took down my dictionary.

One of the history masters at the school to which I went was also a great English scholar, and it was under his influence that I bought “The Concise Oxford Dictionary.” I can remember quite clearly sitting 'round the fire in his room during a history class, while he discoursed upon its merits. He said that a dictionary was one of the most treasured pos-

TWO THOUSAND WORDS EVERY OTHER WEEK

sessions of the essayist, and told us that three great volumes comprised almost the entire furniture of Robert Lynd's little room in the offices of the *Daily News*. You could practically write an essay out of a dictionary he pointed out, and he became almost lyrical. To demonstrate he turned to the word "apple."—"A round fleshy fruit of a rosaceous tree," he read; and then "A. of discord"—why you could write an essay on this alone. "A. of Sodom, Dead-sea a., a. of the eye, a. brandy, a. butter, a.-cart." There was enough material here for half a dozen essays. Looking back on this scene I wondered if my worthy master had been thinking of not less than two thousand words.

I opened the dictionary; I shut my eyes; and I plunked my forefinger squarely down on the middle of the page. "Than," I read, "(than,-an), conj. (quasi-prep.) introducing second member of a comparison, as you are taller t. he (is), (colloq.) taller t. him . . ." It did not stop here, but that was enough for me. Perhaps a more gifted writer t. I (am), (colloq.) more gifted t. me, would be able to write an exquisitely humorous essay entitled "The Than." Why the title alone would assure it of publication in *Punch*. But the task was not for me.

I opened the dictionary again, and once again I plunked my finger. "Leibnitzian (lib), a. nd n. (Follower) of Leibnitz (d. 1716) or his philosophy (-ian)." I sat back and let my mind wander for a while. I might write a character study and story called "The Leibnitzian," it would certainly catch the eye. It would be about an old philosopher who was a devoted admirer of Leibnitz, even though he had never met him, who defended his name from all attacks. Naturally a recluse, when the philosophy of his master was attacked he would come forth to battle, and surprise all with the vigor of his eloquence. But finally the poor old man would become utterly obsessed with his hero worship and would become a psychopathic case. He would not be able to make both ends meet, and up there all alone in his little attic he would decide to *end it all*. So he would hang himself. Meanwhile the great philosopher himself will have heard of the old man, and will decide to visit him. With great difficulty he will find out where he lives, and slowly he will climb up the five dark flights of narrow stairs. Knocking at the door and receiving no answer he will then turn round and walk down again. Or perhaps it would be better for him to open the door and see the old fellow hanging there. Then he would rush forward and cut down his lifeless body, and go out and call the police. Or else he would pillow the white face in his arms, and the old man would open his eyes, and with his last breath whisper feebly, "My Master!" Reluctantly I faced the fact that it would not do. It would not even be a literary handspring. Moreover the whole thing would smack too much of philosophy, and I had decided not to write a philosophy theme.

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I opened the dictionary again. "Geese, see goose," I read. This seemed to me to be a trifle personal, but nevertheless I obeyed orders. "Goose, n. (pl. geese pr. g-). Kinds of web-footed bird between duck and swan in size, female of this (opp. GANDER), its flesh (all his are swans) he over-estimates; kill the g. that lays the golden eggs, sacrifice future profit to present necessities." There was a good deal more in the same vein, and I read on down through "COOK person's g." and "simpleton, whence goosey s.n.;" to "g-step, balancing drill taught to army recruits and much used in German Army." Here at last was the material I had been hunting for. Now I would be able to write my brilliant and witty essay, "The Goose." I sat back and lit a cigarette to let the thing take shape in my mind.

But when I had finished one cigarette, I found I had to light another one, for the inspiration had not come. I got up and wandered around the room, nervously picking things up and setting them down again. I went into the next room and watched two hands of bridge being played. And I stood and looked out past the smudge on the window to the green rolling turf of the campus. After my fourth cigarette I went and sat down again, and I took up my pencil and began to write.

"How often have we heard a mother scold her little girl when she cannot find something, or when she spills spinach on her party dress, 'Oh you little goose!' Five times out of six we think nothing of it. And yet how unjust are those words. Hard words spoken in haste are repented at leisure, and many mothers have perhaps seen the harshness and injustice of this epithet, 'Oh you little goose!' For why should a silly child be called a goose? Why not a hen, or a seagull? What has the gentle goose done to deserve so unkind a fate? For geese are the friends of man. If it were not for their quills, much of man's knowledge and wisdom gleaned through the centuries, might now be lying forgotten as their bones. And do not geese lay golden eggs? And did not the sacred geese save Rome? Geese are, in fact, admirable birds in every way; they lay larger eggs than leghorns, are more delicious than ducks, and less terrifying than turkeys. I have even heard of them being reared as pets to follow their master around and take food from the hand.

"Those of us who have had the care of pigs at one time or another know very well why certain men at certain times may be called pigs without doing violence to the nature of those worthy beasts. Similarly a clumsy man may rightly be called an elephant, or a strong man a horse. But why a silly person should be called a goose is beyond my understanding. Geese are actually quite intelligent birds. When they go for a walk together they keep together, and they do not stray about independently and irresponsibly in the way that hens do. They do not make a silly fuss when they lay eggs, telling the whole world where to find them. And

TWO THOUSAND WORDS EVERY OTHER WEEK

they do not arouse good people from their well deserved sleep some time in the small hours of the morning, as soon as the slightest glow brightens the horizon."

At this point I stopped to ruminate. The fact was that I found that I could not write any more. I had thought of bringing in a gay pastoral scene of some fair-headed country lass tending her flock of geese on a green mountain slope in the Vosges; I had thought of displaying my knowledge of things by mentioning casually that *paté de foi gras* was made from the livers of geese; but for the life of me I could think of no reasonable excuse for bringing in these subjects. I had shot my bolt. And then I learned my lesson; it came home to me with startling clarity: one simply can't write an essay out of an inventory; one must have some central point around which to build the structure of one's thought. And now geese seemed to be out of the question.

I felt that the dictionary had let me down pretty badly; I had hoped to reap a crop of golden words, and I had found only tares that cut my hand. I even tried my luck again, but I only found "Pozz (u) olani (potoolah-na,—towo-), n. Volcanic ash found near Pozzuoli, much used for hydraulic cement. (It.)" This confirmed my worst suspicions. Had the dictionary been a rather lighter one I think I should have thrown it across the room in disgust. Instead I laid it down by my side and gave myself up to black thoughts about Messrs. Fowler and Fowler.

In the life of one of the prophets I recall an incident in which the good man retired into a cave to meditate. And there came a great wind; and there came a great earthquake; and there came a great fire: and after the fire came a still, small voice. So it was with me. My mind had labored in agony, and had produced but one still-born offspring. But now after the anguish and the turmoil came a still, small voice, and I seemed to hear Dr. Hotson exhorting us to write from experience. "Each one of us has a large source of material within our own experiences," I seemed to hear him say, "and the only difficulty is to get outside the experience you want to describe and present it in the right perspective." And so I took up my pencil and began to write.

"Two thousand words every other week' . . ."

Patrick Hodgkin.

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THE HAVERFORDIAN

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Ballade

*Of old, it seemed conventional to say
(Desiring our green homage to express)
"Our Mother's ancient head is growing gray,"
Or, "Time hath silvered her with his caress."
But since ourselves the grizzling years confess
We speak with more discretion on the tongue—
For it is we, O brothers, who senesce—
Our Alma Mater is forever young.*

*Time, the great wind, has blown us far away:
We have learned sorrow, failure, and duress;
And mirth and marvel; but in her, today,
It is ourselves we see, in pristine dress—
Ideal selves, untarnished by distress,
Assured and eager, and the nerve high strung—
So, in her art to dedicate and bless
Our Alma Mater is forever young.*

*She bred us, boys of many-mingled clay,
And how we fare in upshot, none may guess:
Though some prove ace and king, some deuce and trey,
She catered with just hand, none more, none less.
We also thought ourselves important—yes,
The best for whom old Founders' bell had rung—
Therefore in laughter, precious to possess,
Our Alma Mater is forever young.*

Envoy

*O Quaker lady—may I say, Princess?
I sing thee as all cavaliers have sung—
Now, though we darken, do thee incandesce
And be, carissima, forever young!*

Christopher Morley.

Via Leiden

I CAME over in 1922, and in the winter of that year I skated on a pond for the first time in my life. I recall I was ashamed to write of it to my schoolchums in The Hague, for we had always agreed amongst ourselves that only fancy-skaters and girls would submit to the shame of going around and around in a foolishly endless circle when you might hunt for adventure along the spiderweb of canals that spreads from the diked polders of South Holland to the lake-country of Friesland.

We used to pass The Hague Golf Club that was flooded every year to make a rink for the fine ladies and fat gentlemen of the club, and we used to sneer at them as we passed them on the canal on our way to school.

Here I was, skating around and around on Concourse Lake in Fairmount Park, coming back every five minutes to the place I started so that finally I got to know by heart where each crack in the ice was. To make it worse every one stared at me. I still had my Dutch skates made of wood except for the runners, and they tied on with leather straps; and in the end, when I was no longer indignant enough to be stubborn I became self-conscious and went home. The next year I began to skate for the Philadelphia team and had to admit that my wood-topped skates with the runners not even projecting beyond the heel were too slow in fast company; so now I have three pairs of Belfay Specials, tubular skates, made by hand, twelve and a half, fourteen, and sixteen inches long. I'm told that in Holland, too, the wooden skates will soon be museum curiosities. Jaap Timmer, who lives in Groningen now, wrote me lately and bragged of his new all-metal skates imported from America. He and I together learned to skate on the Schenk, each holding onto and pushing a kitchen-chair on the ice till we grew proud enough to scratch wobblingly away under our own balance.

I was thinking back on this as I put a fresh coating of vaseline on the cold blades of the Belfays the other night and looked along the razor-like edges to see if none of them had begun to serpentine. They do sometimes, perfect though they're said to be. There was none of the feeling about them that I had when my mother bought me my first skates in the little shop in the Anna van Buerenstraat. The Belfays are nothing but fast pieces of steel, and when you look along their narrow straightness against the light you do not see the brown-black ice of a

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grass-banked canal with a windmill at the end; but only the drab layer with which they cover the cement surface of the indoor course and the four wooden blocks not far enough apart, so that the only thing to remind you of a windmill as you bank around them is the inside of your head.

It was while doing away with a spot of rust on one of them that my mind ran back to the first time I had seen the new type of skates.

* * * *

The weather, even for Holland, was cold that year, so that the ice was thick enough for a heavy horse-drawn sleigh to go safely where it pleased, and the head of the school gave us a skating-holiday because he knew that most of us would suddenly have had to go to the funerals of our grandmothers who usually died about that time.

There were four of us of about the same age—Jan Kooyman, Pim, his brother, Adriaan Blanker, and I. Jan Kooyman was tall and lanky and always set the pace at the head of the pole. Pim and Adriaan usually skated in the middle and I would hang on to the end. Jan, Pim, and I always got along pretty well and we tolerated Adriaan because he could beat any of us and the year before had been rather a help in winning the school-race for four-men teams. He was all right but his father had money and it made a difference. We planned to go to Gouda the next morning, and after we had made all the arrangements we all three of us noticed the satisfied smirk on Adriaan's face that he always wore when he was going to surprise us unpleasantly, but we knew it wouldn't do any good to ask him about it so we didn't say anything.

Early the next day we all met at the Kooymans'. Adriaan was late and when he came walking up the street we saw that he had a pair of funny things in his hands with shoes attached to them. Of course, we knew that they must be skates and he told us his father had given them to him for St. Nicholas. The blades ran out about five centimeters beyond the toe and ended at least two centimeters behind the heel. They were entirely of metal and nickel-plated all over and they looked queer and very gaudy. He bragged about them as we walked down to the Schenk and said they were twice as fast as the old skates the rest of us had to use, but we laughed at him and in a little while he shut up because he was out of breath.

I was glad I was the last one on the pole because there was a stabbing wind blowing from the north and the others could break the wind for me. The good thing about skating on a pole is that if the ice breaks you can just hold on. Then, too, you can soldier along for a while when you get tired just as you can loaf along in an eight-oared shell, but you couldn't do it with us because right away somebody would notice the drag on the pole.

VIA LEIDEN

After getting to Leiden we would turn east for Gouda where we would probably spend the night and buy the long clay pipes that were the trophies of the trip. Afterwards you gave them to your father to smoke tobacco in or to your sister to blow bubbles with.

Everything went rather well until we got to Voorburg where they had kept the windmills pumping to keep the water from freezing. First they break the young ice and then they try to float the big white cakes down the canal; but the weather had won over the windmills and the chunks of ice had frozen together again so that now the canal looked like a piece of sugar under a microscope. By spreading your toes out and running on the inside edges of your skates it did not take long to get over this quarter mile of bad ice; but Adriaan was afraid to hurt the new skates. Of course, he had to take his shoes off too, because they were part of the skates, and he began to walk along the frozen ground of the meadows in his stockinged feet. Jan asked him if we might carry him, and Adriaan said go to hell. He didn't say go to hell, he said *ga naar de duivel*, but it means the same thing.

We waited for him where the ice smoothed out again, and after he had laced his shoes up he took his place on the pole. He didn't say anything, but I could see his temper was up over Jan's sarcasm. After skating along for a short time he let go the stick and skated past us to show how fast his skates were. We behaved as if we hadn't known him since the day he was born, and I moved up on the pole so the wind wouldn't make my eyes water.

Whenever Adriaan got so far ahead of us that we could no longer see more of him than a speck he waited for us sitting on the edge of the ice. Then he would go ahead again. He kept this up for a long time. I suppose he meant to get even with us for our lack of respect for his skates, but we paid no attention to him although we hated him for showing us up.

It wasn't long before we could see the churchtowers of Leiden and in another half hour we passed some of the first houses. Adriaan was skating a little ahead rather close to the willows that stooped over the canal and all of a sudden he disappeared under the ice as if some one had been standing on the bottom and had snatched him by the legs.

There are no fire hydrants in Holland because all the firemen have to do is to run the hose into the nearest canal. During cold weather they cut holes in the ice about a yard square. When it is cold enough for the water to freeze even while the sun is up the holes are filmed over with a thin fleece of ice; and the holes can't be seen unless they are marked with red flags. There usually are no red flags, so that it is better to skate on a pole.

When we got to the hole we didn't see Adriaan at first; but Jan, who was skating wildly around, suddenly saw him. Pim stood ready

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with the long stick, and I rushed to Jan who was sweeping his arms motioning towards the hole. Adriaan was swimming under the ice, but he was swimming obliquely away from the square of open water. There was no reason why he should have known in what direction to swim, and, of course, he never thought of turning on his back to look up at us through the ice because he was frantic with holding his breath and with fright. He began to move his arms and legs faster and faster, swimming first in one direction and then another. We followed him on top of the ice, and then we saw some large bubbles of air come up against the ice and flatten out below us. He looked like some big fish behind the thick glass of an aquarium as he waved his arms a few seconds longer; then his face turned up toward us and he floated very still, a little under the ice. His feet must have touched bottom then. It was shallow there, and he might even have walked back to the hole instead of trying to swim if he had not been scared to death.


Jan happened to see Pim just in time taking off his coat to jump under the ice, so he did a racing-start around the square of water and clipped Pim and then held him by the arms. Jan knew it was too late and that it was a crazy thing for his brother to do. He yelled at Pim to go for help, and Pim started out on the fastest race he'd ever skated, but he must have known it wasn't any good.

The thing is that when you see some one die like that the only feeling you have is the feeling of wonder at not feeling anything. Jan and I just stared at the ice and after a while we picked up some big stones on the ground and tried to break the ice with them, but we might as well have tried to smash the door of a safe.

Pim came back with several men who carried crowbars, a pick, and a long plank; and after a little work they broke through the ice and carried Adriaan's body to a nearby house. We stayed till the doctor came, but of course, he couldn't do anything. We told them who we were, and after a while we skated back to The Hague to tell his father.

René Blanc-Roos.





The Stranger at Emily's

JULIAN EYRE stood in a corner of the vast, shadowy living room and watched Emily's party. A sudden sense of detachment had seized him. The party was successful. Everyone, including Emily herself, was enjoying it. But Julian felt himself rebelling against its inconsequential gayety. The familiar joy in the mere presence of his friends failed him tonight. Such things, and everything else that the evening could give him, seemed hollowly inadequate to the mood which had come upon him. It was all narrow, restricted, bound. It seemed to him that life—real life—was passing him by, while he stood passive in a room filled with friends and strangers, while the rain poured down outside. Somewhere, out in the glamorous, rainy night that he had passed through so heedlessly on his way here, people *lived*. Experience beckoned from beyond the horizon.

A hand touched his shoulder. It was Emily, introducing new arrivals. How colorless they seemed, seen through this evening's eyes, how combed and brushed and smoothed into nothingness. No, wait. Here was a person, strangely real. Short, blond hair, a young face, blue eyes, a slight, fragile body. She put out her hand, but seemed almost to be shrinking from him as he took it. What was it about her . . . she seemed as if she expected to be hurt, the way her eyes watched every movement. Such eyes! She stared at Julian, her mouth compressed, thinking he was not looking, then hastily looked away when he caught her eyes.

"Did Emily say your name was Mrs. Stone?"

"Yes."

"Shall we dance?"

They moved out into the centre of the room and paused for a minute, waiting for the music to begin.

"I'm not a very good dancer."

Nor was she. She was not stiff, but there was no response in her . . . What was she thinking? She neither spoke nor looked at him. He wondered at his sudden interest in her, this negative person.

Yet—there must be something to her. No one else would have dared not to talk during the first dance. It was unequivocally the right thing to do, but no one did it, ever. And he certainly had nothing to say tonight to anyone. Was she—could it be that she was the intelligent,

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sensitive person you were going to meet some day? The one who would know you and feel no necessity to tell you that she knew. She *looked* as if she might be.

"Shall we stop dancing?" Her voice broke in upon his thoughts, reminding him that she was a person of whose motives he knew nothing. He led her to the sun-room, where the rain clattered on the tin roof and the glass panes. They sat close to each other in order to make themselves heard. But conversation did not begin . . . He was deceived, of course. It was all an accident, this seemingly skilful acquiescence to his mood. In a moment she would betray her complete obliviousness to what he was thinking. She would begin to babble, to ask the conventional questions.

"Are these people I have been meeting tonight all friends?"

What did this mean? "No, not all. Some of us are friends, the rest are acquaintances that we go on parties with."

"Is Miss Evans your friend?"

"Emily? Yes, one of my best."

"You are alike."

"Do you like Emily?"

"I barely know her." She spoke with a quick, nervous jerkiness, looking at him out of the corner of her eye. Was she ill at ease? No, the nervousness seemed to come from something within her, something she could not forget. "I talked to her for some time when we first met, but I haven't seen her since. I think I like her, though. She's interesting."

"What is it that makes you think we are alike?"

Again the frightened look, the swift averting of her eyes. But she answered coolly. "There is something incomplete about you, a sort of—roving, inquiring dissatisfaction. Both of you listen and talk well, but all the time part of you is paying no attention. It's off somewhere, seeking."

It was, then, not people that she feared,—at least, not such as he. She analyzed impersonally enough—truly enough. But—this was crazy. They had been talking ten minutes and already she knew him by heart, could hold him up between thumb and finger.

Perhaps she had known him the moment she saw him. Perhaps she had been watching him when she first came in and had sucked his thoughts from his tell-tale face.

Don't question. This is something you've never known before. You said you wanted to learn, to experience. This is your chance. She has something for you.

"Shall we ever find what we are looking for, do you think?"

All at once she seemed to collapse into herself. Her eyes stared at

THE STRANGER AT EMILY'S

him, unseeing. But it was not from him that she shrank. What he had said had stirred some memory, some premonition—no, it was unfathomable. Whatever she felt, she betrayed nothing as she spoke, faintly:

"Yes—you will find it."

"Then you know what it is we want?"

"Yes, I know."

"What is it?"

She smiled slightly at his tone. "*You* don't know then?"

No. He didn't know.

"You want—experience. You want to feel, to suffer and exult, to live a thousand lives and die a thousand deaths; to torture, and be tortured; to have each day one of intensity. You are tired of small, slight emotions."

She knew! "Yes, that's it. But how can you be sure that I'll—that it will come to me?"

For a moment the cloud which oppressed her lifted. She looked at him thoughtfully.

"Because I was like you ten years ago."

"How old are you?", he asked in astonishment.

"Thirty."

Thirty. The childlike face, the frightened eyes.

"How old are you?", she said suddenly.

"Nineteen."

"Yes." She was looking back at that time. "Yes, I was like you ten years ago. I wanted something far away, that I could lay my hands on, not—the slight, the imperceptible present . . . So I said to myself, I'm going to live."

As quickly as it had come, the momentary peace vanished. Her eyes fixed upon some distant terror that was closing down upon her, her face drew taut, and suddenly he saw a thousand lines and hollows appear upon it. She looked as if she had been ravaged by an endless and painful disease. Her strained voice spoke to the air, not to him.

"And I did! I got what I wanted and what you are wanting now. I left behind my comfortable, unconscious youth and plunged into the life I wanted. Everything I had desired became real. I suffered pain, denial, love, boredom, frustration. It was all suffering and it almost killed me. I would give my soul not to have experienced it!"

Her voice stopped. She turned her quivering, scarred face away.

Richard E. Griffith.

Three Poems Almost Sonnets

I

*Youth sees with tears the passing moment go
Beyond his sight. What store of it he keeps
In memory's leaky cupboard only serves
To whet his thirst too keenly. And youth weeps,
Frantically clutches at the moods that pass,
Waylays the future, seeks with nets of words
To snare the fleeting moments and pin down
The flowing winds, the rapid flight of birds.*

*But old men find a visible dimension
In time. Familiar birds no longer dart
Into the void. To age they seem to have flown
Along the hills for centuries. In his veins
Age hears the trees' slow pulse, and in his heart
He feels the awful permanence of stone.*

II

*If you must blame the earth, do not berate
The innocent cruelty of living things
Hungry for flesh, or cats that copulate
Rudely, before the wide eyes of small boys.
Say only this: there are dark ways of fate.
Rome yearned for too much power, and Rome is dead.
Christ once loved man too much and died. And Keats
Lived more intensely than his body could.*

*Say only this: all things upon the earth
Hunger to live too deeply or too long.
So in our life the soul (loathing the burden
Of endless bliss) prays that the faltering body,
Only a little longer than it can,
Bear it among familiar paths of song.*

SONNET

III

*Mohammedans found bathing hide their heads;
The Indian covers her feet, and the Caucasian
Bares only her head and feet. And so our fathers
Teach us to shun these things, though none the same.
And so it is the old man goes before God,
Saying, I never knew any of life
Except the head and feet, and now, already
Dead, I come before you seeking bliss.*

*And only nature does not turn aside
To shun the lovely flesh; only the earth
Observes the secrets without muddy thoughts.
O innocent one, O earth, teach me to be
As all-accepting; persuade me to love
Both power and grace: the hawk as well as the dove.*

James D. Hoover.



Sonnet

*How very high the ocean is tonight!
The moon has broken through the rifted clouds
That bar the wild sky; while the silver light,
Long storm-pent, pours in rapture from its shrouds.
Full, full, and radiant the strong tide swells
Wave after wave along the level shore.
Deeply the rollers roar and in me wells
A strong free echo in my being's core.
I live, it seems, in one great harmony,
One deep-toned, modulated flow of sound,
Rising and falling in the wind-swept sea,
Restrained, then rushing forth. Oh, all around
I feel the Restless powers that emit
The mighty music of the infinite!*

Edward O. Parry.



On Not Keeping a Diary

"He told me that he had twelve or fourteen times attempted to keep a journal of his life, but could never persevere. He advised me to do it. 'The great thing to be recorded (said he) 'is the state of your own mind; and you should write down everything that you remember, for you cannot judge at first what is good or bad; and write immediately while the impression is fresh, for it will not be the same a week afterwards.'"

—*Boswell's Life of Johnson.*

Diarists, critics, and similar roe,
Never say nothing and never say no.

—*Dorothy Parker.*

THERE has been enough nonsense and fanaticism written about the joys and the profits of keeping a diary and I propose to take my poor stand against it. Let me first declare that I speak *a posteriori*, I have been through the mill and know what it is like. It is like eating of the loco weed.

One of the first evil temptations toward a life hounded by memoirs was a little note prefixed to the title page of my sister's five-year diary which she got for Christmas in 1923. It was a harmless looking little note, in a style much like that of Louisa May Alcott. It had to do with "that most interesting book which *you*, dear reader," are to have on your bookshelf some day—"a book that nobody else will ever be able to own." (Or would be found dead with, I say.) "That book will be written by *you!*" After this totally deceptive start the note went on with the usual grounds for keeping a diary. The little transient acts of each day which slip by unnoticed should be jotted down for rereading by far away future fire-places. Murrain take the day I read those sentences! I have enough little daily occurrences not at beck and call on my book shelves to fill half a dozen Arnold Bennett novels. They will go with me to my grave, for the diary disease has gone too deep into my skeleton to let me destroy them. And worse than that, I can't stop. My brain has strangely turned. I now actually *believe* that all those little things I did and thought about not only are interesting, but will be important material for me to "draw on" some day. If I can't help myself, perhaps I can keep someone else from falling into the same slough.

My diary was innocent enough when I started it, but the evil spirit was upon me from the first. For every evening when I wrote down the occurrences of the preceding twenty-four hours, I had a lurking antici-

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pation for the future library of these facts which I hoped to complete. I saw myself writing another *David Copperfield* by doing its separate pages as I went along. When the time came, and Dora was dead and I had married Agnes, I would only have to collect and fit them together like the pieces of a jig-saw puzzle. This rather demented optimism drove me on for five years.

All the same, if I had continued to think of my diary as a jig-saw puzzle, I might have been spared the worse hallucinations that were to come. After I had been going on rather humbly for several years, filling up page after page in small day-by-day diaries of standard make, I began to have what I thought were ideas, and decided they as well as doings should go down on paper. Since there obviously wasn't room enough for both ideas and happenings in one of these small books, I bought a tablet and wrote on its first page in large letters: "Journal." Here I released some hatred for the public school system, put in some remarks about how nice it would be to play a banjo, and drew characterizations of my friends and enemies. Having few ideas, I filled few pages, and often I would forget about the "Journal" for months at a time. The tables turned at the close of the first five autobiographical years. My sister, who had taken some courses in industrial art, cut and bound a diary for me of about twice the size of the former ones. What's more, the pages were unlined; there was nothing to prevent cramped penmanship. I think it was the sight of all those seductive white pages that caused my brain to snap. At any rate I determined to put away my "Journal" and incorporate the whole trend of my being, incidental, psychical, and profane, into the glistening new book. This was my undoing.

Circumstances only helped the new notion to turn its deadly course. Although six months of it under ordinary conditions nearly brought me to my senses, I left college for a year and found so many new things to write about that I was once more hypnotized and kept at it slavishly. Introspective and critical chapters began to loom up on the Autobiographical horizon, the lines in the diary itself began to creep closer together to let in more words, and more hours of the day were eaten up in the horrible task. As Christmas approached that year, I wrote my sister and asked for a bigger diary.

The new book, more attractive than ever, was the beginning of the end. My visionary Autobiography blew itself into crazy shapes. It began to look like *A History of the Revolt of the Netherlands*, Theodore Dreiser's *Dawn* and a time-table all rolled in one. When two months later the Depression separated me from my job, I took to cutting great sections out of each day to spend in scribbling. Now that I think of those days, I can't see how I had time to eat my meals or blow my nose which was always running. Lack of ideas had long since ceased to trouble me.

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I found I could take a bantam thought and spend as much time pulling it apart as a biologist spends dissecting a worm. The jig-saw puzzle was out of my mind; each day had to be a picture by itself. From pencil sketches, these pictures grew to monstrous murals. The end was not far off. I returned to college and had other things to do. Terrified by the idea of not finishing it, I began to scribble abortive notes on little slips of paper, intending to "transmute" them into more diary pages "when I got time." The solemn truth exposed itself in a month or two that there were only twenty-four hours in each day. This particular diary was murdered then and there.

Since I couldn't imagine eating and sleeping without having a diary to worry about, I asked my sister to make me another. This one was to have no equalized allotment of a page to a day. I would *average* a page a day. But the whole thing lost its *élan vital*. I was too groggy after my wild diary drunk to keep at it very long. At present the pigeon-holes of my desk are littered with little laconic messages from past days. They apparently keep coming in. Now and then I examine them as if they were old Babylonian clay bricks. And once in a great while a buzzing comes into my head and the old fever comes back at full tilt. In a daze I clear off my desk, lock the door, and get down the new diary and transmute for two or three hours . . .

Take heed, reader, and be not bitten by the viper of autobiography. Once you have the *David Copperfield* disease, or more properly, *The Autobiography of Abraham Zilch* disease, you will cease to be *homo sapiens*. Your passions and headaches will become more chapters and pages in your book to be. You will find yourself doing extraordinary things to tease your future readers. The lessons you learn by hard, bitter experience will resolve themselves into moralizing paragraphs sitting grimly at the heels of most of the exciting parts of your autobiography. As you pass from one stage of your life to another which you swear is going to be more noble, you will blush to find that you are just rounding an old autobiographical curve which you should have rounded some time before. Your days will become rows of type and the shadow of the publisher will hang over your whole life.

The idea of keeping a diary fortunately does not attack everybody. If it did, we should all be scribes and Pharisees of our own holy writ instead of honest human beings. As long as the keepers of diaries stay in a cult of their own, as they seem always to have done, public life will not be endangered. These high priests of chronological knick-knacks as I now bitterly call all the wretches, including myself, who keep diaries, may go on filling their books with their past life without hurting other people, but let them not boast of it! Oh I know them for what they are, these writers of diaries. Behold! and the evening and the morning were the second

ON NOT KEEPING A DIARY

day, and down to a dozen idle buttonings of vest and tyings of shoelaces, to add another page to My Book. The myth of My Book must surely come to its day of reckoning sometime. Some prophet will denounce it along with other heathen religions, but until that day, reader, control yourself. Shun the diary.

Let me leave you with the eloquent words of Fielding who addresses his reader at the beginning of the second book of *Tom Jones*:

“Though we have properly enough entitled this our work, a history, and not a life, nor an apology for a life, as is more in fashion; yet we intend in it rather to pursue the method of those writers who profess to disclose the revolutions of countries, than to imitate the painful and voluminous historian, who, to preserve the regularity of his series, thinks himself obliged to fill up as much paper with the detail of months and years in which nothing remarkable happened, as he employs upon those notable eras when the greatest scenes have been transacted on the human stage.

Such histories as these do, in reality, very much resemble a newspaper, which consists of just the same number of words, whether there be any news in it or not. They may likewise be compared to a stage-coach, which performs constantly the same course, empty as well as full. The writer, indeed, seems to think himself obliged to keep even pace with time, whose amanuensis he is; and, like his master, travels as slowly through centuries of monkish dullness when the world seems to have been asleep, as through that bright and busy age so nobly distinguished by the excellent Latin poet . . .

Now it is our purpose, in the ensuing pages, to pursue a contrary method. When any extraordinary scene presents itself (as we trust will often be the case), we shall spare no pains nor paper to open it at large to our reader; but if whole years should pass without producing anything worthy his notice, we shall not be afraid of a chasm in our history, but shall hasten on to matters of consequence and leave such periods of time totally unobserved.”

Oliver F. Eggleston.



EDITORIAL

ALTHOUGH the festivities of Centenary Day made us feel chagrined that we had no particular exhibit of our efforts to add to the widespread exhibits of all other Haverford activities on that sublime occasion, we nevertheless think that whatever we might have offered at the time would have been too humble to have been worth while. Ephemeral issues would, we supposed, be treated adequately by others whose business it is to treat ephemeral issues. Our business, we decided, with a burst of insight, must be to treat the lasting issues, or at least those of the second century. We intend to do this some few months hence, when the troubled grass before and behind Barclay Hall has grown out of remembrance of booth and tent.



Once more we invite undergraduates to submit contributions. The somewhat thinned HAVERFORDIAN board needs new Menckens, Masefields, and Morleys to take over its offices, and students who are interested should make the most of the opportunity. Besides stories, essays, and poems, we shall be glad to have personal experiences, critical articles (whether they be literary, philosophical, or political), or rich, modulated poems in prose. Our only suggestion at present is that the contributing undergraduate first examine his soul and then hunt out a typewriter. In general, those contributions which have been rejected in the past by the HAVERFORDIAN board, have been fantastic things reflecting no true acquaintance of the writer with his subject. Nevertheless write. The HAVERFORDIAN is your chance to find out what it is like.



BOOKS

HAVERFORD COLLEGE. A HISTORY AND AN INTERPRETATION, By Rufus Jones.

THE writing of an occasional College History is a thankless job. With the exceptions of Centenaries and "Did-You-Know-That?" articles, the past of the College is ignored in the busy life of the present. But this latest work by Rufus Jones is more than a history: it is literally an interpretation; an interpretation which has been hung on a skeleton of historical fact. It is not, and never will be used as a mine of minutiae, but for character sketches and reminiscences, it is an Eldorado. This history is not cold, critical, impersonal, matter-of-fact. It is intensely personal. The book is Rufus Jones: if you have found the man "learned without ostentation," sympathetic, interesting, humorous, so will the book be to you. If you go to Ethics because you want to, you'll read and reread this book.

Some of the men who buy copies will have them signed by the author, will read them through once, will feel disappointed, and will store the book for life in some conspicuous place where the autograph will show. The book is not a grand collection of stories about the crazy monkeyshines of an everchanging student body. There are a few of these; perhaps in just proportion to the effect that such affairs have had on the College. Those that have been included are apt. "Some students one night, years ago now, went to Mr. Hirst's neighbouring pasture and brought two donkeys up into the long corridor of old Barclay, before the partitions divided the Hall into sections. The donkeys 'he-hawed' and 'woke the dead' as they raced back and forth from end to end of the long parade. The next morning at Collection, which fortunately I happened to attend, the President (Isaac Sharpless), with his eyes full of mysterious twinkles said: 'When Senior— and Junior— (actually giving the names) wish in the future to hobnob with their friends, the donkeys, I hope they will go to the pasture to visit them and not bring their friends into Barclay Hall where they disturb others.'"

T. S. Brown.

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LITTLE MAN, WHAT NOW? By Hans Fallada.

Little Man, What Now? a translation from the German of Hans Fallada, should be of great interest to students of the vicissitudes which Germany has undergone since the first World War. In his portrayal of the Pinnebergs, a young couple, typical of the "white collar" class, Herr Fallada presents a splendid study of the confusion and despair which, before the advent of Hitler, prevailed in the largest and most important of Germany's social elements: the lower *bourgeoisie*. The simple conversational style of the novel produces an effect of intense realism which makes the reader feel that every side of middle-class German life has been photographed faithfully by an unbiased cameraman. Besides his capacity as sociologist, the author shows keen understanding and sympathy in presenting the humor and gloom, the passion and pathos of the domestic life of the Pinnebergs. One might complain that some of the incidents are maudlin, that the character delineations are incomplete or unconvincing, that the captions of the chapters are unnecessary to the point of being silly, and that the division into chapters is arbitrary and makes for an episodic effect. Yet, these defects seem trivial when compared to such brilliant characterizations as those of Frau Mia Pinneberg and her paramours, and to the heart-rending note of gloom sounded in the final measures of the book. By displaying the social and personal relationships of the "little man," then, Hans Fallada proposes the searching question: little man, what now?; the answer rests with the outcome of the Hitler régime.

ANTHONY ADVERSE, By Hervey Allen.

HERVEY ALLEN portrays in ANTHONY ADVERSE the struggle of a man to free himself of the entangling web of life and to determine his own destiny independently. That he has set the scene in Napoleonic Europe is what saves the book from being just another romantic novel. The main theme, the development of Anthony's character, is handled well only in spots; at times one feels that the author has set himself a task beyond his abilities—the situations do not impress one as they should. But the setting, in which it is obvious that Mr. Allen is as fascinated as this his reader, is done extremely well. Genoa, Cuba, Africa, Europe, or Louisiana, he has blown into them again life as it was a hundred years ago, teeming with all the varied details of human affairs. An astonishing percentage of his facts are correct, and he has shown great skill in weaving into them the fiction of Anthony Adverse.

John A. Church, III.

CINEMA

A SLOW, episodic film rich in authoritative detail is what John Krimsky and Fifford Cochran have made of O'Neill's *THE EMPEROR JONES*. There is in it almost none of the taut horror which was the play's chief instrument in interesting an audience in the psychological degeneration of a negro. The mood of such a play cannot be expanded without loss of impact, and the addition of scenes from Jones' early life to the climacteric jungle sequence has diffused the force of that sequence and robbed it of much of its significance. The attempt to explain Jones' character more fully by showing its formation during his early years has had the curious result of making his later actions somewhat inexplicable. For it is close to inconceivable that the gentleman of the opening of the film should become the brutal savage of its end, no matter what the intervening circumstances. But though this structural fault prevents this version of *THE EMPEROR JONES* from being what it might have been had a more practiced scenarist than Dubose Heyward been employed, it is far above the usual Hollywood product and is full of such secondary excellences as the acting of Paul Robeson and Dudley Digges, authentic glimpses of negro life in the South, and isolated bits of fine camerawork provided by the brilliant but erratic director, Dudley Murphy.

Fritz Lang's "*M*," which played at the Europa for two weeks early this fall, must have surprised many who saw it, for it established the screen as as great a medium for the revelation of character as the novel has always been. This, of course, is no news to those who remember the great German character studies of the silent days—*THE LAST LAUGH*, *VARIETY*, *FAUST*—but the flood of semi-sophisticated superficiality turned out in these dialogue days has caused the majority to regard the film as something on a par with the radio and sometimes below it in entertainment value. "*M*" is an echo of the great period of German films both in subject and in treatment. A psychopathic child murderer terrorizes Berlin until he is tracked down and caught by the organized criminals of the city who are suffering from the suddenly increased vigilance of the police—these are the facts which form the story. Upon this basis, Lang constructs his analysis of the character in three episodes the first depicting the crimes of the murderer from an impersonal standpoint, the second showing the murderer's own emotions, the final one presenting his desperate plea in his own defense before the impromptu court of criminals which brings him to trial. "I can't help myself, some-

thing makes me do it," he cries out in futile rebellion; you feel that it is true and realize that you really know little about human beings. This, however, is but a piece in the wonderful mosaic. In a slow, inevitable, patterned progress, Lang and Peter Lorre, his chief actor, take you into the soul of a man possessed by a lust which completely controls him but brings him not even a moment's happiness. Terror and despair are there, and an incommunicably dignified beauty. The only fault to be found with this film is that it is over-detailed. Lang loves his camera *too* well; he cannot permit it to pass anything by.

Richard E. Griffith.

D R A M A

Turnstile

ONE cannot deny that "world première" has a much more impressive ring than the commoner phrase "new play." Realizing this box-office value, Jasper Deeter and his cronies of the Hedgerow Theatre blossomed forth on the twenty-third of September with a world première of a play entitled "Turnstile" by one Verne Jay. What's more, this play was advertised as taking place on four different stages. The Lilliputian size of the Hedgerow Theatre made me exceedingly curious as to how this feat was to be accomplished without knocking out the sides of the old mill-theatre.

I was surprised—and pleasantly so. On the stage level were three sets; the two at the sides hardly larger than the top of my desk, but nevertheless separate and distinct. Occupying the stage proper was a larger set, and behind this, elevated some four feet, was an object vaguely suggesting a subway entrance—the turnstile. This stage might be said to represent limbo, waiting-room between life on the three sets below, and death off somewhere in the wings. When people died down below they reappeared shortly at the turnstile.

The attention of the audience is shifted from one picture to another with an amazing rapidity and, for the most part, with a pleasing dexterity. Stark tragedy on the middle stage is relieved from time to time by touches of humor from the small side stages. The burden of suspense rests upon three expectant mothers on the three respective stages. Occasionally the audience is afforded the unique opportunity of seeing the near-children waiting to pass through the turnstile. It is merely a matter of time. One may be momentarily puzzled over the fact that these embryos already walk and talk, but the tempo of this play is such that there is little time for riddle-solving.

DRAMA

"Turnstile" marks the professional debut of Miss Del McMaster, Bryn Mawr graduate, who will be remembered for her fine performances in "Berkeley Square" and other Haverford-Bryn Mawr productions. In "Turnstile," Miss McMaster gets the very best out of a part which does justice neither to her talent nor to the author's ability.

There is a great deal of really fine dramatic material in the play. Too much, in fact. In this one piece there is enough drama for some three plays, two of which are blurred by the very quantity crammed into one evening's entertainment. For all that, this business of life and death amused and thrilled me from beginning to end. "Turnstile" is well worth seeing.

J. E. Truex.

AS THOUSANDS CHEER is apparently the culminated perfection of the topical revue. The blistering satire of Moss Hart and the smoothly appealing music of Irving Berlin are familiar contributions to this type of entertainment, but this product of their collaboration achieves a unity unknown before by taking a newspaper headline as the subject for each sketch. The revue is the best means the theatre has devised for taking notice of what currently engages the attention of its audiences, and each successive production is bringing it nearer to the top of its form. Clifton Webb, Marilyn Miller, Helen Broderick, and Ethel Waters are everybody's old favorites, but they have never had better opportunities than are here provided for them. You who live in New York will see this next holidays, and you'll go back a second time to see Miss Miller do her imitation of Lynn Fontanne—if you can get seats.

In the lives of the descendants of the Puritans, Yankee business acumen sometimes conflicts with stern New England morality—so says the author of *THE LATE CHRISTOPHER BEAN*, a play which depicts the reactions of the family of a New England country doctor to the news that the paintings, which they possess, of a deceased painter whom they despised as a ne'er-do-well during his lifetime, have suddenly become immensely valuable. Most of the time it looks as if business sense is going to triumph over ethics, but other elements are concerned and they effect a happy ending, leaving with you the feeling that *that* part of the play doesn't matter much anyhow. What does matter is harder to speak of. Pauline Lord is one of those actresses who make it so difficult to establish anything like an absolute critical standard. She is always revealing more of the reality of her characters than you would have thought it possible for acting to reveal. Here she has a quiet rôle, but she finds gold where another performer would have thought it unprofitable to delve. Effie Shannon, Walter Kingsford, and William Lawson are good too.

Richard E. Griffith.

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Autumn Song

*Witness, heart, fall's offerings:
See the millioned grasses die,
Catch the everlasting rain,
Feel the fierce winds riding high,
Suffer the sharp clutch of frost,
(April lust is spent and lost)
Sense what iron death has won,
(Summer's wars are waged and done).
This is what is left to you.
Heart, your heedless life is through.*

*We have spent it, you and I,
(Never knowing it would cease),
Running toward a phantom cry,
Dreaming not of narrowed lease.
Thus we sped too eagerly,
Never stopped to sense or see,
That, with the quick seasons' roll,
We had won too near the goal.
Now we know the end of flight:
It is autumn, it is night!*

Richard E. Griffith.

“Except Ye Become As Little Children”

I FIND, as I look back on the days of my early schooling, that there was a time when I was most unhappy. I cannot think of that period of my life without getting rather angry. I was still in a very receptive state, very young, and not of very strong character. So much good might have been done for me and by me had I not been perverted by my environment! The training I received at that time was so contrary to the general trend of society that it took years of countertraining to neutralize its effect. In fact the experience has made me feel very, very sorry for myself, and whenever I think of it I sentimentalize over the conditions under which I existed. A new order has come in and I think the youngsters there are much happier now.

Most of our unhappiness was due to the inefficiency of our caretaker. We hated her in a blind, unthinking, animal fashion. We knew that she was unfair to us, that she didn't understand us, and that we were helpless. She was a weak-minded, middle-aged woman whose mental stability had been profoundly shaken by the recent death of her dearly-beloved husband. He had taken care of us (or rather of my immediate predecessors) so well that, without him, she was utterly lost. It was certain that she had no talent for the task in hand. Her impotence was coupled with absolute jurisdiction over us from which we had no appeal. She meant no harm. Once or twice a year she even arranged "feeds" for us at which we stuffed our little animal bellies with cake and ice cream. The impetus of this carnal satisfaction was meant to keep our respect for her alive till the next orgy occurred.

But there we were: some fifteen boys ranging from eight to fourteen living together in a large double house which had been converted into a dormitory for the "younger students." We called it the "Stone Jail" and we used the term with feeling. During the time I stayed there (the length of my stay is unknown to me) I lived in a large third floor room that had sloping walls and a low ceiling. I never got to know the other rooms in the building very well for all our "leisure" time was spent in our own rooms in peace and quiet with no visiting allowed except on rare occasions. The "second floor gang" was distinct from the "third floor gang," but we all knew each other fairly well from our mutual contacts outside the "Jail." There was Tubby Lane, the professional magician

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and funny man-to-be, who was as jolly as he was fat. There was the terrible tempered Virginian, named John Smith who had to room by himself, and who, according to rumour "had thrown a hatchet at Ostler and had just missed him and the hatchet had buried itself in the wall." There was Jack Ivins, the precocious Evangelist and budding Don Juan. And there was Penn Hockett who might have had a personality but it was lost in the life in the "Jail." The "third floor gang" contained the prize rioters and destructionists. Sam Schultz and Ham Williams could wreck a fellow's room in less time and tell more successful lies in denying the deed than I, even in my hero-worship, thought possible. All the rest of us became apprentices to the trade.

I was an eight-year-old when I entered the school. Picture for yourself a small tow-headed youngster wearing a brown suit, cocoa-coloured stockings, and gold rimmed glasses. Picture this youngster drawn from a well-regulated and well-loved family circle and put into a group where he was despised for his extreme youth, timidity, and innocence. My youth passed with the years. I acquired a sort of desperate courage born of weakness. My innocence was speedily and completely cared for. Worst of all I dropped into the active animal life of my companions.

The upper school despised us as a group, whole-heartedly and deservedly. We were regarded as mannerless and mannerless we were. We all felt humiliated in our hearts for our lack of manners and our boorishness at table where the senior girls made comments on our sloppiness and nervous blunders. Their criticism was entirely destructive and we knew it, hating them for their superiority. Yet no one tried to correct us in a kindly and understanding way. There was one very nice senior girl who did treat me with consideration and kindness. In a burst of gratitude I went to the woods at a time when I was supposedly doing "convict" and gathered blue and white and yellow violets and arranged them as well as I could, presenting this crude bouquet to her at table. The people standing around, waiting to sit down, all laughed at her as she took them from me and thanked me very much. My blood boiled with rage against her tormentors. I called them something ("bitches" probably, having no idea what it meant) and turning, fled past those rows and rows of tables, shedding scalding tears and choked with sobs.

Even the teacher I had in third grade disliked me. I hated her with more than equal intensity. Children hate more fiercely than they remember as grown-ups. At that time I was wearing my hair short, very short. In a moment of rash boastfulness I told my companions in a loud voice that I had had my hair cut so that Teacher couldn't pull it as she had formerly done. She rushed from the school room to the place where I stood and grabbed my ear. I howled with agony. When she became articulate, she demanded if I had really had my hair cut on purpose. I

EXCEPT YE BECOME AS LITTLE CHILDREN

could not answer. Then she reached for my hair to prove the futility of my effort, but my hair really did slip through her fingers. It was so funny then that I laughed through my tears, but I generally swear when I think of that incident now.

Our life was as mechanical as bells, proctors, check-ups, and demerits could make it. Every moment of the day was present and accounted for in the daily routine. From 7:00 A. M. till 9:00 P. M. we hardly dared call our souls our own. We were required to attend whatever was planned for us with no possible choice except on Sunday afternoons when we might choose, within limits, where we should like to walk. It seemed impossible to be on time for everything. Hardly a day passed when I was not late for something. Every lateness was punished with two demerits. When the number of demerits accruing from this source and a thousand others reached fifteen, one hour of "convict" was imposed and as the number increased, the hours increased proportionally. Mine always kept increasing although there was an impossible system by which these demerits might be "worked off." The maximum limit was fifty, and if this point was reached, the culprit was theoretically "shipped." I reached a high tide of sixty-eight. I was not expelled for I do believe the Faculty realized how ridiculous it would be to ship an eight-year-old whose legs were not long enough to get him places on time.

Having found that I would not be shipped, I began to live. Life somehow became very enjoyable. Never more so than when our caretaker found me at 8:58 still dressed with two minutes till bedtime. She tumbled me onto a bed and undressed me herself. I laughed, like the impudent devil I was.

And so life went on in the "Jail." There were so many rules that one would think each person would be treated alike. Not so with our guardian angel and her cherubims. She used all those rules as starting points from which she branched out and meted punishment to each offender as she understood the crime. She constantly violated that most sacred tenet of every schoolboy which holds that no boy shall be asked to tell on his companions or himself. How well I remember the way she used to charge up the stairs to our room because of some disturbance, and how she questioned everyone directly by saying, "Did you do this?" or "Did Tommy do this?" and then would decree the penalty. And how I remember, how after she had gone, the room seethed with wrath and suppressed tears. Only once did she ever come back and change the punishment. That was the time she happened to stand in the hall outside our door for a moment and overheard me call her a "dirty bastard" in a passionate and sob-strangled voice. I was always being lectured for swearing. I told her once that I was innocent before I came to live under her, and

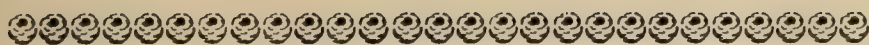
THE HAVERFORDIAN

that I had learned all my swearing from her precious babes. That session with her was, I think, the longest.

This suppressed and animal-like hate which we bore the well-meaning simpleton who misunderstood us, got vocal expression only once. She fell ill, terribly ill. She was sick unto death. We were ordered to be very quiet as the crisis was approaching. Bulletins issued at intervals stated that she was getting worse. Our joy knew no bounds. It kept getting greater and greater as her chances of living became fewer and fewer. We collected newspapers and boxes which, when carefully piled on the steps between the second and third floor, were lighted. As soon as the flames were hot enough to scorch the wall paper, we pulled down the fire extinguishers. We played streams of water and acid all over the fire, the walls, ourselves, and the nearest rooms. A water fight followed. We hallooed, battled, pummelled one another screaming and howling. Meanwhile the invalid's caretakers pled with us to be quiet. "*Hell No!*" we shouted and roared "*Long live the Queen.*" She did. From that moment she began to recover and is still alive.

T. S. Brown.





Mist

HE stood and looked at the ruins. All around the mist was softly veiling the earth; it lay upon everything, leaving everywhere, with its gentle touch, glistening diamonds of moisture. This was a day that had not dawned; gradually, starting in the east, the mist had changed to a lighter hue; otherwise there was no indication of a risen sun. Now, although the dawn was hours past, the dull greyness still blanketed the countryside, making the day eerie and hollow. It seemed almost that this small bit of earth had defied the laws of gravity, slipped off into space, and was now floating like a truant star through celestial dusk.

What he saw through the fog was a jumbled mass of crazily piled stone, with twisted beams of steel protruding through at odd angles. It looked like something left in the wake of a tornado. From the stones little wisps of silvery smoke eddied out, as though the soul of this thing which had so shortly before been a house was sighing its last before returning to the dust.

This, he thought, was my house; here I lived. I knew it well, every crook and cranny I knew and loved, and it knew me. Now it is gone, every distinguishing feature wiped off at one fell swoop. It was,—and then, in the space of a few short seconds, it wasn't. The abruptness of the thing had been appalling. He recalled the explosion, the terrible whistling roar, his own violent flight ending against a crumbling wall. Then had come the long hissing fall through the blackness, and the sudden gliding out into the silvery mist. It was unbelievable.

Soon, he knew, there would be a great crowd of people; one's house cannot be blown to bits around one's ears without attracting some attention. He felt, however, curiously uninterested in what must necessarily follow: the people, the excitement, the shouts of suddenly important men. Already he heard the sounds of human activity—voices and the noise of swiftly running feet. A morning breath of wind gently swirled the haziness aside, and he saw the dim figures of men approaching. He watched, aloof and detached, as they made their way gingerly among the stones. They were, of course, hunting for someone, hunting indeed, for him! He had, he realized, no desire to aid them in their search, no thought of revealing his presence. He almost wished that he might not be found, and, feeling strangely as though this wish might be granted, he wandered off.

THE HAVERFORDIAN

For some time he sauntered idly about in the half-light, watching the gathering crowd, hearing the sirens screaming through the thickness. The police arrived, and immediately busied themselves by prying into the debris, searching, searching. A scarcely audible gasp from the throats of the watchers turned his attention more intently upon the activity of the searchers. Two men, he saw, were carrying something upon a stretcher. That was strange; he was certain that he had been the only one in the house. Whose, then, was the body on the stretcher? He had no idea; After a little while the speculation seemed idle. It didn't matter very much anyway, and he felt totally uninterested.

Approaching a little closer to the crowd, he suddenly came upon his father and mother. They were peering, as though fascinated, through the mist. White of face and pinched of lip, they both bore the Spartan countenance of enforced but silent suffering. A vague fear of meeting them face to face possessed him, and he circled quietly behind them. Reaching his mother's side without observation, he stood there for a moment, rather ill-at-ease; then, feeling that something must be expected of him, he said quietly:

"It wasn't so bad, mother."

The result of his words was terrifying: with a gasping shriek she crumbled, and fell to the ground. Embarrassedly he edged away, conscious that somehow he had managed to say the wrong thing. As he drifted away through the crowd that immediately formed about this new excitement, the words of one of the bystanders caught his ear:

"—poor woman. Her son it was that they just carried out."

Here, he realized, was something very wrong. It could not have been he on the stretcher, for he was here. With a pang of conscience he realized that he must make someone aware of the very vital fact immediately. He looked wildly around him for someone to confide in, when suddenly he saw Jane—Jane the proud, the arrogant, whom he desired beyond all else, Jane whose beauty never failed to sweep through him with a dull, incurable pain. He was surprised to notice that her eyes were gleaming with tears. Could it be that—did she think, perhaps, that it had been he upon the stretcher? Was it that which had surprised her into the recognition of the thing he had never been able to make her believe? Immediately he forgot everything but the desire to know, to discover whether the oft-repeated question would be answered.

"Do you love me, then—just a little—Jane?" he asked gently.

As though someone had hit her, she rocked back on her heels, turned white, and put out her hand. To support her he raised his arm, and then suddenly he knew. He knew that in the moment of victory he had lost, knew that what he had most desired he could never have, knew that what he had dreamt of and cherished could never be his; he knew then what

THE RESURRECTIONIST

had been carried out on the stretcher and what had made his mother faint; *for her hand had passed through his just as it would through the mist that enclosed them both.*

He felt an hysterical desire to scream. But he must know her answer; he felt that he had to learn the truth.

"Quick, Janey, you've got to tell me now," he shouted, but his shout turned into a whisper, wafted through the fog.

"Yes! Oh God, a thousand times yes!" she whispered back.

"Then we'll show 'em something, Janey. We'll show 'em something they never even dreamed of. Men rant and rave of cosmic attraction, and love making the world go 'round, but, by God, they'll see it now. I'll live. I'll live. I will! I will!"

Fog, heavy fog, was somehow getting in his mouth. He couldn't speak; his throat felt full. But still the little voice inside of him kept screaming on, "I will. I will." It screamed and reverberated through his head; and all the while he felt himself becoming more at one with the silver mist. The face before him grew less and less distinct; the fog, he realized, was penetrating through his eyeballs, was stealing in to his very brain, quenching the little voice that was crying there. Soon there would be nothing but fog, billowing, rolling fog.

Jane looked crazily around her; there was nothing there but the ghastly mist. Yet she was terrified, and went away.

William H. Haines, 3rd.

THE RESURRECTIONIST

(After reading what R. L. Stevenson had to say about François Villon.)

*Israel's kings were once deemed infidel
By chroniclers for failing to obey
Religious rules laid down long after they
Had hark'd the summons of the solemn bell.
Today we see a righteous bosom swell
With scornful epithets to blindly flay
The bones of poor Villon, whose "shocking" lay
Condemns his soul to Mid-Victorian hell.
Poor blinded Stevenson! What evil star
Bewildering the sense, contrived to mar
At once your glory and his gifted rhyme?
There is a simple lesson taught by time,
Which shows how Israel's kings, absolved, live on;
The very names of narrow scribes are gone.*

J. E. Truex.



Pierrot—Au Clair De La Lune

It was late, very late; as I turned from Railroad Avenue into the path running to Barclay past the pond, the dry leaves on the oak rustled, whispered something, I don't know what. I wouldn't listen. To hell with oak leaves, I thought, they're dead, anyway.

Coming to the place where the cement blocks take that nasty dip, I stumbled, caught myself, and would have gone on my way, if something hadn't just then tapped me on the shoulder. I looked around to see; nothing but a beam of silver-grey the moon shot at me as I came out from under the trees. I wasn't particularly pleased to see her again.

"Good evening," she said.

"Shouldn't it be 'good morning,' rather?" But she wasn't the least abashed, though I'd meant she should be.

MOON: You're, I think, being unnecessarily gruff. After all I did my best for you a little while ago; but something depends on *you*. I can't do everything."

I: She would have been offended.

MOON: Faint heart . . .

I: I know. Never mind.

MOON: At least you might have told her. In my experience, well, these fair ones hardly feel it an insult to be informed they inspire a certain sentiment . . .

I (*two eyebrows raised*): Sentiment?

MOON: Forgive us our understatements. But I say, why didn't you?

I: I tried that once before.

MOON: (*Quickly*) Oh! What happened?

I: You surprise me. Ordinarily you don't miss a great deal.

MOON: I pray you, no irony. I must have been busy elsewhere that night. But what *did* she say?

I: Why, she rather suddenly turned her head aside, and said—nothing.

MOON: Then what did you do?

I: What did I do? Why, nothing, of course.

MOON: Of course! (*There's a pause.*) Fool!

I: I beg pardon?

PIERROT—AU CLAIR DE LA LUNE

MOON: Never mind. Why don't you take love easy, as the leaves grow on the tree?

I: You quote, you quote. A long time ago, is that what you told Tristan while he was floating chips down the stream to Tintagel?

MOON: In point of fact, yes, I did.

I: It didn't do him much good, did it? (*Here my patience goes.*) You're like all the old ones. Always showering advice! You, who've forgotten emotions and retained only facts! You're old, you *are* old. No wonder small boys call your face a chunk of green chee . . . Oh, I *am* sorry.

MOON (*with a little sad sigh*): I'm not offended. There was a time, though, when Diana . . . have you any knowledge of Roman Mythology?

I: (*feeling the rebuke, I keep quiet and know my face to wear a sheepish look.*)

MOON: And now, what do you mean to do? Doubtless you'll go to bed and begin nibbling at your heart. In a few hours, when I look through your window, I'll find you staring into the dark. I've caught you doing it before, you know.

I: No, that's over with. Didn't I tell you a short time ago this evening, while she still sat beside me, that I was done with that! I don't enjoy acting the flagellant, you know. I'm through, through, *through!* I *will* forget her. There's work I can do. It's not so very hard to forget; I mean to put my mind to it.

MOON: A nice programme. And probably you'll hold to it through Monday, Tuesday, perhaps Wednesday. Thursday—Thursday night you'll sit down and write her a letter . . .

I: I won't! I won't, I tell you!

THE MOON (*a cloud begins to glide over her face. Just before she hides herself—it comes like hardly a whisper*): Poor lad.

E. J. B.



*When I am gone, I would not have your praise;
Nor would I have you sneer at some misdeeds
That harmless were—no more, no less—than weeds
That recklessly rear up amongst the maize.*

*I do not ask that duteously you raise
A stone whereon the epitaph must needs
Call forth a dubious smile in him who reads.
I do not ask for aught in after days*

*But that in peace you let me lie below
Some helmgrass-covered dune, along the way
The sea-gull travels when the winter's snow
Drives him far inland; where at end of day
My spirit sees the sun far downward go;
And like him waits renascence—who shall say?*

R. B.-R.



The Ranch

I RECALL laughing at an old English composition book we used to use in the eighth grade, which had at the end of each lesson suggestions for themes. (1) "Friends in books," (2) "When Mother lets us make taffy," (c) "A day on the ranch"—the good old book would gravely propose. How could anything be more stale than "A day on the ranch," I used to ask myself. Little did I reckon that some day I would sit up for several hours writing just such an account in my diary, and that that page would become, not a year later, one of my favorites. And here I am again, determined to write the thing over once more,—partly in order that a certain bleak winter day in a ranch in my native state may be tucked away, forever and ever, in a bound volume over by its fellows in the library stack.

We were working at Wolf Creek then. I made myself get out of bed after Art called me that early morning, and rode with him in the truck through the grey dawn which was breaking in the canyon, down to the schoolhouse. There I got out and was soon alone on the wide rolling flat with its hard, choppy snow covering. I had loaded my pistol and stuck it in my jacket with my tobacco pouch full of bullets, and I had hitched on my hunting knife. I plodded across the wide snowy flat to the Levings' fields.

No neat gate posts now, but a wretched old fence with rotting bars left open where the road went in. I saw a very changed farmyard from the good-looking place where Barbara and Mother and I rode in on a buckboard twelve years before. Gates fallen in, fences decayed, buildings limping and deserted, "old December's bareness everywhere." A great herd of sheep baa-ed and snuffed around in the general space around the frame barn, the house that the Levingses used to occupy and the building where the slaughtering used to be done. (I remember looking through its door once and seeing for the first time, Mr. Levings driving a spike into the skull of a young, trembling calf.) I leaned over a half door in the barn and saw the first real touch of old memories. The heavy timbered architecture inside was just the same, but how deserted! Where "Prince" and "King" and the other big horses and cows used to be stalled, there wasn't a sign of occupation. No old hats or farmers' coats even hung from the crotch hooks nailed to the massive posts.

THE HAVERFORDIAN

I edged along past the sheep towards the house where a short, bearded, glinting-eyed little man stood.

"Hello."

"Hullo."

"This used to be the Levings' ranch didn't it?"

"Yass, deese was da ranch—you, mean—da—Chack Leveengs? Beeg man? Yass . . . he use be here . . . Yass . . ." He talked in a soft enough voice for such a belligerent-looking little man.

"Well, we used to live here for a while—in 1920, it was. We stayed here in this house and in the shanty up the gulch. My mother was teachin' school—you know down there in that little school house."

"Yass, shoore."

"How long has Mr. Levings been away from here? Doesn't he own it any more?"

"No, he gone—let's see—" (he grunted as he reminisced and rubbed his rough cheek)—"I teenk it wass 'bout t'ree years 'go he stop rrranch-eenge here. Sieben he hass this place now. He have eet 'bout a year, I guess."

"Well, I'm stayin' in Wolf Creek now and I just came over to see the place again."

"Yass, shoore. You can do dat shoore. Come eenside and we can talk."

So I went into that room again where Mrs. Levings had made me put my arms around her waist so she could rub my hands warm (I don't know why, but I told this to Mr. Sheepherder, laughing, who politely but stolidly said "Yaah."), where the victrola used to play "li-hen to the mocking bird (tweet, tweet, tweet), li-hen to the mocking bird (tweet tweet tweet), the mocking bird is singing in the tree," and where the warm, rough, cozy fittings of the place had cast a spell on me. But now it was an old shed of a place. Boxes on the floor and rude shelves kept the sheep man's provisions. A fire in the kitchen stove was burning faintly. A bed stood over in one corner, open and piled with heavy old clothing, pretty soiled (although the things didn't have the "filthy dirty" look which Mother without any doubt would have found if she had been there then) for the sheepherder was clean as sheepherders go. A chair had an old suitcase on it, a Montgomery Ward Catalogue, and a large yellow toothbrush. The floor was tight and regular, but the ceiling was a rough-hewn job of lath and paper work, corduroying along the deep rafters. The windows often lacked panes and had papers stuck in them. But the food was neatly lined along the table in well closed cans (to keep the bugs out). Several tasteful and prosaic cut-out pictures were pinned to the wall. A small rifle hung downward from a nail.

THE RANCH

The sheepherder gave me a chair and talked as he washed heavy underwear in a big tin tub, which was very new and shiny.

"No, Chack Leveengs, he got into quite lot trobble. He leef da farm you know few years' go. He—oh he mak moonshine and dey caught him several times. Hees two childreen (they had been adopted) dey in orphans' home outside He-leena . . . You haff cup coffee?"

"Yes, I'd *like* a little . . . " Like an ass I hadn't thought of food at all, and had eaten only a little Hershey chocolate and some All-Bran on the way to the buildings. The white, porcelain-effect cup was clean and the spoon glittering. The coffee was as good as any I've ever drunk. I rolled some Durham and somehow it tasted better than an English Oval.

After a little more talk I took my leave. First I asked the old fellow about the shanty up the gulch where Mother, Barbara, and I had stayed until they had built a "teacherage" onto the school-house over across the prairie. He knew nothing about it, and my heart fell, for I had wanted to see it most of all.

So I left my friend and walked up the little gulch. A twisted and warped handful of timbers, snow-covered and grey, a rusting cook stove standing (about where it had been in the shanty) on the frozen ground—that was the shanty. Nothing but snow drifts and a few poles wired together and one or two rotten planks, where the comfortable little house used to stand. Dejected, I climbed down and around into the brook. The dear little brook was still there; bubbling along with its old sweet, natural swish and slush and warble. Here, besides the ponderous architecture of the barn, was another living record of the past. It wasn't completely joyous—the little brook—for it was encased below a ceiling of thick ice. But it could still run and sing underneath.

I walked carefully down the steep slant to the little purling falls where Barbara and I used to play. "Could I revive within me its symphony and song, to such deep delight 't would win me . . ." The brook and those falls had been earnestly in my memory for years. How beautiful they were, with the little channel valley all entangled with dead branches and fallen trees. Soberly I filled my heart with the dear old places again. I took a pebble from the pool below the falls. I sneaked down to where the flume started, all hung with silver stalactites and pillored up with great ice stalagmites. Then I took a chip from the shanty timber, and cut my initials in. After climbing the hillside where a photograph had once been taken of the shanty, I picked some pine needles from a great tree, one for me, and the rest for Barbara. Then I left the place for good.

THE HAVERFORDIAN

The climb up the mountain side was awful, for I was weak with hunger. I had determined to take this steep short-cut to Wolf Creek Canyon. Resting ridiculously often, I finally puffed my way up to the top and surveyed the beautiful, glistening span of country. The sun burned hotly and the winds blew briskly. I gave up crossing the mountains to Wolf Creek Canyon, and hurried down a ridge, slanting midway between the school house and the mouth of the Canyon. I rested on a great rock and ate the rest of my chocolate and bran which I had carefully saved. Then I fairly ran down to the flat, and walked from there a mile into the Canyon, before I picked up a ride.

Home in time for dinner, I saw the rest of the day fly with the Readers' Digest, Shakespeare's sonnets, and a long, earnest letter to Barbara.

There's my "Day on the Ranch." I don't know why I think so hard about that very humble excursion. But I have dropped tears on the page in my diary where I wrote up my visit to Levings' ranch and Barbara dropped tears on the letter I wrote her. We know. It's a precious thing to us.

Oliver F. Egleston.



Aucassin's Song

*To Heaven will I never go
And harp hosannas all my days,
Chanting endless hymns of praise
To the tunes I hated so.
I love not the meek in spirit,
Gray in heart if white in merit,
Saints and reverends and others:
These I fear, are not my brothers.
Ambrosia I've no wish to eat;
Manna I fear is not my meat.*

*Yet gladly will I go to Hell
With all of those I loved so well:
Ladies courteous and fair,
The rich and lucky everywhere.
Ah, what a noble company
Must in the depths of Hades be!
All ladies with capacious hearts,
Whose skill is vast in amorous arts,
All vagabonds that walk the rain,
And gallant knights in tourneys slain,
And then all kinds and shapes of sinners,
Professionals and blithe beginners.*

*Who is fortunate as I am,
As to Hell I gaily go?
(What I anticipate the most
Is trading stories as I roast
With Villon, Terence, Omar Khayyam,
Voltaire and Fra Diabolo!)*

James Hoover.



Crossroads

A Short Sketch

CAST OF CHARACTERS

A man (22)

A girl (19)

A French waiter

TIME: *Evening.*

SCENE: *A French restaurant in New York. Two tables are visible, one down right, the other back center. Both are of a size suitable for two persons. The restaurant continues off left, whence all entrances and exits are made.*

The curtain rises, and a waiter enters, followed by a man and girl. I call him a man because he gives the air of having really lived those twenty-odd years of his. He is neatly but certainly not expensively dressed. The girl—and she is not a woman—is plain but not unattractive. It is October, and she is wearing a coat, but rather a thin one. He has no overcoat, and on first entering, the collar of his suit is turned up. The girl is leaning rather heavily on her escort. At the moment she is extremely pale.

The waiter struts across to the table, right, pulls out a chair, and bows.

WAITER: This table will (*perceives that they have already gone to table, back center*)—oh that one, monsieur. Just as you wish.

CROSSROADS

MAN (*having placed girl at table*): Surely you recall that I always sit at this table!

WAITER: But—

MAN: I always sit at this table!

WAITER: Ah, oui, monsieur. I must have forgot. H'excuse. I must have forgot.

(*Exit waiter with appropriate gesticulations.*)

MAN: There—feel any better?

GIRL: Yes, thanks. It all seems so foolish. Never fainted before like that. I was just looking in the window out there and suddenly felt all dizzy. Expect I've gone too long without eating. I'm—I'm on a diet, you see.

MAN: It's a bad habit, dieting. One should never do it unless one has to. Speaking of food, you'll have some, won't you? Waiter!

GIRL: But I—well, I guess just something.

(*Enter waiter*)

WAITER: What will you have? We have ze nize hors d'oeuvre, poulet—

GIRL (*looking at menu in confusion, to man*): I'm afraid you'll have to translate. My French is sort of weak.

MAN: Ahem. Well, there's most everything you could think of. Better just order what you want. They'll probably have it.

GIRL: Then I think I'll have a chicken sandwich and—and a glass of milk.

WAITER: Oui, madame. Et vous monsieur?

MAN: Who me? Oh I guess I'll have a cup of coffee.

WAITER: Café au lait?

MAN: O. K. (*then haltingly*) Allez-vous-en.

WAITER: Oui, monsieur.

(*Exit waiter.*)

GIRL (*much impressed*): Why you talk French!

MAN: Well, yes, a little. That's why I come here. Keeps me in practice. (*Pause*) New York isn't your home, is it?

GIRL: Why, no. My folks live in Ohio. I came here about a month ago to take a job that was offered me, but something went wrong. I suppose I should have gone home, but now that I have finally reached New York it seems a shame not to stay a little while anyway.

MAN: Then you're vacationing?

GIRL: Well, sort of.

(*Enter waiter. Puts down order and exits.*)

GIRL: I can see you're a real New Yorker.

MAN: I guess it's not hard to tell. I'm not living in the city just now, though. Got a place out on—uh—Long Island. Right on the Sound.

THE HAVERFORDIAN

I'd be there now only my work kept me later than usual.

GIRL: Your work?

MAN: Why yes. The—stock market.

GIRL: The stock market? Is that still going? I thought it all went to pieces when everybody lost their money. I guess you must have been one of the losers.

MAN: Yes, I did lose quite a bit. Almost a—uh—million, I should say.

GIRL: A million dollars? How awful!

MAN: Well, perhaps not a million, but an awful lot as I remember. Got most of it back, though.

GIRL: Oh, I'm so glad.

MAN: I've had my ups and downs, but always manage to come out on top.

GIRL: Well, I think I had better go. An engagement. Thank you so much. I really—

(They stand.)

MAN: Oh, that's all right. And don't worry about your snack. I'll fix that. I hope we can see each other again?

GIRL: You've been wonderful. You're really sort of like a fairy prince—Prince Charming.

MAN: Then you are Cinderella.

GIRL: Goodby Mr.—, why, I don't even know your name.

MAN: Well, I don't know yours, do I? But let's not say who we are. It sometimes makes things more—exciting. Just Mr. X and Miss Y.

GIRL *(smiling)*: Now I know you must be a real prince. But about seeing you again; I don't know whether . . .

MAN: Well, if Miss Y will stand outside a certain restaurant at a certain time tomorrow evening, perhaps a certain Mr. X will happen by. What do you say?

GIRL: Just perhaps. But thank you again, and goodby, Mr. X.

MAN: Au revoir, Miss Y.

(Exit Miss Y. Mr. X sits for a moment in thought. He picks up the check, gazes at it, then slowly turns and calls.)

MAN: Waiter!

(Enter waiter.)

WAITER: Monsieur?

MAN: About this check. I'm afraid I can't pay it.

WAITER: What, no pay? No money? Mon Dieu! Who you think you are, hey?

MAN: The name is Prince Charming.

(Curtain)

James E. Truex.

BOOKS

ON READING SHAKESPEARE, By Logan Pearsoll Smith

SHAKESPEARE AND HAWAII, By Christopher Morley.

Shakespeare's ghost, if it has been paying any attention to the "thousands and thousands of books, most of them mad" which have been written about the man it endowed with life so long ago, should smile beneficently on these two recent publications of former Haverfordians. They are ideal books both for Shakespeare novices who declare they have had the great poet "ruined" for them by dusty old textual notes and for old hands at the game. It is always revealing and profitable to watch the chemical reaction that takes place when a cultivated mind mixes with Shakespeare's. Here are the informal accounts of two more of such laboratory experiments, and as always happens, many new rich colors and precipitates are formed.

Pearsoll Smith's book is the safer of the two to read. His is a briefly comprehensive introduction to Shakespeare chemistry, with wise considerations of how the science has run riot in the past and is still running riot. In fact he judiciously begins with an essay "On Not Reading Shakespeare," and gives a beautiful picture of all the "distracted inhabitants" in the "dark realm of Shakespeare interpretation." "We hear the bleating of idiot adorers and the eternal swish of the whitewash brushes" . . . "the war cries of the Foliolaters and Disintegrators as they rush upon each other" . . . The author thinks the whole subject must be merely the province of maniacs and decides to stay away altogether. But the memory of certain golden words draws him back, and soon, in the next part of the book, he is on his way to the magic land. "The Great Rewards"—poetry and character—which comprise the greater part of the short volume, must win over any doubter of Shakespeare's powers, and give fresh enthusiasm to old readers. And certainly there is no doubt about the sincerity of Pearsoll Smith: "Poetry was given man, Goethe said, to make him satisfied with himself and his lot. Certainly for me poetry, either in verse or prose, exquisitely performs this function. I may be old and cross and ill, a wasted life may be behind me, and the grave close in front. I may have lost my faith, my illusion, my teeth, my reputation, and umbrella. What does it matter? It doesn't matter in the least! Reading Lorenzo's words,

Come, ho! and wake Diana with a hymn!

off I go into the enchanted forest, into the Age of Gold. Life ceases to be brief, sad, enigmatic. I am perfectly satisfied with it. What more is there indeed to ask for?"

Smith finds many other places to put his thrills into sentences. But he differs from scores of other Shakespearean commentators by giving reasons instead of forcing blind conclusions. Those who have ever been assigned to write a character sketch of So-and-So in one of Shakespeare's plays, will find a wealth of reasons for that kind of work in the following:

"Is it not because life itself is in itself an end, and that the fullest, most intense and idiosyncratic spirit of life, such as animates the living characters in plays and novels, where we are free from all tiresome devitalizing relations with them, is for us on this earth the most fascinating of cosmic phenomena, however slight an interest it may arouse in the other stars?"

THE HAVERFORDIAN

Finally, the book rings true because of the way the author keeps criticism clear from the babbling of praise (as he calls it). But when he finishes his criticism and interpretation, he does babble his praise with all his heart:

"I wonder if any of my readers supposes for a moment that I am pleased with the pallid words which here have been dripping from my pen? I am not pleased with them and should like permission to dip that pen just for once into the purple ink which fills my elderly inkpot.

"And Lord, what fun it is to splash that ink about!"

Shakespeare and Hawaii is not so safe a book, for it hardly falls in line with other chemical experiments in Shakespeare. Morley's imagination and originality put his book more in the science of alchemy. He can turn literature into pure gold by his gifted use of homely analogies, and clever simplicity, but the joke is, that the literature was pure gold all the time. Those who are conscious of this are out of danger and can find all sorts of fascination in the alchemist's wand. But others may be led astray.

This probably doesn't do Morley justice. There is no doubt that he does not want to be ranked with the conventional experimenters, and *Shakespeare and Hawaii* itself is only the printed form of three informal lectures which were given at the University of Honolulu. There is much solid stuff in the book, distributed through the gay and whimsical parts:

"... Shakespeare has become for us much more than just the sum total of everything he ever wrote. He has expressly become the symbol of man's triumph over circumstances and the intellect's triumph over the irony that afflicts all mortal affairs."

Some Haverfordians will find repeated many things Morley included in his Shakespeare course and in his two public lectures which he gave here three years ago. Among these, Don Marquis' poem about Pete the Parrot is almost worth the price of the book in itself. Also the way Morley handles the subject of Shaw *vs.* Shakespeare, does the heart good:

"In the first place Mr. Shaw is a vegetarian and while I can sympathize with vegetarians on dietetic grounds, there can be no question that the strong viands, the meat of human life, the red juices of human love and error, are necessary for any writer who plans to ascend to the higher levels. Mr. Shaw is a vegetarian, while Shakespeare ate all the meat we know anything about. Sometimes perhaps it was a little rare in one meaning and sense, and again in the other association of the word, a little raw, and sometimes it was well done, but there are no juices known in the provender of the human animal that Shakespeare did not understand, did not consume and digest. The other drawback, I think, to Mr. Shaw as a substitute for Shakespeare, is that he is not a poet, and surely no writer of the highest rank can be a full dimensional genius unless he has a stroke of poetry in him."

Both the new Shakespeare books are fine and worth owning. Both are authentic bearers of homage and seem to ask their "Great Original" to say of them, "Theirs for their style I'll read, his for his love."

Oliver F. Egleston.

BOOKS

ONE MORE RIVER

An admirer of John Galsworthy approaches with respect, this last work, *One More River*, for it is a rare artist who leaves behind a completed and satisfying work like the history of the Forsytes. This is the story of Clare Cherrel, and incidentally the final significant episode of the life of her sister Dinny; it is the intimate account of a few tempestuous months of life; it is the end of the Forsytes.

From the very first chapter of the book there is a vague feeling that the author knows more about the life of Clare Cherrel than he does, or will, divulge. When she first appears, on a ship, she is returning from seventeen months of thoroughly unpleasant married life. She is the remorseful wife of Sir Gerald Corven. Beyond the mere mention of a "beating," Galsworthy goes no further into the story of her life in Ceylon. And then there is a ship-board romance with young Tony Croom, which the Galsworthy touch has lifted far above the common level of such trite literary shifts. The story moves easily despite a relationship between Clare and Dinny which falls short of true sisterly love and is not altogether consistent. Individually, all the characters are most skilfully delineated, with the possible conception of Sir Gerald Corven, who constantly eludes the reader.

Tony's unrequited love for Clare furnishes material for a completely revolting and painful divorce-court after the two have been forced to spend an innocent night together, and from these few powerful chapters, the story sweeps on to a not too inevitable conclusion.

Back of this dramatic plot runs the story of sister Dinny and Dornford. At its end, Dinny finds partial compensation for what is suggested as the irreparable loss of a lover.

The book has a peaceful ending and one which is as satisfactory as any possibility within reason allows. It is the final contribution to literature of a clever and sympathetic mind.

Robert Harrison.



AFTER SUCH PLEASURES, By Dorothy Parker.

Dorothy Parker is a writer who can draw an exact character sketch, constructed from aptly chosen mannerisms, and set off by her well-known humorous and cynical gibes. Individually, the short tales, monologues, and sketches that make up *After Such Pleasures* represent good copy for a sophisticated magazine. Taken together, they mean something more. The flippant conversations, as they unfold themselves from the characters of more and more widely differing types of people, begin to reveal a human understanding that is thoroughly sympathetic, for all the cynicism in the title of the book.

For the title, taken from something John Donne said, to the effect that we should be thankful at least for the pleasures we have in life, was chosen by Dorothy Parker to cover a dozen little pieces of human dullness, asininity, and sorrow. A poor trained nurse who "can't help it if she looked exactly like a horse," is treated with elaborate good manners by a pair of well to do newly-weds who can hardly conceal their boredom and irritation. A wealthy, theater-going imbecile jots down her fast life in a diary. A supposedly happy married couple reveal through a typical evening's domestic routine, how viciously their humdrum personalities goad each other. A girl, riding through New York

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streets in a taxi to take her mind off her shattered romance, weeps and sentimentalizes on finding that she is being driven back through the old frequented haunts, only to realize with a jolt, that it is the wrong street after all. An obtuse "dear, dear friend" visiting a girl who has just had an abortion, drives her into a relapse with her backbiting gossip and advice.

Corey Ford once suggested that Dorothy Parker be locked up in a room and fed on bread and water till she agreed to write a novel. For she claims she can't stick to anything longer than a story. All in all, we are glad of it. Far from being a genius who can somehow make noble or ineffable, these poor forked creatures on the earth, she profits from variety and a multitude of fresh starts.

After Such Pleasures is worthy reading. Both its author and its characters are alive and breathing, although they are not doing much else.

Oliver F. Eggleston.



TRY THE SKY, By Francis Stuart.

"Whatever way one looked, that vulnerable, sweet joy of lovers, of Carlotta and I, seemed doomed. It was only those like Buttercup, abandoned to the earth, not looking beyond it for anything, who could never be broken; merely fading back into it with the impassivity of autumn." The above lines establish the thesis and the mood of this strange novel, written in symbolic and poetic terms. Francis Stuart sees the earth as a trap which imprisons and eventually destroys all such unearthly human aspirations as love. But, "try the sky," says he, and he does so on wings never before unfurled in prose. "He who hath ears to hear, let him hear," says Compton Mackenzie in his preface to the book, and I echo. For those who listen for overtones in fiction, this book will be an inescapable revelation.

R. E. Griffith.



AH, WILDERNESS, By Eugene O'Neill.

Ah, Wilderness is O'Neill's first comedy, and his first play of conventional length in several years. In this play he seems to be amusing himself by writing a light, pleasing story of small-town life in the first decade of the century. It may be construed as an answer to criticisms of the length and morbidity of his more recent works, and in it O'Neill seems bent on his own pleasure as much as on the amusement of the public.

The play concerns the family of Nat Miller, the editor of a newspaper in a small Connecticut town. Nat's son Richard, a hypersensitive and callow youth of nineteen, precipitates a minor crisis by directing some of Swinburne's most passionate poems to Muriel McComber, the rather colorless daughter of a puritanical family. In order to prove his independence after he has been reprimanded for this, he goes out with a classmate of his brother's to see life, which materializes in the form of two "college tarts" and quantities of sloe-gin in a cheap hotel. The scene in the tawdry bar of this hotel is reminiscent of *Anna Christie*, and is one of the most powerful in the play. It is here that O'Neill makes his only departure from lightness, but even here he brings his young adventurer out unharmed and sends him home to Muriel.

BOOKS

Running through the play is the love affair between Lily, Nat's sister and a firm disbeliever in strong drink, and Sid Davis, Mrs. Miller's pathetically funny drunken brother. The broad comedy here is in effective contrast to the subtler satire on Richard's adolescent idealism. There is in the romance of the old maid and the sot whom she has vainly tried to reform for years a real tragedy that is only suggested in the play, for this affair is also given a happy ending.

The contrast between the mild success of this comedy and O'Neill's achievement in the tragic field is inescapable. The new play is certain to be a disappointment to his admirers, who can only hope that it represents no strenuous effort on his part to write high comedy. For as an individual play, *Ah Wilderness* is no more than reminiscent delving into a more mellow past by an ultra-modern.

Dean Klevan.



POOR SPLENDID WINGS, By Frances Winwar.

This book has been written, not so much as a biography, but as a novel having for its hero Dante Gabriel Rossetti, and for its lesser characters all the people he knew and inevitably influenced. It's a bit difficult to give a proper account of one's reaction to the book. Although the authoress has gathered an abundance of interesting facts and has ably combined them into a very sympathetic treatment of that group of young and old rebels against Tennysonian Victorianism, one feels nevertheless that she has taken the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood's poor splendid wings under her own wing too eagerly,—much as a hen protects her chicks. There is too much of a defensive tone; frequently Miss Winwar's sympathy sinks to sentimentalism. But perhaps I am too prejudiced against sentences debouching into triple dots . . . If you are interested at all in Ruskin, Swinburne, the gifted Christina and her brother, by all means read this book. The only criticism I make is of its occasional lapses into emotionalism, and for all I know it may be just the thing you like.

René Blanc-Roos.



AMERICA SWINGS TO THE LEFT, By Alva Lee.

How is it possible to reconcile President Roosevelt's inflationist policy with the individualist principles which lie at the basis of American democracy? Why is that today's inflationists seem not to consider the results of the attempts of other nations to use inflation as a way out of depression? If such questions interest you, you may find Alva Lee's book profitable to read, though I think there must be better discussions of the subject elsewhere. The book makes a persistent attempt to examine all the arguments for and against inflation, but it is execrably written and crammed with prejudicial misrepresentations, of which the title is typical. Inflation is not a swing toward the left wing of communism and socialism; like fascism, it is an attempt to keep the capitalist economy's head above water.

R. E. Griffith.

THE HAVERFORDIAN

NIGHT OVER FITCH'S POND, By Cora Jarett.

Here is another candidate for the title of the perfect mystery story, and one which is to my mind superior to that setter of all previous standards, *The Murder of Roger Ackroyd*. The book is really a complex study of human relationships and the murder mystery is incidental—but try to solve it. There are no false clues, the author draws no red herrings across the trail, the skilfully patterned story develops unfalteringly, yet both the motive and the means for the murder remain a mystery till the end. This is because both are contained in the mind of a character who, even when all the evidence about him is known, baffles the reader until the author chooses to make known what moves him most. It is a pleasure to read a mystery story which can offer more stimulus to the mind than that which working out a jig-saw puzzle affords. It is more than pleasurable, it is mildly astonishing, to find that a group of college professors and their wives can be made more interesting and puzzling than psychopathic murderers, fiendish Orientals, and the other *outré* folk who usually people detective stories.

R. E. Griffith.

DRAGON MURDER CASE, By S. S. Van Dine.

S. S. Van Dine's *Dragon Murder Case* is a good detective story. The mystery is uncanny and puzzling, and yet the plot is not cluttered up with misleading and irrelevant incidents. Thus the story is easy to follow, and the solution in the end is swift and satisfying, leaving no loose ends. The style is deplorable, being tawdry with long words of simple meaning. The characters are portrayed by means of monotonous mannerisms assigned to each one. By way of advice, it is safe to skip Vance's discourse on dragons, which serves no purpose save to illuminate his learning. If you read the words merely for the story, you ought to enjoy the book.

Fritz K. Downey.

ORDINARY FAMILIES, By E. Arnot Robertson.

On the surface, the Rushes are just like any other English provincial family of moderate means. Of course, Father is an exhibitionist adventurer, Mother a Catholic turned atheist, and the characters of the four children vary from the sensitive and the idealistic to the impersonally cruel. Yet when the study of the six people is completed, you cannot deny that, so far as anything is meant by the thoughtless term, the Rushes are a family "*comme une autre*." The author's point is that an ordinary family does not exist, and it is indicative of her success to say that she makes the reader feel that this particular family is as interesting and unusual as—his own. Insight, force, and subtle characterization turn the trick for her, and make the book a fascinating success.

R. E. Griffith.

ONE WOMAN, By Tiffany Thayer.

A sentimental reporter finds the address book of a dead prostitute, and endeavors to reconstruct her life through investigation of the men who have known her. This is the story of the latest novel by Tiffany Thayer, the undergraduates' idol. There is nothing intrinsically wrong with such an idea, but as Mr. Thayer unfolds it, Rosita Jean d'Ur becomes about the most unreal portrait of a woman ever conjured up out of the male imagination. Mr. Thayer's method is to give his readers a raw sensation on every page, but in spite of that the book is strangely boring.

R. E. Griffith.

CINEMA

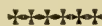
WHAT of *Berkeley Square* in the films? Simply this: Hollywood has achieved an almost perfect copy of the original. You may have noticed how adept the studios have become in the past two years at this task of reproducing plays. The photographed plays of the early talkie period were dreadful things to see, but *A Bill of Divorcement*, *the Animal Kingdom*, *When Ladies Meet*, and *Another Language* exemplify a new approach and more skilful handling. Like its predecessors, *Berkeley Square* has been transferred to celluloid with maximum care and skill, like them it suffers a bit from the condensation necessary to telescope it into feature film length. More strikingly than any of them, it makes one feel like examining the original play in a critical mood. For in spite of the tender charm which ingratiates itself, one cannot quite accept *Berkeley Square* at its own valuation. On the stage it was regarded with veneration by those who deplore sociological discussion in the theatre, and in any medium it must be valued for its sensitive speech, its bold invention, the reality and charm of its characters. Yet looking at the pictured version one is struck by the extent to which it depends upon charm and atmosphere to gain its effect, and how superficially it touches upon its basic idea—that ordinary time is non-existent and that in real time the past, present, and future are co-existent. Perhaps you will say that a romantic character study is no place for metaphysical discussion, and I agree, but if the play introduces such an idea for the sake of the plot, it should treat it with dignity and with respect for the spectator's intelligence. In the early part of *Berkeley Square* the idea of the non-existence of time (culled from an unfinished essay by Henry James) is discussed with a considerable degree of intelligence. As the play progresses, it becomes increasingly obscured by vague and sentimental dialogue, and at the end we are confronted with a distinctly mawkish scene of parting wherein the heroine murmurs: "Peter, we shall not meet in my time, nor in your time, but in—God's."

I enjoyed *Berkeley Square* when I read it, and again when I saw the Cap and Bells production. I even thought that it was one of the best of modern plays. But the screen, with its necessity for succinct statement, its boiling down to essentials, has made it uncomfortable to cling to that opinion. Yet I predict you will enjoy the picture, for its secondary virtues are innumerable. Frank Lloyd's comprehending direction is impeccable, and compares favorably to his work on *Cavalcade*. Leslie Howard has become so identified with the role of Peter Standish that it is stale to comment upon his excellence but I am treasonable enough to prefer his performance in *Outward Bound*. Valerie Taylor's uncompromising integrity adds to the individuality of Kate Pettigrew, and the acting of Colin Keith-Johnson, Ferdinand Gottschalk, Juliette Compton, and Olaf Hytten glitters with perfection. The one mistake was the casting of Heather Angel in the pivotal role of Helen; she performs with all the spontaneity and understanding of a Ruby Keeler. Her importation from England by Fox becomes the more incomprehensible when it is considered that the company might have used its own Janet Gaynor for the role. Miss Gaynor is just the actress to strike off the lyric Helen, and the part would have provided her with the first opportunity she has had to give an intelligent performance since she played in *Sunrise*, back in 1927.

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No mere photographed play can be mentioned with the exquisite *Poil de Carotte*, which the Europa displayed briefly early in November. Seeing this film makes one despair more than ever of any good thing coming out of Hollywood, for not only would the movie magnificoes refuse to consider making a picture with so limited an appeal, but also, one feels, there is no one in America who could quite turn the trick, even if unhampered by commercial considerations. There is an unerring manipulation of mood here which no American director has yet attempted without a fatally heavy-handed underscoring of the obvious. Julius Duvivier, a regisseur unknown in America, has realized a cinematic ideal here by always suggesting more than he states. He stings, he piques, he provokes, and finally he reveals, but always through the imagination of the spectator, and so he is never forced down to the level of literal representation. *Poil de Carotte* is the story of an unhappy childhood, a study of the fate of a boy born too late in the lives of his parents to be much loved by either of them. Instead of making you a straightforward present of that story and nothing more, M. Duvivier's camera suggests in a thousand ways that Poil de Carotte's childhood is quite like yours, and you are made to live his experiences through recollection of your own. There is a long, lazy, sunshiny sequence filled with grass, gigantic trees, cold, tumbling, foamy water, flawless skies and heavy white clouds, and you are suddenly transported back into a period of days filled with such things, filled with an unconscious happiness that is impossible to experience any more. Later, Poil de Carotte is sent by his mother down to the barnyard one night after dark to feed scraps to the rabbits. Afraid? No, he is not afraid! But a circle of gibbering, clawing ghosts surrounds him as he dashes to the hutch, thrusts the plate inside, and runs back to face the family, panting and pale but swaggering slightly. These heart-shaking incidents, introduced with such seeming lack of artifice, ensure one's sympathy for the treatment of the engrossing theme of the film—Poil's mistreatment at the hands of his mother and the combination of circumstances which drives him toward suicide. Here is childhood presented at its worst, as that period when the individual is controlled by people who are preoccupied with their own concerns and are unwilling to realize the tremendous driving power in emotions which, because they seem immature and silly, they would like to consider negligible. But though all this is revealed with utter clarity, another factor in the film is neglected. Why does Poil's mother pursue him with such vindictiveness? She is represented by the director and by Catherine Fontenoy, the actress, as a figure of calculationg evil terrible to consider, but what are her motives? A psychopathic mind, perhaps? Possibly, but the picture does not commit itself to this or to any other solution,—and it should, for the shadow of the woman lies across everything; never are you allowed to forget her and what she portends. At the end, you feel that, though the boy has won his father to him permanently, and that he has gained a strong ally, he will nevertheless have to fight his mother's hate throughout his adolescence.

Richard E. Griffith.



Only Yesterday borrows merely its title from Frederick Lewis Allen's informal history of the nineteen twenties, for the plot of this film is yet another reworking of that Hollywood favorite, the wronged woman. Fortunately, the scenarists have seen fit for once to make the heroine, Mary Lane, a really intelligent woman. It is in this respect that

DRAMA

the film transcends such of its successful predecessors as *Madame X*, *The Sin of Madelon Claudet*, and *Common Clay*. Mary Lane's tragedy is presented from the standpoint of an intellectual mind. Her mental anguish and the confusion of her crushed spirit are much more convincing and appealing than the extremes of physical self-sacrifice to which her predecessors in film lore were wont to subject themselves in order to keep their offspring from the sight of his tainted mother. Happily, such familiar devices as emotional courtroom scenes are avoided, but an incredible and sentimental ending has been tacked on, showing a quite unwarranted reversal of character on the part of the caddish father.

Margaret Sullavan, another emigrant from Times Square, gives an exquisite performance as Mary Lane. Her husky voice and accomplished pantomime convey far more emotion and sincerity than Constance Bennett's meaningless antics or even the cloying, plaintive wistfulness of Helen Hayes could have portrayed. Billie Burke gives a splendid account of herself in a richly comic role, and Reginald Denny and Benita Hume do thoroughly effective jobs in minor parts. John Boles is completely wooden, unimaginative, and unconvincing as the father. The direction of John M. Stahl is little better than mediocre; he wastes on irrelevant detail precious footage which could have been given over to further investigation of the character of Mary Lane.

John B. Christopher.

DRAMA

Feminism In The Theatre

WHEN, back in the nineties, Ibsen's Nora quit her doll's house, she slammed the door with such unladylike force, that the echoes have reverberated through the world's theatres ever since. Playwrights of the twentieth century are feministic with a vehemence not dreamed of in the days when man's perfidy and woman's purity held the Victorian stage. Man, in today's theatre, is not merely perfidious, he is stupid, insensitive, an inferior animal—and woman, realizing his unworthiness, is tortured by her emotional dependence upon him. There is no dearth at any time of plays which represent the situation thus, and in 1933 they have been particularly numerous. Last spring there was Rachel Crothers' *When Ladies Meet*, in which two women in love with the same man discover themselves out of love with him when they meet and each recognizes the other's superiority to the feeble lover. Now, in one month of the fall season, we have had *Biography*, *Doctor Monica*, and *Design For Living*, three plays which, though individually of varying purport, all imply that it is woman who is going forward in this world and that man is a burdensome, though ornamental, impediment to her progress.

It is not merely pride of sex which inspires such plays. For, though *Doctor Monica* is the work of a lady whose name, a program assures me, is Marja M. Szczepkowska, the other two plays were written by those eminent males, Noel Coward and S. N. Behrman. There can be no doubt that these playwrights would not display any such conclusions unless convinced of their undeniable truth. Further, they present more telling arguments

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than any *Doctor Monica* contains. For Miss Szczepkowska's play has other and graver defects than its too complete disparagement of masculinity. Its virtues are the negative ones of fine writing and realism, its faults those of obvious emphasis and banality of situation. And in spite of the efforts of Nazimova, it is impossible not to see that *Doctor Monica*, talented, sensitive, and human though she is, is not the perfect person she is represented as being. Honesty is certainly not her great virtue, for she will not recognize the worthlessness of her husband until it is forced upon her, and even then a career seems to her only a faintly compensatory substitute for what is obviously a tawdry love. It does not seem to me that this is a convincing portrait of a superwoman.

Design For Living and *Biography* are more successful with their theses. Gilda, of the first, is indeed an admirable woman. Her humility, her candor, and her critical intelligence should have brought her something of a satisfying life. It is her misfortune, and one which the acting of Corinne Griffith especially makes felt, that her love for two shallow exhibitionists is more than skin deep. Not only because she loves them, but because she is to some degree like them is she bound to their way of living, and the attempt which she makes to give it up is soon shown to be a barren, defeatist gesture. Thus, though she is evidently superior to her lovers, she succumbs to them in the end, and this is somehow made to seem their fault, at least to my unsympathetic observation.

Of all these women, Marion Froude of *Biography* is the only one who remains true to herself, true to her "essential quality" of tolerance, even though it means the loss of the most important of her loves. Marion knows that no one is responsible for being what he is, and the knowledge gives her power to withstand all the attacks that people make upon her; understanding people completely, she is unhurt by anything they do. And she is incapable of harboring acrimony. This indeed is a great woman, a woman unappreciated by the men who loved her without knowing why, a woman who justifies some of the claims of the feminists.

The fault in the argument of *When Ladies Meet*, *Doctor Monica*, and, to some extent, *Design For Living*, is, by an especially ironic dispensation, the same defect which destroys the validity of the anti-feministic plays of Wedekind and Strindberg. Why is it that these god-like women fall in love with such thoroughly insentient men? The husband of *Doctor Monica* and the Otto and Leo of *Design For Living* are poor excuses for first-rate human beings, and it should not take long for any sensible or discriminating person to find it out. We are left with Love as the explanation. Now, it is perfectly plausible that an intelligent woman should fall in love with a man far her inferior; it has happened so. But the feminists want us to believe it is so because there are no better men to be found. If this is true—and I do not think the question is entirely settled—then it seems to me that these women, if they are the superhuman beings their creators would have one think they are, would renounce male society altogether, rather than accept it as it is. But the truth is, I think, our superwomen are not quite what they are represented to be. Even if not lacking in sensibility and discrimination, they have no courage and no integrity. Fearing to lose love altogether, they snatch at it in any tawdry form in which they find it. Not so the heroine of *Biography*. When she finds a man she loves, but realizes they are incompatible, she does not hesitate to send him away: "I would try to change you. I know I would. And if I changed you I should destroy what makes me love you." Here is a clearness of vision which makes impossible any such situation as the exotic triangle in *Design For Living*.

Richard E. Griffith.

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Epilogue

*Something there is in us makes us desire
The thing we have to fight for to obtain.
What long supinely in our palm has lain
We yield like year-old letters to the fire.*

*Strange, that the feeling you have struck in me,
I thrust in someone else; and she, again,
Will let some other lad believe in vain
That love may flower gently as a tree.*

*Small consolation is it that we mend
Our hearts with balm the future season brings;
Sweet sop to Cerberus!—all things
Strike an unhappy balance in the end.*

René Blanc-Roos.



The Gospel of Three by Five

I AM a worshipper of paper—nice white pieces of paper. Every time I pick up a fresh sheet of it to write for the HAVERFORDIAN or to wipe a spot of egg off my chin after breakfast, I think of those old Chinese or Koreans or whoever they were who gave mankind this wonderful, cheap, and efficient stuff. Since many of the world's ills have been caused by taking too much for granted, I have a notion we may get into trouble if we keep on taking paper for granted too. I've found a way to get away from such *insouciance* and at the same time to have a dandy time. It is by taking down all my notes on three by five slips—slips of my own design. I have been under the spell of these little harbingers of scholarship for about a year now, and should like to show you how you, too, can find more joy and solace in that great guardian of civilization—Paper. (Music please.)

So many people don't *care* what kind of notes they take in their different courses. Some take offensively regular notes in loose leaf notebooks, monotonously using up pack after pack of perforated and lined paper. It scarcely seems possible that anyone could be so crass. The material these people carry away from the lecture room assembles itself into a great inchoate mass; lectures are tediously hung, one after another, onto nickel-plated rings, like washing hung out on a line. Those of you who are housewives know how shirts or underwear get hung up with one clothespin pinching the ends of two garments at once to save clothespins. Well, it's just the same way with these lecture notes. If a lecture ends at the top of a page, do you think the student would be orderly and start the next lecture on the next page? No, he would *not*. He goes right ahead on the next Wednesday or Saturday, if he happens to be in class, and starts in again about a third of the way down the same page. Soon there is no more system to the notes than a certain rough continuity, and who wants rough continuity?

Go to one of these mechanical notetakers, if you want to test my words, and say, "George, I am in doubt about a minor point that came up five weeks ago in class," and he will have hardly anything to say. If he doesn't run right off to the library or the movies to get away and conceal his embarrassment, he will walk over to his desk with his back toward you and thumb through his great clumsy pages, hunting, hunting, hunting, and perhaps humming a tune. In three or four minutes he will spot the Minor Point and read it aloud to you, but it isn't very

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satisfactory. You may be in a hurry or the Minor Point may not be so interesting as you thought it would be, or maybe you don't speak English very well. Anyway, my system is better. All you have to do, if George should ask you about a minor point, is to open your little filing box and look under "M" five weeks ago, and there it is right at your fingertips, or at least it ought to be. You don't have to say, "Sit down here, George, and copy it off," and you don't have to read it aloud to him. You can let him take the slip right over to the library or to his room, or you can even let him take it home with him to New Jersey. The point is, the Minor Point is an Entity. It stands sturdily in your filing system, maintaining its minority. It isn't crowded and humiliated into a single paragraph of a great, coarse, ugly sheet of lined notepaper with holes in it. No. It speaks for itself, and darn well, too.

Now I'm going to get down to the seat of my system, before I go any further. I don't want to just talk and talk before I get you thoroughly fascinated. Three by five slips are pretty common things—the *ordinary* ones, I mean. But it isn't the *ordinary* ones that I'm interested in. Don't be satisfied to go to the ten-cent store and buy three by five pads. Those things don't have any individuality. Think of the thousands and thousands that are turned out and distributed over the country in box cars and trucks. Besides, when you tear off a slip from the pad, some of the glue is likely to stick to the edge and spoil the final effect you get when you pile up five hundred of them at once to gloat over all the notes you are going to take.

An even worse mistake that might happen if you go to the five-and-ten for your three by fives is that you might very conceivably get them in different colors. When you have an array of these slips in green, blue, pink, yellow, white, and a neutral shade like flesh, you can hardly help planning to use each color for a different purpose. You will start taking philosophy notes on blue, Greek vocabulary on yellow, French on pink, and so on, till your brain begins to turn, and you are in danger of going back to regular notepaper. It is all too complicated to think about, and I have too much ground to cover now to spend time hunting for a solution.

The best way to get your three by fives is to take some good quality eight and a half by eleven sheets (about twice the thickness of onion skin) and carry them to a small job printer who hasn't much to do. You can either buy your paper or have someone give it to you. There is always more satisfaction in the latter, for you are less apt to take the paper for granted. Tell the printer you are a poor student and wonder if he could do some cutting for you without making it cost too much. He will listen to your specifications, spit tobacco juice into a wooden waste paper box, wipe his face with the back of his hand and then grab your

THE GOSPEL OF THREE BY FIVE

paper and begin guillotining it with a huge cutter before you have time to tell him to be careful. Be sure to tell him not to throw away the two by five slips that are left over, because you can use them to make lists of "What I must do tomorrow," "Books I want to read next year," and "Guys I owe money" and to jot down literary quotations that aren't worthy to go down on three by fives. (You have to tell the printer quick, for if he throws them into the waste paper box, you won't want him to pick them out again for you.)

After you have paid the printer the twenty cents or whatever he charges for cutting up about two thousand slips, take them home. Make a big pile of them and tap them edgewise on a smooth topped table, and see how pretty they look. Then take a draughtsman's triangle and a good quality red crayon and line them. Each one should get one good decisive red line near the five-inch edge. This is for printing the caption or title for the material that you take down later on, so that you can file the slips away. Red is the best color because it contrasts sharply with blue ink, and I like blue ink. When you have lined about a hundred, you can take a dozen or so and hold them like a hand of bridge. They look very well, but like nothing at all compared with the way they will look when they are all loaded with scholarly material. At any rate, there they are, your own three by fives. You watched them being cut up and you marked every one smartly with a red crayon. You might just as well have manufactured them out of wood pulp, like an honest old Korean. You wonder to yourself, "Can I be worthy of these beautiful things? Can I write beautiful things on them each day, at home, at school, at play? Oh let me give them the ripe scholarship they deserve!" This is the way people get into Phi Beta Kappa, or if it isn't, I don't see why it isn't.

These magical slips will instill the ichor of erudition into all the walks of your life, and even into the rides you take on subway trains. If you haven't ever tried to study on a subway you can't know how hard it is if you don't have three by five slips. With a coal heaver sitting at your left and a department store sales girl wedged in at your right, you can't sit in one of those noisy cars and hope to get any work done with a big notebook on your lap. Why you probably wouldn't even be carrying a big notebook with you. Everybody in the car can see what you are doing, and nine times out of ten they will sneer at you. Not so with three by fives. You can reach into your breast pocket and get out an envelope of philosophy notes and nobody will know that they are not five-dollar bills. Come to think of it, you could put your philosophy notes in your bill fold if you wanted to and then everybody would think they were five-dollar bills. Of course nobody ever studies on the subway, but you come closer to it with these dynamic little pieces of paper than you ever could with the regular loose leaf sheets.

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Paradoxically, three by fives know how to clutter gracefully. If they are going to make a mess, they don't do it all over your desk like big tablet or typewriting paper. And it's always fun to arrange them into attractive little piles. I think we all have a region in our cortex that demands a special kind of relaxation now and then, like lying down on the floor and crying or playing solitaire. Three by fives answer the need. When you are sitting up half the night writing a thesis, you won't get nearly so disgusted if you use our merry little slips; you can stave off your mind's wanderlust by playing solitaire with your notes, and at the same time learn more about your subject. Or if you feel creative you can label one slip "Thoughts on writing a late thesis" and file it away afterwards with your material. It makes for a well-rounded scholarly approach and keeps your subject from pressing in on you and spoiling your broad outlook. It also makes you feel silly, but I think this is a good sign, not a bad one.


Three by fives ask respect in their humble way, and I believe most of them get it. You don't see people fly off the handle when they've made a mistake on a three by five, and crumple it up with imprecations. Three by fives fool you there, for they are too small to give a good crumple. This is another reason, besides the advantage of compactness, that I get them in double-onion skin thickness. (I'll admit I've even tried regular onion skin, but shall we say this grade is a bit *too* transparent? Yes, I think we shall.)

Of course all good causes have their hecklers. There are a few sulky professors who advocate four by sixes—some even admitting pads. You know as well as I do that this is bad business. But you can't argue with some people, you know, and I guess that's about all there is to say about it.

When I first studied French, my teacher urged me and my friends to Think in French. Let me likewise enjoin all you brave boys who want to become cultivated gentlemen and sound scholars, to Think in Three By Fives. Get into the rich habit of pinning volatile facts onto three by fives. Love me, love my dog; your affection for the little slips will carry with it love for what's written on them, and this in turn will ripen into a love of wisdom.

Once you have taken them up, into your life they will follow you, these gentle three by fives, and they will enrich everything you do. You will get so you will think of slipping a few of them into your pocket before you think of slipping in a package of cigarettes. This in itself is a good sign, and in your interest you may smoke less cigarettes. Or you may smoke more, depending on your temperament. But for myself, I like landscape gardening and tree surgery.

Oliver F. Eggleston.



Ignis Immortalis

THE French have no counterpart of "home," but have to use two words "chez" and "foyer" to convey all the ideas implied by the English word. "Foyer" is derived from the Latin "focarium" or hearth, and it is around "le foyer" that the French consider true home life to exist. Who will deny their fancy? None but those who have not been exposed to an open fire. An open fire: the phrase summons to mind any of its innumerable forms. A wood fire on a beach or in a house, a coal fire on a grate, nay even a gas log, all of them are open fires, all are different, and all have the same resulting feeling of comfort and content.

The respect for a fire is not hard to understand when it warms us on a cold, rainy day which has soaked us to the skin. Nor is our appreciation of a fire hard to understand when it cooks our food. These affect very directly our physical comfort by removing discomfort, for which good office man is always grateful. Primitive man respected fire for the protection it gave him. The discovery of fire and its uses is second only in importance to that of speech in the development of man as a superior animal. These two attributes, speech and fire, raised man above the level of the surrounding brutes. With their aid he was able to cope with a world largely carnivorous in taste. He could control the fire that struck terror to the heart of more ferocious beings. As man developed more tools and more conveniences, his brute strength grew less and his dependence on fire to produce tools to be used reasonably was greater. Chipped stone, cast bronze, and forged steel are symbolic of man's progress.

But who can explain the hold that fire has always had on man's imagination? Why is it that on a warm night when the actual heat of the fire may be unnecessary and even uncomfortable, men who are living in the woods, or who are taking just a few moments to get together, build a camp fire and the group that gathers round it is united by an intangible bond of fellowship? Then it is that the "huge, cloudy symbols of a high romance" are seen in the mind's eye, or, if you prefer, in the leaping of the flames. Then it is that the feeling between man and man and between man and woman is intensified and ennobled. But why? And why when the time of departure comes and the fire must

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be extinguished or scattered for the night, why is there a feeling of regret, a sense of an irretrievably broken spell, the consciousness of a precious moment slipping by?

Even indoors the fire keeps its charms. It cheers and stimulates those about it till they either chat merrily or enter into a silent communication with themselves which is not anti-social. There is a feeling of companionship that has the same effect on one's mind as the actual presence of a friend would have. Why is it that a man completely absorbed in a book feels that the fire needs attention and at the proper time wakes from his concentration, and without regret lays his book aside to replenish the dying flames? And why is it that in a room which is not crowded and in which there is an open fire, the hearth becomes the focal point for those present, a point around which they instinctively gather, and having gathered, begin to converse?

I am sure I don't know why, nor do I care. The reverence for fire and its fascination are among man's oldest heritages, connected unquestionably with sun worship. I thank whatever gods there be for our underlying, yet irrepressible, Paganism.

T. S. Brown.





Church

STEERING the big roadster to the curb, he pressed hard on the brake pedal. The gears gave a sudden snarl as he petulantly pulled the lever out of position. Good lord, he was tired. He'd gotten up at an unsaintly hour meaning to get home by night. He'd meant to spend Christmas with Vivienne and the children, but amid the mail waiting for him at the hotel desk had been a wire from Vivienne to tell she had been invited away for the holidays. It would have been a pity to refuse—the Grahams were known for their ability to arrange a "good time."

The children would stay home with Miss Matthews, the governess. He knew she would get them a Christmas tree, though Vivienne thought it a mistake to prolong in children what she called their sentimentality. Maybe at that she was right—he didn't know.

Sunk low in the cold but comfortable cushions of the automobile, he closed his eyes for a moment. He opened them again and looked at the people going to church—old women who had never given up the abbess-like severity of the styles of many years ago, tottering on the arms of old husbands or younger sons; young women holding down their gowns against the vagabonding north-wind. They were all going to church.

He shivered. He was in a residential street of the small town and couldn't see any place where he might stop long enough to get warm again. He could stop for a moment in the church. He smiled. If Vivienne were he she would . . . Never mind. He switched off the ignition and got out of the car and followed the people and the sound of some grandiose organ music.

He sat down in one of the seats in the very rear of the little chapel. He'd stay only a minute. He closed his eyes again. Great God he was tired.

He woke with a queer feeling of fright at his heart. Where . . . oh yes. His leg muscles stiffened as he prepared to leave. But he couldn't leave now; there was someone kneeling beside him on the aisle. They were all kneeling. He sat huddled forward in his seat so as not to appear too conspicuous. He wouldn't kneel, though, no he wouldn't kneel. A bit amused, he looked over the bowed heads to where a man was per-

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forming strange rituals at the altar. An altar, a priest. It had been a long time since he had seen that. His mind went back over what seemed an age of time to the little chapel where he had attended catechism class. The fat, red-faced old priest they'd feared for his terrible temper, and for the foolish questions he used to ask. He'd asked one of them which would you choose, a sandwich or the host? The boy he had asked had been courageous enough to choose the more wholesome of the two kinds of bread, and the fat Father had struck his face with force enough to knock him sideways in his seat. A long time ago. For the first time it came to him that such a small incident had done much to begin the doubt that had grown in time to scornful disbelief. But most if not all of these people here seemed to believe.

Now they were all getting off their knees and sitting down again. He could have gone then but didn't. Lord he was tired. The organ played and the choir sang—what was it. Very faintly, oh, so very faintly, he remembered that strange music. Probably it had frightened him with its haunting, stark strangeness when he was a boy. It had made him want to cry. Why even now it did something to him. He was worn out; he hadn't slept much for a week.

No, he knew the effect that music could have, how it could fool people into believing. He must have laughed a little too loudly under his breath for the woman next to him turned her head to stare at him strangely.

"Is it a small thing
To have enjoy'd the sun,
To have lived light in the spring . . ."

The lines ran through his head. Yes, that he had believed. Life for its own sake. He'd been happy with that alone. Well, all right, satisfied then. It was a great deal.

Again the crowd kneeled and again he leaned forward in his seat, his knees almost touching the small bench at his feet. "Take it all for true—if you're wrong in the end what have you lost?" Pascal's "bargain." How he'd hated that through all his life, how he had pitied the people who lived by that. He was tired.

Suddenly the little bell tinkled, once. As if instinctively his hand formed to a fist and moved to tap the left side of his breast three times, as he'd been taught a long, long time ago. He grew suddenly angry with himself, childishly angry. It was time he was getting out of here. A second time the bell tinkled sharply to be followed again by a solemn hush. He bowed his head a bit. Exhaustion. What was happening to him? One of his knees touched the kneeling-bench in front of him. This

PILGRIMAGE

was nonsense, nonsense. A great shroud of feeling dropped over him of almost complete abandon. God, he was tired. He would laugh at himself for this tomorrow. Again the little bell. He dropped on both knees and clasped his hands over the back of the bench before him and he prayed to he knew not what, but he prayed and prayed.

René Blanc-Roos.

PILGRIMAGE

*Our Father, once again we come to pray,
Drawn by some instinctive need. No code
Of law, secular or divine, no goad
Of passing fashion forces us to pay
Such tribute unto thee. For, day by day
We live in rush and hurry. Dark times forebode
Times darker still. With eyes upon the road,
Intent on little things, life slips away.*

*We cast all such aside and in this land
Where mountain, lake, forests of spruce and pine
Produce this visual harmony, we stand
Before thee in thy vast primeval shrine.
We learn, newly attuned in heart and soul,
Our chord in thy grand concert of the whole.*

T. S. Brown.



The Vanity Case

WHENEVER I used to go into Philadelphia from college, I inevitably found myself in Leary's Bookshop, and I invariably stayed too long. Once, I remained in the shop until the darkness outside warned me that I might miss supper at college. I left with what I thought ample time to reach the station, but I wasted precious minutes gazing at posters in front of the theatres along the way and had to run the last few blocks. I made the train, but it was crowded, and I had to walk through several cars before finding a seat. I sat down, conscious of someone young and feminine beside me. I opened the book purchased that afternoon and studiously turned the pages, finding occasion to glance ever so nonchalantly in the direction of my neighbor. These brief glimpses lent a pleasing haziness to the object under scrutiny. I had a vague impression of curls and whiteness.

Nothing out of the ordinary would have happened if she had not dropped her vanity case. It slid to the floor, and both of us leaned to pick it up. I should have accomplished the deed gracefully, if my book had not just then decided to join the vanity case. In the confusion, I was only partially successful, for she came up with the book. I smiled, she laughed, and we made the exchange. The haze having been lifted, the vision lost none of its charm.

She lived at Haverford, and not very far from the campus. She liked to read, she loved to ride horseback, and she had not yet been to a college dance. I arranged that in no time. Dances, horses, trips to Leary's Bookshop, and in my senior year I left college and married. We lived in New York, and before long my pictures were being displayed in front of theatres. We had a son, destined from the cradle for Haverford. Perhaps some day he would be captain of the football team . . . If she had dropped her vanity case.

James E. Truex.



BALLADE A DOUBLE REFRAIN

(To Nina, who insisted on a ballade by Friday night:)

*Nina, my dear, you bid me ply
My pen to ends that give it fright.
A ballade you'll have! The day draws nigh
And still it has not seen the light;
No phrases flow without main or might,
My brain bids fancy fond adieu.
Yet from the gloom this glimmers bright:
The refrain must ever return to you.*


*You must not scold me if I sigh
At the twenty lines that remain tonight.
It were facile enough, if you were by
Close to my side, for me to write.
The phrases would flow without main or might—
(Haply I'd get to bed by two!)—
If your azure eyes could to me indite
The refrain that ever returns to you.*

*You will not think it a flippant cry,
If I say that you've done my love despite;
For this is a task that would angels try,
And teases the reason of mortal wight.
Ah, that phrases would flow without main or might!
I'm a dolt that dares not woo nor do
Out of fear of putting forever to flight
The refrain that ever returns to you.*

Envoy

*The phrases would flow without main or might:
If I were sure that you did too,
It would take but a moment for me to cite
The refrain that ever returns to you.*

René Blanc-Roos.



Death of Emma

MRS. BLUMGARTEN created a disturbance when she crawled out of her body early one morning from the effect of a malignant tumor. A piece suddenly fell out of many people's lives, and they groped around a bit dizzily in the emptiness left by Emma Blumgarten's departure. They saw vacancy when they looked at her empty chair at breakfast; they heard nothing when they should have caught the sound of the chair scraped clumsily over the floor. The house was full of holes which one half expected to be filled with the apparition of Mrs. Blumgarten, but they were not.

Suddenly life took on the heightened colors of a fever. Emma's daughter and son-in-law sat at breakfast eating the tasteless dry cereal and the toast. They remembered how Emma used to look forward to receiving mail and wondered if they ought to open what came for her from now on.

It seemed odd to them that "poor old Emma" should once have sat opposite them industriously chewing the hard toast with her false teeth. "Emma is dead." The words ran through their heads. They would be saying that all morning. Or was that too abrupt? Perhaps one should say, "We have sad news for you. Emma has gone."

Without much conversation John and Edna Rittner got up from breakfast, went out to the car, and crawled in preparatory to making a visit to all their acquaintances.

"Emma has gone!" "We have sad news for you." "Emma is dead." "But the end was painless."

Most of her friends seemed in a way resentful that she had died so abruptly before they had time to prepare adequately. Old Mrs. Thrall down the street, Emma's lifelong friend, looked frightened when she heard. "Emma and I used to crochet together," was all she could say.

The Rittner Ford stumbled down the streets of the drowsy town. It stopped before a faded cottage with green shutters. Mr. Sykes came to the door.

"We have sad news for you. Emma has just died."

"Emma!" Mr. Sykes's voice was awestruck. "Won't you come in and sit down? Did it come suddenly?"

"Yes, but the end was fortunately painless."

"That is something we can be thankful for."

DEATH OF EMMA

Melancholy silence.

"I remember when she used to come around raising money for the missionaries, working over in—"

"The missionaries in the Philippine Islands."

"She was a good soul."

"So self-sacrificing."

"But the end had to come. We must all die some time."

"We must be going now. So many friends to see. She had so many friends."

"Well, believe me, Mrs. Sykes and I sympathize with you in your bereavement."

"Thank you." Handkerchief.

"Does the funeral come tomorrow?"

"Yes, after lunch. We are going to try and get Reverend Kuhlmann. They say his funeral sermons are so fine."

"Yes, very fine."

"Have you heard him?"

"No. Heard of him."

"Um."

"Well, good-bye."

"Good-bye." They crawled into their car again. It suddenly struck Edna that Mrs. Blumgarten was not sitting in the back seat as usual. She realized that Emma would never sit there again. Never, she repeated to herself.

The car continued down the street. A young girl in a short green dress was walking along the sidewalk with a bag of groceries under her arm. Edna leaned out of the window and was going to shout, "Hello, Grace. Emma is dead." But she caught herself and said only "Grace!"

"Goodness, what's wrong, Mrs. Rittner?"

"Mother has died."

"Mrs. Blumgarten!" exclaimed Grace, "why I was to see her just the other day and she knew me and spoke to me about little Sidney. She hoped he wouldn't get into any trouble."

"Yes, she was always thinking of others. Good kind soul." Handkerchief.

"Well, you'll never get to see her again, I'm afraid," remarked John Rittner, thoughtfully.

"No."

A pause.

"It's funny how she was always worrying about others, and now she's dead and the rest still safe."

"Her mother's instinct, I guess. She raised four safely."

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"And raised them well," John said, trying to rise to the occasion. Sickly smiles.

"Poor Emma. I guess she wasn't very strong, with her rheumatism. How old was she?"

"Just sixty-one."

"Ah."

And so it went on until the time for the funeral, when social arrangements, the obtaining of chairs, and the plans for dinner occupied all the Rittners' time. Then the Reverend Kuhlmann arrived. He was a tall, stooped man with a pallid and well-washed look.

"Believe me I know how it feels to lose a dear one. I've been through it all myself, and I sympathize with you," he said fluently. The Words of Comfort came easily to him.

There followed a long discourse on the immortality of the soul with just enough references to the deceased one to move the audience to tears. "She was a true Christian, always thinking of others. I know of no one so unaffected in her religion." "She was without the benefit of an education, but her spirit knew the truth." "She knew her own humbleness and followed God all her life."

Then the groups of friends filed past the body. This was the worst part of all. If only the body vanished as completely as the spirit, John and Edna thought separately, it would not be so bad. But here was Emma's body, everything was so like her, there was Emma's dress on the body. But Emma was not there. That was the terrible part.

As she was undressing for bed that night Edna broke under the strain. What good is it, she thought, to resurrect the memory of someone whom you have loved? Emma is gone from us. "Dear God," she cried out to her terror-stricken husband, "how foolish all this fuss is! We loved Emma, and now she's dead!" That was all, but it was enough.

When Christmas came, old Mrs. Thrall remembered she was not to buy a present for Emma this year. It came as a distinct shock to her.

One afternoon Mrs. Sykes, who had decided to clean out her dresser, came across one of Emma's old letters, badly spelled and with too much punctuation. "I hope you will take good care of yourself," it said. Mrs. Sykes put the letter away again.

And nearly a year later as John and Edna were sitting down to lunch one day, Edna suddenly remembered that Emma had liked apple butter.

These, only the faintest ripples, were all that remained. Emma's character and her body were as hopelessly dispersed as the waves that record on a pond the falling of a stone.

James D. Hoover.

EDITORIAL

AFTER this issue we are through with the HAVERFORDIAN Board, and so we take this last chance to soliloquize on matters with which we are professionally concerned. We still lament the absence of any interest in writing around this college, and many have been the bull sessions in which we have turned to this question without satisfaction. We can think of a few reasons why there is lack of interest, but that doesn't help us much. For one thing, many students around here are scientific students (some of these cry their eyes out if they have one paper to write per semester) and what few of these feel the urge to write generally go over to that great limbeck of working brains, the *News*, where, in the words of our beloved Chapbook, "they tell them of Haford toune, what they already know, sir." Then, this college is non-coeducational. It is surprising how girls can reel out the stories, poems, and essays and spur their male colleagues on for very shame.

But a point which nobody can deny is that the college itself pays small attention to creative writing. In contrast to the grinding and altogether valuable full courses in Freshman composition that almost any college or university you ever heard about makes its first year men go through, at Haverford the Rhinie listens to a few lectures on the radiation or concatenation of ideas and then, perhaps, tears off a paper or so on Beowulf before the semester is over. Notwithstanding the dictum in the college catalogue to the effect that no student is graduated till he can write a satisfactory style extempore, we feel that the very minimum instruction for it is given.

Howsoever these things be, a long farewell to the HAVERFORDIAN! Now for me the Board may struggle, now for me the hack writers may puff like an accordion! But to rhinies and sophomores in particular, we say with all sincerity, that the HAVERFORDIAN is a department of college endeavor that you shouldn't overlook. We who have sweated out issues, good and bad, month after month, always have found that the experience has been worth it; but we should have been glad to have more boys sweating with us and profiting as we have profited.



BOOKS

ROCKWELLKENTIANA: FEW WORDS AND MANY PICTURES, By Rockwell Kent.

Rockwell Kent's increasing popularity is the excuse for the appearance of a representative collection of his lithographs, woodcuts, and paintings. The book is suitably illustrative of the striking quality of his work, and of its facility. Mr. Kent is a thorough artist within his limitations; in his treatment of natural subjects he displays keen sensitivity to the unusual and the little-remarked. But it is this concern with the bizarre that is the weakness of his more abstract work. It betrays him into sensationalism. Pictures which at first glance seem charged with meaning yield little upon analysis. Colorless words, these, but it is difficult to summon a reaction to designs which depend for their appeal upon their superficial qualities.

The "few words" of the title are sketches and essays on painting and, so far as quality goes, they could have been even fewer with no loss to the book. Yet they are perhaps valuable, for, in the determined ingenuousness of their style and their easy philosophy, they furnish a clue to the reason for Mr. Kent's popularity and to the weakness of his work. In themselves, however, they will hardly be liked even by his admirers, for they are fragmentary and inconsistent. The attack on art critics, for instance, is a pitiable failure not because of the invulnerability of the critical principle but because of the ineptitude of the shaft he directs against it.

J. A. C. and R. E. G.



THE PROSELYTE, By Susan Ertz.

In this story of the Mormon settlement of Utah are found the virtues but not the faults of an historical novel. The author has been able to give her characters the vividness of historical characters in a book no longer than average. The action moves so rapidly at times that one cannot be sure if the heroine is a young girl or a middle-aged woman. This habit of jumping abruptly from chapters covering days to paragraphs sketching years is the only flaw in the book. Unless the reader is very careful, he is in danger of being three or four years behind the course of events in the story. This, however, avoids the boredom that must come to the reader of an endless journal of petty detail.

The characters of this book explain the motives of most of the Mormons, without actually increasing the reader's respect for these people. Miss Ertz does not say whether Joseph Smith, Brigham Young, and company were great leaders or common swindlers. She seems to imply, however, that in her opinion Young was a great man led astray by a too literal interpretation of the teachings of Smith. She takes throughout the book a very kindly attitude toward the Mormons and their leaders.

Unlike most books of this type, this one does not escort the leading character into an uninspiring dotage. As the book nears the end with no let-down in interest, it appears almost impossible to end it gracefully. This is done, however, in such a way that the reader is left with that sympathetic feeling which only a good book can produce.

Dean Klevan.

BOOKS

THEATRE GUYED, By Newman Levy.

HAPPY DAYS, By Ogden Nash.

It is no easy task to burlesque serious drama. The humorous mangling must be done so delicately and the result be so well proportioned that those who love the works of Shakespeare, Goethe, et. al., will be the ones who most enjoy the ensuing piffle. We have again the old adage of the ridiculous and the sublime. It takes a light touch to provoke laughter without remorse, and in order that it may live, the sting of humorous satire must be removed.

In *Theatre Guyed*, Mr. Levy has parodied *The Merchant of Venice*, *Othello*, *Faust*, and several other dramas in a thoroughly delightful manner, his versification alone being enough to light the way through the not too accurate histories of these gentlemen. The author varies his scheme enough so that, instead of being appalled at the sameness and antiquity of the subject, you are beguiled into consuming the whole book. It is a full meal, but you end up by suspecting that you'll read the next one from cover to cover when you ought to be doing something else.

Ogden Nash has overflowed again, and *Happy Days*, the effusion, differs somewhat from *Free Wheeling* in that the author's point of view has become a great deal more subjective. He writes less from the standpoint of the impersonal observer and, instead, informs us vehemently of his philosophy. He has definitely something to say and although most of it would not be worth saying in prose, his ability to put into verse his intensity of feeling has made the book worth reading. It is the work of a real poet. Mr. Nash has as usual stretched his verse until some of it is scarcely recognizable as such, but his unique phraseology and method of description make most intriguing reading. We like it better than *Free Wheeling*, and that is saying a great deal.

Walter T. Spaeth.



I, THE TIGER, By Manuel Komroff.

I, the Tiger, is a perfect book for light reading. Perhaps the most obvious and the first thing that strikes one on the first reading of the book is the extreme simplicity of style that is used. This is without doubt one of the cleverest touches in a book full of clever touches. For with such directness and simplicity would a jungle beast think and talk while telling its life story. *I, the Tiger*, is the life-story of Rajah, Royal Bengal from the time he was first captured until the thrilling climax when he returns to the jungle. His life in the Circus, in the Zoo, and in the madhouse of Hollywood is narrated in direct and simple language. The comments of the Tiger upon man and his strange ways prove him to be a most philosophical beast and one is forced to conclude that Mr. Komroff has used the Tiger as a medium through which he can comment with gentle satire upon the quirks and foibles of the human race in comparison with the simplicity and directness of animal life. The people that move through the pages of the book as seen through the eyes of the Tiger are all interesting characters. There is the arch-villain, Zellar, the animal-trainer, who first captured him and who dogs his foot-steps like an inexorable gloating, Nemesis and with whom the Tiger settles accounts in the thrilling climax of the book. Then there is the clown who wanted to be a doctor, Flossie the bare-back rider, Auntie the old sewing woman with her "Don't you look at me that way, you saucy cat," and Mr. Brandy of the kind heart and fierce mustaches. Taken all in all *I, the Tiger*, is an amusing, satiric novel which should provide excellent entertainment for a winter's evening.

Robert C. Bone.

CINEMA

THUNDER *Over Mexico* is the most important picture of the month, and the most pathetic, but there is little to say of it. It gains its importance from indications it contains of what *Que Viva Mexico!* might have been, and its pathos from the sad fact that, as it stands, it is a shattered wreck of greatness. The story of Eisenstein's attempt to produce a cinematic masterpiece in *Que Viva Mexico!* and of the deflation of his work by Upton Sinclair and Sol Lesser is too well known to *cinéastes* to need retelling here. Suffice it to report that the deflation is complete. Had Eisenstein been permitted to complete his film he could not have vindicated his cinematic theories more thoroughly than they are vindicated by the shabby heroics of *Thunder Over Mexico*. For this picture which, as it now stands is about as artistically worthy as a 1910 Western, contains photography more beautiful, more meaningful, than any the camera has so far caught. It is continuously obvious as one watches that had the director himself been permitted to assemble it, a film would have resulted to surpass anything yet done or dreamed of in the cinema. It is Hollywood's editing of the material which makes the picture a silly melodrama—and Hollywood has always contended that editing was unimportant, so long as the photographed material was good. If the film is not the glorious thing that might have come from an unhampered Eisenstein, it is at least a subtly devastating criticism of his American opponents, and they are being convicted out of their own mouths.

It should be sufficient to record the fact that a new Mae West picture has been released. For Mae stands unique and alone, defying imitators because more than one of her kind is inconceivable. Like the Marx brothers, then, she should be the sole excuse for her vehicles, and they should be concerned with nothing but the exploitation of her indispensable humour. I wish I could say this of *I'm No Angel*, but the incredible truth is that the picture is dull. Still more unbelievably, the reason is to be found in a line in the screen credits: "Story, screen play, and all dialogue by Mae West." Not that I would have anyone else write her dialogue, for only Mae and Groucho Marx know how to make fun of sex, but she is no concocter of plots. Both *She Done Him Wrong* and her new picture contained long and boring sequences when the star is missing and the audience is forced to witness the wildly melodramatic, but none the less dull, incidents that flow from the West pen. *Night After Night*, in which she played a minor role, was more entertaining than either of her starring pictures because it had a rational story. But doubts of Mae's literary ability are no reflection on her power as a personality, and she is in great form in *I'm No Angel*.

Katharine Hepburn's personal following has caused *Little Women* to break box-office records everywhere, but her performance is not good enough to justify this, nor does it provide an excuse for the picture. Miss Hepburn is thought of as the screen's finest actress by many, but to me she is a continual disappointment. It is not that she lacks technical ability or comprehension, for she shows indications of both, but that she seems always afraid to commit herself to any interpretation. Thus her characters emerge as indefinite beings, with no individuality save that which Miss Hepburn's personal characteristics give them. That is not great acting; it is scarcely acting at all. And if ever a picture needed the support of the performers, *Little Women* does. They do their best. Desperately, ostentatiously, they strive to recapture a mood which never

CINEMA

existed except in the pages of a juvenile novel. It is strange that a book which has always been described as "healthy" and "normal" should be found, in its screen incarnation, to contain definitely unpleasant psychological implications. How else, though, can one account for *Jo's* behaviour when she spurns *Laurie's* love yet holds out a tantalizing hope to him? Or her dislike for all suggestion of physical passion, and the fury with which she greets the discovery that her elder sister, whom she prefers to think of still as a childhood playmate, is in love? "You're *spoiling everything*," she flings at her with suppressed hatred and bitterness. All this is made right in the eyes of the other characters, however, through the virtue of self-sacrifice, which *Jo* and everyone else in the film possess in quantities, and of which a great issue is made. It is discussed at length by the characters, and particular sacrifices are made with a great show of agony, but you realize that they are sacrifices almost anyone could have made, and that without the constant wavering in which the *Marches* indulge.

Dancing Lady, the latest musical in the *Forty-second Street* cycle, follows its model with unblenching fidelity, but without much inspiration. Here Clark Gable is the hard-boiled musical director, and he is hardly a satisfactory substitute for Warner Baxter. He shouts, he rants, but with a strange lack of authority; there is a panicky suggestion that he knows no more about what is wrong with the singing and dancing of his underlings than the audience does. Nor is Joan Crawford much of an improvement upon Ruby Keeler as a musical heroine. Her tap-dancing is good, the bright spot of the picture in fact, but it scarcely makes up for the wild melodramatics of her acting, which seems more overwrought than usual amidst the girls and the music and the comedians. Somewhere in the picture are mediocre spectacle sequences, and a few shots of Fred Astaire's excellent dancing. He is, however, subordinated to Franchot Tone, who manages to give a more self-satisfied performance than even that of *Today We Live*.

Richard E. Griffith.



Duck Soup is a highly flavored dish, seasoned by such condiments as only the brothers Marx can provide. Aided by Margaret Dumont, Raquel Torres, Edgar Kennedy and many others, they offer a mad travesty of the fiscal and military difficulties of Freedonia, one of those principalities. Groucho, as the prime minister, still exercises his prerogative as the connoisseur of insinuating badinage; Harpo, mime *par excellence*, and the voluble Chico find a new and diverting outlet for their talents as spies of neighboring Sylvania. Punctuated by the brisk satiric words and music of Kalmar and Ruby, and embellished by vast ensemble scenes of extravagant humor, *Duck Soup* is reminiscent of a slightly insane *Of Thee I Sing*.

The Private Life of Henry VIII is admittedly the best cinema that has yet emerged from England. The difficulties of faulty recording and inept lighting have been completely surmounted, and even the great drawback of length and dullness has been largely overcome. The reason for this accomplishment lies with the director, Alexander Korda, who, ironically enough, is a Hungarian. He has molded what would have inevitably been episodic and cluttered under listless English direction into a remarkably coherent whole. He has wisely not made a fetish of fidelity to scholarly data; the characters are not mere puppets in an historical pageant, but living people. Only occasionally does the picture lapse into boring or irrelevant sequences.

But superior direction alone is not responsible for the success of the film, for the acting is magnificent. Charles Laughton as Henry is, of course, the dominant figure,

THE HAVERFORDIAN

but he is surrounded by a cast of uniform excellence. Elsa Lanchester (Mrs. Laughton), as the shrewd Anne of Cleves, and Lady Tree, as the King's nurse, are particularly outstanding. As for Mr. Laughton his performance surpasses the pedestrian vocabulary of the reviewer. He *is* Henry VIII: naif, sensual, superficially clever; the boastful overgrown boy, not the glamorous Bluebeard, nor the master statesman of history texts. One feels that Mr. Laughton's potentialities as an actor should lead him to delineate the lofty realms of psychology, to characters more akin to the insanely jealous officer of *The Devil and the Deep* and the haunted murderer of *Payment Deferred* than to bluff King Hal.

J. B. Christopher.



DRAMA

The Loves of Charles II, the latest of the dramatic sequences of Miss Cornelia Otis Skinner, maintains the high standard of its predecessors: *The Wives of Henry VIII* and *The Empress Eugenie*. Aided only by luxurious costumes and the merest suggestion of scenery, Miss Skinner presents brilliant and incisive characterizations of the procession of the loves of England's "merry monarch": Henrietta Maria, his mother, *la reine malheureuse*; a Dutch trollop, prototype of the contemporary gold-digger; three of his many mistresses: the brazen and ill-tempered Lady Castlemaine, the clever coquette, Louise de Queroalle, and the most famous of all, Nell Gwynn, bawdy and sentimental, the Mae West of her age; and, finally, Catharine of Braganza, his childless and neglected wife. Throughout, the unseen Charles II is the dominant figure, suggested in myriad ways by Miss Skinner's portrayals: sodden with physical excesses, bored, tired, the most accomplished rake of England's most licentious age, the Restoration. And so Miss Skinner also recreates the Restoration with its shallowness, depravity, and ennui. That this solo drama, as well as the fascinating original character sketches of representative modern American women which preceded it, was devised and presented by Miss Skinner alone stamps her as one of our foremost *diseuses*.

J. B. Christopher.



TEN MINUTE ALIBI, by Anthony Armstrong: (Ethel Barrymore Theatre, New York).

Each year when the theatrical season commences, I feel convinced that the store of original ideas surrounding murder and detectives has been exhausted; and each year a new play is produced to prove me wrong. *Ten Minute Alibi* presents a novel situation, deftly written and capably acted. It has to do with an attempt to carry out a murder exactly as conceived in a dream. Do not go to it thinking to see a thriller; you will find no Egyptian idols, raving madmen, or mysterious hands issuing from hidden panels. But the plot is such that there is no need for emotional adornments. After the show, the ushers experienced some difficulty in persuading the audience to leave the theatre and carry on their discussions at Tony's or Twenty-one.

In the December issue of *Vanity Fair*, George Jean Nathan makes scant mention of the play, casting it off with his damning phrase, "It's all right if you like that sort of thing." If you have normal reactions, I venture to say that in *Ten Minute Alibi* you will like "that sort of thing."

James E. Truex.

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THE HAVERFORDIAN

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No. 4

THE HAVERFORDIAN is published monthly during the college year. Its purpose is to foster a literary spirit among the undergraduates. To that end contributions are invited. Material should be submitted to the Editor before the tenth of the month preceding publication.

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Hang-Overs

THE TIES THAT BLIND

I HAPPEN to be afflicted with an aunt who gives me the ugliest yuletide neckties I ever saw on anyone. I used to open her gift early on Christmas morning, but the hideous color combinations often made me so violently ill that I could not digest a mouthful of the noon-day turkey dinner. So I wisely postponed the opening of aunty's lethal packages until after the other Christmas festivities had received their full quota of attention. I would then slip off somewhere, gather up my courage, and sear my eyeballs with the most awful conglomeration of shrieking and mis-matched hues any one necktie could possibly display. This nerve-shattering experience would generally confine me to my bed for a period of from three days to a week, during which time I could eat nothing but chicken broth and milk toast. Suffering thus in silence, I dread the coming of Christmas, when my already rather delicate health is sure to receive a setback. And the worst of it is that, once having gazed upon those terrible ties, I find that I cannot entirely forget them. They have a nasty habit of impressing themselves upon one's mind, just as do rattlesnakes or green-eyed monsters. Every once in a while one of them pops up in front of my eyes as clear as day, and I begin to feel like a man who has just seen the ghost of his deceased mother-in-law. Some time ago I was selected to make the valedictory address at our high school commencement. I had just reached the most impressive moment in my speech—something about “and now we must bid farewell to these ivy-



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covered halls," when the garish spectre of my aunt's 1926 Christmas selection in neckwear seemed to be flapping in my face. I stared wide-eyed into space for a moment. I yelled, "Get that damned thing out of here!" and fainted away as cold as a fish. As I remember, it took the principal and eight members of the board of trustees to revive me.

NOW that Christmas is over and we are pressing hopefully forward into the new year, I should like to make a few suggestions.

It is surprising that the N. R. A. has not treated this Christmas business with the same thoroughness shown in the control of other occupations of the humble citizenry. Why has not someone come forth with a Santa Claus Code? The lack of system in the conception and decoration of Christmas trees is shocking. Tired fathers and distraught mothers have each year to work overtime at a task for which they get no credit. On Christmas morning the fruit of their labor is attributed to a mythical agency. If this trimming business must be done, why is there no adequate labor compensation? It can only be that the men behind the N. R. A. still hold fast to a belief in Santa Claus. The least they could do would be to send out a corps of pseudo-Santa Clauses at say thirty cents an hour, with a flat rate for sweeping the chimney. The unemployment problem would be solved.

Realizing the complexity of the situation, I should suggest scrapping the whole system and introducing the "New Deal" Christmas tree. Instead of having one tree to each house, let us place a community Christmas tree on the village common. In addition, it would be cheaper, and a boon to the forest conservation movement if we were to change from fir trees to common maples. In New York we could carry out the plan by decorating the Chrysler building with colored lights. What a spectacle, to see all of New York piling its Christmas presents at the base of the Chrysler Christmas tree!



HANGOVERS

ATAVISM

COLLEGE men in the big, bad cities these days are met with a new set of conditions. On every side of them bottles are popping, cocktails are shaking merrily, and all the while John Law stands smilingly by. The surprising thing is that the number of men who spend the evening under the table seems to be rather less since December fifth. Making the rounds of some half dozen of the nicer clubs and restaurants, I saw very few cases of acute alcoholism. Being of an inquisitive mind, I naturally wanted to know the why and wherefore of it all, and so consulted an old duffer whom I met in a place somewhere in the East Fifties. He was toying with an old-fashioned when I went up to him and seemed to be in a talkative mood. For the past decade or so he had been in the habit of toying with old-fashioneds in places frequented by the cream of New York society. He had noticed a change, he said. He maintained that the manners and customs of society had gone back to the old virtues—Sentimentality, Correctness, Nicety, and all that. Drinking is less of a Roman banquet affair today, than it was a few months ago. People are thinking more of the supreme virtue of being well dressed; women's skirts are becoming even longer. At the theatre, the old-fashioned, romantic plots are coming back into favor. Music is reverting to the standards of the late Nineteenth century, and people have the courage to put up with a novel of such Pickwickian length as *Anthony Adverse*.

I left him weeping sentimentally into another old-fashioned.

In the library the other evening, I noticed a remarkably well-dressed Freshman wandering about in search of someone. When he had scanned my section, he came up to me hesitantly and said, "Have you seen one?" "One what?" I asked. He sighed, and for answer, handed me a folder listing the rules of the college library. Clause number seven was underlined. "Dress decently. There are *always* women in the library."

But the library is really quite human in some things. The time limit for keeping *Anthony Adverse* has been increased from the usual two, to three weeks.

J. E. Truex.
G. Bookman.
T. D. Brown.



Dust to Dust

THEY buried you in a lead coffin.

Strange that you should remember that detail—everything else is vague and hazy, for you've been lying here for so long a time that only one thing runs through your—there, you almost said it again, you almost said your *brain*. You have no brain. Hasn't time and time again that terrible awareness crept over you? *You have no brain*. You have no arms, no legs, no chest, no chin, no nose. You can see, yes, but how do you know what it is you see with. You can't blink, can you? It doesn't hurt you to keep staring, does it? Well, then!

Eyeless eyes! Well, what of it! You ought to be used to it by now. It should have lost its ghastliness eons ago, right after you saw your feet go, and your arms, and the rest of you, while you watched futilely. That was ghastly enough, wasn't it? Yet you looked at it sensibly, you couldn't use them anyway. It was like lying inside somebody else whom you couldn't feel and who never moved no matter how much *you* wanted him to.

It wasn't so terribly queer of course when you were lying in that open coffin, and everybody you knew came over and peered down at you so sadly. That was expected, and, as a matter of fact, it was quite a sensation to know that you were able to watch them all without their suspecting it. You positively revelled in it, didn't you? You felt so superior about the whole affair.

Now remember. Do you recall your first twinge of fright? That's right. The minister was droning monotonously, and you grew bored. Remember what you tried to do. Think now.

You tried to get out!

As you lay there thinking, you thought you had it all arranged, didn't you? Here you were dead, yet you were perfectly conscious. Your feeling was that you were all bunched up inside your head and were looking out of a window. You didn't feel like going away, because it all seemed part of a system, a routine, and that it would be better to wait for him who had charge of events to take the lead. You weren't *really* going to

DUST TO DUST

try to get out then. You were only going to make an attempt, just to see how things were, and how the method of separation would probably start. So you gave a squirm and tried to push out.

You couldn't do a thing!

Now do you remember—that was your first fright. A feeling swept over you akin to the time when, as a child, you crawled into a dark narrow hole and got stuck so that you could neither go farther in nor get out again—a wild terror, wasn't it? Here, though, you weren't caught, you couldn't feel anything, there wasn't anything to push on, there was no motion in you, you could summon no power at all, you were suspended in an ocean of pure thought . . .

You calmed yourself deliberately. This only proved that it was all part of a relentless routine, and you might as well put up with it for the short time that it would last. When you reasoned the thing out, you understood that it would be rather ridiculous to hover over one's body while it lay there with so much dignity. After all, everybody must have wanted to feel that you were there—as much of you as could be, and it would be a senseless, inappropriate joke to curl wantonly around people's faces as they bent down to look at you. You might as well get into the spirit of the thing; it was no time for humor or whim, you said, and, of course, that was why you were locked up, so to speak; you supposed that lots of other people attempted the same thing—naturally it was not to be endured. So you bided your time.

When the burial was over, you remained in a state of feverish anticipation. What were you waiting for? Come now, you didn't know what you were waiting for, did you? And after a time, when nothing did happen, you again tried to go, and again you failed, and, if I remember, you made several such attempts in a very short time. Then, I think, these endeavors died away, for your attention was taken up with the decay of your body, an event which was of great interest to you.

You couldn't very well see the actual dissolution, because you were still bound up in that peculiar position, lying on a back that you didn't have in a head which no longer meant anything to you. Therefore you could see your body only in faint outline. As far as you were able to perceive, it didn't crumble, it simply passed slowly from view—legs, arms, chest, nose, lips, and all the contours of your face. It took some time for this idea to come to you and an even longer time before you would countenance the possibility of your head being gone and you still there! I remember you finally looked at it very objectively. Do you recall that you said, "here is an empty box, and I am in it!" And that was exactly the situation. There you were—tied down to nothing and definitely in place where something had once been.

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The next link in your chain you probably connect with your coffin's disappearance. You hadn't given much thought to the ruin of the lead which enclosed you. It was such a crawling slow process that it wasn't borne in on you until you suddenly noticed that it was no longer there. Then came the most amazing discovery of all.

The earth was packed in all about you. Tiny specks were swirling in your eyes. The soil was closing in, everywhere, everywhere . . .

You were part of the earth!

J. K. Weitzenkorn.

*Gertrude Stein writes that Picabia the artist
Has been trying to conceive of a line that vibrates
Like a musical chord and Attorney General Cummings
Says he considers the law a living force
And Harry Emerson Fosdick declares that religion
Must become vital or, though lifeless, die.
All of us thus may yet survive to see
Paint dance; law and religion reawake.*

*Traveller of the future, do not start
To see life's standards suddenly come alive
And change and grow and perhaps even blossom,
And moralists descend in parachutes,
And humanity, smiting idealism a swift blow
In the stomach, become at last human.*

James D. Hoover.



Sparks—and Ashes

*Ho Dieu! se j'eusse étudié
Au temps de ma jeunesse folle,
Et a bonnes meurs dédié,
J'eusse maison et couche molle!
Mais quoy! je fuyoye l'Escolle,
Comme faict le mauways enfant . . .
En escrivant ceste parolle,
A peu que le cueur ne me fend.*

FRANÇOIS VILLON, *Testament*.

I

In this, the Lord's year Nineteen Thirty-Three,
Quite hale in heart and sound enough of mind
To steer a pen with forethought sensibly,
(Though alienists might other verdict find)
I'm splashing ink on paper neatly lined
Trying my best to bring to light of day
Some prejudices that have long reclined
Within me; now the ass must have his bray.

II

The writing of this thing should be mere play,
And so it would be if my room were not
As frigid as an iceberg; I hear say
'Tis only in the spring they heat it hot.
At any rate, there is no need to blot
These lines I've writ with sole intent of pleasing:
My steaming breath I'm blowing like a sot
On my poor pen—to keep the ink from freezing.

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III

Dog Johnson's promises were only teasing:
And so meanwhile I've swathed my frozen feet
In burlap gentle Wilmer left me, seizing,
In fair exchange, my electric *Summer-Heat*.
Enough of this! 'tis only lambs should bleat
Because they have been left out in the snow:
Tomorrow morning we'll have Cream of Wheat,
Perhaps the coffee will *not* be zero.

IV

Of being cold I'll write no more, and so
I'll speak of things that will seem less quibbling.
There are some men within this college . . . (Whoa!
A little rat at my big toe is nibbling!
Do not be frightened, little rat.
I shall not feed you to the cat.
Nor shall I give you to the cook
To list you in his cooking-book:
He might be tempted, in his stew,
To leave out beef, and put in you.)

V

This sort of interruption is the least
Of all the troubles that I must endure.
At whiles I'm hindered both by man and beast,
By beast and man who would the Truth immure
'Midst wiles and witticisms, to insure
That I and Carrie Nation will not smash
The windows of a place that is not pure.
Right here I start to pay out petty cash:—

VI

There's Peter Page, whose accent's so sensational
A friend of mine has lately asked of me:
"Is Haverford become co-educational?"
My answer, you may guess, was blasphemy.

SPARKS—AND ASHES

For in our cloister-like seclusion we
Must here and there needs have the woman's touch.
What matter though this an illusion be—
Time will destroy, we hope, the need of such.

VII

Time will dispense, we hope, with need of much
Of all these things that now we take for granted:
Exams will not be given in a botch;
There will be beer instead of milk decanted;
Waiters will bring the grub in when we want it;
At breakfast they'll not shout "Hey, ain't you through!"—
Marry; have a son; and see him planted
At Haverford, to see what I pre-view.

VIII

Behold the group of grinders—Greek and Phil
Have turned their brains to sawdust and to sand;
Their noses look like quills. E'en Uncle Bill
Would hate to see (sardine-like) Wisdom canned!
And though a Tuesday-morning reprimand
May make the rest of us for Knowledge seek,
And give up drink and dicing out of hand—
The good resolve will not last out the week.

IX

I spoke, a few lines back, of our "seclusion";
Yet have we many a one in Camelot
Hath found, with little or with no confusion,
A Guinevere to play with Lancelot.
Though Bancroft think Bryn Mawr girls not so hot,—
Bryn Mawr is but a short mile up the pike!
McGinley, Bates, and Skinner do a lot
To Swarthmore morals with one only bike.

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X

I take a minute out wherein to plan
Some further wealth of words and luscious lore—
(Who left the window open in the c . . . !
The devil damn thee white, thou Janitor!!!
You've done it once, you've done it twice before.
Is't not enough, is't not enough, I say,
The cold doth like a drill within me bore?
Must we have ventilation night and day!)

XI

Truex has both his eyes on Margaret Kidder,
('Tis something that, no doubt, you've heard before.)
Lingerman in time will wed a widder.
To force a *virgin*-subject to the fore:—
They say that Kennie Paul is "mighty sore"
Because Put Morgan chiseled in on Leiper;—
'Tis plainly stuff enough to start a war.
Why don't they both agree to leave and weep her?

XII

Do not, pray, fulminate at this disclosure
Of men and things, as if I'd drawn *your* tooth.
I've many a black sheep still in my enclosure
That once let loose, would fill your heart with ruth.
There's Charlie Conn, hath bought a ring, in sooth!
And Scotty has designs on Prexy's daughter.
A sore dis-Comfort, but it is the truth—
(Here lieth one whose name was writ on water.)

XIII

I wish that Stokes the Red would bring to dances
A queen whose height would not on me impose:
May Heaven do despite to all "Chim Pansies"!
No joke it is to dance on tip of toes.
But this is not the least of all my woes:—
At any time throughout the dance's whirl
Her lovely corsage tickles me the nose—
O Stokes the Red! pray bring another girl.

SPARKS—AND ASHES

XIV

There's Gibbs, the God-anointed, who invokes
The regulations and the rules that we,
In a dark hour, concocted. He who smokes
Upon the campus pays two bucks in fee.
The hoax is that we cannot quite agree
As to the man who puts into his pockets
The money that we pay for prank or spree.
(I remind you—my eyes freeze in the sockets . . .)
Ah, Unc, could you and I with Him conspire
To grasp this sorry scheme which regulates
Our sorry lives for us until we tire
Of Goodman Gibbs's grand-paternal ire:
Would not we shatter it to bits, and then
Remold it closer to *your* heart's desire?

ENVOY

O Tatt, O Dean, from cold I die!
Lay on me for a pall,—
The while you deeply sigh—
A *White Rose*, thorns and all.—
The candle's flame now drops into the bottle,
There's only left to whisper: *Ainsi soit-il* . . .



A Modest Proposal Conceived in the Form Of an Editorial

WE FIND it very difficult to write this; for, sitting at our desk here, at every moment our elbows becoming entangled in piles of manuscript scatter sheets and sheets of paper on the floor. We are literally surrounded, immured by contributions to the HAVERFORDIAN.

Nor is it easy to express our gratification to all these Haverford undergraduates for the time and the chance of pleasure sacrificed for the sake of our literary publication,—it is not easy, I say, to do this without approaching the verge of maudlin emotionalism. In order therefore not to embarrass either you or ourselves we merely extend our heartfelt thanks, trusting you will gather all that it implies.

In scanning past issues you will doubtless have seen a long colonnade of various names signed to the stories and essays that make up this publication. All these have been names of those not officially connected with it. We make no attempt to hide from you that there has even been some dissension amongst the members of the

editorial board, for some of us would like occasionally to see our own names in print.

Far from worrying whether we would be able to publish the next issue—a state of affairs which, we are told, exists in some colleges—we have been compelled time and again to extend the limits of our magazine; for to have discarded any of these equally excellent artistic pieces in favour of another would have been, we feel, a literary abortion. Be that as it may, it is very satisfying to know that we need write nothing ourselves, that we need do nothing but proofread each month the innumerable contributions you hand in to us. As John Hazard used to say patting his distended abdomen after leaving the dining-hall, “Isn’t it *swell* to have your tummy full.”

Yet we feel it almost a duty to warn our fellow-students that there are functions far more important to be fulfilled at Haverford College. Seniors should by now be well on their way of preparation for the Comprehensives and Phi Beta Kappa. As for the Juniors, much

A MODEST PROPOSAL

as the HAVERFORDIAN owes to them, and little as we desire to stem the tide of their zeal and just ambition, we nevertheless must make known to them that members of the faculty have repeatedly 'phoned us threatening the dissolution of the HAVERFORDIAN, if in the future the students persisted in squandering all their time on creative writing rather than on term-papers and theses.

To the younger sons of our alma mater, the Sophomores and Freshmen, though we would not for a moment have them believe us so presumptuous as to offer them advice, we should like to point out that now is the time thoroughly to absorb a needed education. Sop yourselves in the mysteries of *Lami's Theorem*, flutter a sophisticated eye-lid at Mary Queen of Scots, and bow down in mute reverence before the fact that on

the moon a man may jump six times higher than on earth. These and many other equally important revelations are what you will live by later on. It would be, yes, almost foolish for you to forego your studies merely to sponsor the HAVERFORDIAN. The art of self-expression, moreover, will come to you as it did to many a Hardy, Conrad, or Galsworthy,—suddenly, at the age of forty.

Once more allow us to thank the student-body for their essays and short stories, and rest assured the harnessing of "the silver-shod, sober-paced, short-stepping, but oh so hugely nosing, so tenderly and yearningly and ruefully sniffing, gray mule of the 'few thousand words'" will be accomplished by we-the-editor, and two or three others on the Board who, as everyone knows, have nothing else to do.



Ready All

I TELL you that fin ought to be bent to port, Gene." "Aw let it alone, Tom! Trouble is you give one arm a rest every once in a while. Can't expect a boat to go straight unless you pull on both oars." "Listen, flatneck . . ."

The Clark kids were at it again, and no one paid much attention. The fact was, everyone was accustomed to their arguments and to the names they called each other while in the heat of debate; names that would have caused the face of a Yankee skipper to light up with joy. One boy who had but recently joined the Club had by this exchange of affectionate terms been fooled into believing that any one else might apply them to either of the Clarks unmolested. Something that Tommy had said had displeased this lad, who had thereupon mentioned to Gene that he didn't like what that so and so Tommy had told him. The next moment a very dazed youth was lying propped up in a corner, supporting his chin in his hands; while over him bent Gene, fists doubled up, waiting for him to rise to put him in a more comfortable position.

Of course, the older fellows in the Club should have warned the novice, but they just hadn't bothered. For their part, they had realized a long time ago the real affection existing between the Clark twins, Tom and Gene. And yet after hearing the one speak of the other you might believe in comparison that Cain idolized Abel.

The Clarks had been members of the Orange Boat Club since the day when one of the older members had introduced them to Saunders, the coach. That was four years ago. Saunders had seen before him two boys, about eighteen years of age, and very slight in build. But what struck him had been the uncanny resemblance between them. It had been necessary for him to shut his eyes for a moment, to make sure they were functioning perfectly. They were the same in height, and had the same shaped nose and mouth, and the same expression in their eyes; even their hair waved in the same way.

Saunders had given them an old double gig to row, and every day they would drag the old scow as far as the Mule Bridge. They struggled along without any coaching, for Saunders had his hands full with his crews. But one day he saw them coming over the course, splashing and "catching crabs" at every other stroke; but he noticed that they had one good point,—they swung together. The next day they were given a

READY ALL

double shell, and the coach had taken them up-river for their first real instruction. Inside of a month the Clarks were beginning to "move along"; rowing somehow seemed to come to them naturally.

They won their first race by two lengths of open water. Saunders, who saw he had made a find, gave them the best double shell in the house. Seriously he set to work teaching them to shoot their hands out, not to rush the slide, a smooth catch. He meant to enter them in the 145-pound doubles race in the National Championship Regatta, only two months off.

He'd guessed right; the Clarks finished four lengths ahead of a field of six entries, which included the former champions. The next year they repeated their performance, and having finished the doubles race, Tommy had jumped into a single and had managed to carry off the trophy in that race, too.

Though both Gene and Tommy had developed into expert single scullers, Tom had a slight edge on his brother. It was a matter of a mere five seconds; but not once in the last three years had Gene been able to make up that handicap. Saunders entered both of them in the singles event of every regatta, and every time they would lead the field by open water; but the bow of Gene's boat would inevitably be on the stern of Tommy's at the finish.

And so they had won every doubles race in the last three years, while Tom in addition had won the shirt of many a single sculler. Tommy did anything but gloat over this honor; he would have been glad to split the number of wins between Gene and himself. Once—just once—Tom proposed that he stay out of the race, to give Gene the chance to win; whereupon a terrible battle of words had ensued. "So you think you'll hand me a race huh," Gene had said in closing. "As if everybody wouldn't think the race didn't count if you stayed out of it." Which, after all, was true.

* * *

It was hot as it can be only in August; there was not a cloud overhead, and there was no breath of air to lessen the intensity of the sun as it shone on the crowds, gathered on both sides of the river.

Half the races had been run off; many crews defending their titles had been forced to relinquish them, while a few had succeeded in remaining on the throne. Amongst the latter had been the Clarks' double. As usual they had not even been pushed very hard, and a final spurt had brought them across the finish line a safe distance ahead of their nearest rivals. They had stepped from their double into their single shells, and were now paddling up the course to be in time for the singles race. Once again Gene intended to beat Tommy. They didn't say much as they

rowed along for they knew that, whereas their first event had been comparatively easy, both were going to be dead-tired after the next. They rowed past the starting-line and sought the shadow of the willows growing over the edge of the water.

The approaching launch could be seen in the distance and in a few minutes the starter called to them through his megaphone, telling them to come down on the line. Beside the twins, five other singles had entered the race; and in spite of smooth water and absence of wind it took some time to line them up. Finally the man in the launch was satisfied. "Ready all!!!"—and the gun. They were off. Tommy at once jumped ahead, while Gene took third place. The man in number two position settled down to a steady pace, a mistake, for the twins never let down their starting sprint before the first fifty strokes. Before number two realized it, Gene had passed him and was now directly on Tommy's left, a length and a half to the rear. As they neared the first quarter-mile post Gene spurred for ten strokes. When he settled down again he looked around. Well, he had expected Tommy to meet his challenge, so he was not even disappointed. It would be a little while yet before he would put all he had into his sprints. Already the other five boats were spread all over the course, not one of them dangerously close. At the half-mile post the Clarks were rowing a steady thirty-four, while the distance between them had not changed a foot. This was the part of the one and a quarter mile race where it was well to keep an even stroke. Tom knew better than to try a sprint to increase his lead, for Gene would be very apt to take advantage of any fatigue shown by his brother. No, he needed to reserve something for the last quarter. As Tommy watched his brother he felt sorry for him. Didn't Gene train as hard as he? A difference of three or four seconds! True, he'd offered before to withhold his entry, but he had to admit that if he were Gene he too would angrily have refused. And then, like a flash, he had it. Why not. Gene would never know! Why the deuce had he never thought of it before!

They were nearing the last quarter. Gene threw a look around in search of the marker and was off. He had gained half a length before Tom instinctively broke into his spurt. Tommy had made up his mind; he'd do it, but not yet. Better wait until they were nearer the finish. Gene was now rowing at a terrific pace, although smoothly. Tom could hear his brother's quick breathing as he strained every muscle in glorious effort. He himself felt tired but far from spent. He had but to keep up this pace, and the boats would still have that inevitable bit of open water when the finish gun cracked. Gene must win! Tom threw a quick look around him. Only fifteen more strokes! Now was the time. On his next stroke he caused his port oar to slice into the water, and simultaneously his boat swung its nose violently out of the course and pointed itself at the

river bank. Tom saw Gene go by like an arrow. Well, he would make the thing look real, anyway. With one hard pull of his right oar he straightened his boat, at the same time once more breaking into a spurt. He was jubilant. If he rowed his heart out he couldn't overtake Gene now. What the devil was that! Tom just stopped rowing, he didn't believe his eyes. There was Gene, in the water, holding on to his boat which had capsized. Capsized, hell! Tom understood right away. Gene, the proud little ass . . . The tooting of automobile horns and the shouting of many people caused Tommy to turn his eyes toward shore. He had not even heard the gun go off; he had coasted over the line and had won in spite of himself.

Gene was being assisted into his shell as Tommy turned close to the bank in response to the calls of the cameramen. As soon as they let him go he rowed down below the bridge. Gene was waiting for him. Tom kept his eyes averted while his twin addressed him in no uncertain terms.

"So you were going to hand me a race on a silver platter, heh? You want me to believe that you could catch a crab on a day when the water is smooth as glass! Why, you dumb cluck . . ."

R. B.-R.

BOOKS

ROLL JORDAN, ROLL, By Julia Peterkin.

The photographs which make up an important part of *Roll Jordan, Roll* are a series of studies of the Gullah Negroes of the Southeastern United States. Most of them are close-up portraits, though there are a few scenes of baptism in forest streams, and one especially lovely scene of a swamp pool surrounded by mango-roots, taken at dusk. They are distinguished not so much for their technical excellence and design as for their subject-matter. They are straightforward in intent, achieving beautiful and sympathetic effects by the simplicity of their treatment. Taken as a whole, perhaps the most serious fault of the pictures is that they are too dim; it is impossible to get more than a hazy impression of the features in several of the portraits, and true white lights are very rarely found.

Loosely connected to the illustrations, the text consists of anecdotes

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of negro life interspersed with descriptions of the customs, superstitions and speech of a childlike and irresponsible people. The stories are not all very pretty, but Mrs. Peterkin's attitude throughout is sympathetic and objective. She makes no comment and seldom draws a conclusion, whether she happens to be writing of "plat-eyes," malignant spirits of the dead greatly feared by the negroes, or drunkenness and wife-beating, or the disreputable religious dissensions that rage periodically in "devout" communities. Perhaps she is too sympathetic; no mention is made of the much talked of political and social inequality of the negro, his mistreatment at the hands of occasional mobs. Mrs. Peterkin may not consider this of more than temporary and local significance, but it might be expected that in deference to the popular feeling *pro* and *con* this question she would devote some space to it.

John A. Church, III

AT 33, By Eva Le Gallienne.

In Miss Le Gallienne's premature autobiography we watch a turbulent Cockney child mark the milestones in a short but kaleidoscopic career. Love, affection, and hope are the emotions which have molded the character here presented. Her artistic parents treated her like a grown-up—and spoiled her. At an early age she was introduced to the theatre, and her love of "la grande Sarah" fired the ruling passion of her life. Since Bernhardt, she has worked for two things alone: to develop herself as an actress and to give greater cubic measurement to the ideals of the theatre. In both we find her amazingly successful. At 33, she looks toward greater accomplishments—toward making traditional what she has already effected.

It is a biography full of interesting material badly arranged; one is presented with a potpourri of little incidents. The prevailing colour is rose; in the fashion of reminiscent actresses, Miss Le Gallienne views her "happy memories" sentimentally and sets them down in second-rate literature. Yet through an infelicitous style one catches a glimpse of the vital personality, the consummate actress.

Peter K. Page.

CINEMA

THE four films which I elected to sit through during the recent vacation were so mediocre that they inspire little more than a cataloguing of merits and demerits. A partial exception to so dogmatic a preamble is *I Am Suzanne*, a slight comedy which marks the successful introduction of puppets to the cinema. The talented artists of the Yale

Puppeteers and the Teatro de Piccoli provide much satire and diversion by the adroit manipulation of their ingenious marionettes. Greatly aided by the capable direction of Rowland V. Lee and the equally capable photography of Lee Garmes, the sawdust players rather steal the acting honors from those of flesh and blood. Lillian Harvey and Gene Raymond are adequate as the principals in an insipid and sentimental romance. Leslie Banks, a newcomer from the legitimate theater, gives a splendid performance in his screen debut. Just what future merit the use of puppets in the cinema will have is doubtful, but, in conjunction with some remarkably good ballet work, they managed to elevate *I Am Suzanne* far above the very low level of the usual screen love story.

I Was a Spy, a war picture from the British, offers most of the faults of English films. Wordy, overlong, and dull, it is notable chiefly for the excellent acting of Conrad Veidt, Madeleine Carroll, and Herbert Marshall. The story, a mildly exciting one, is spoilt by the conventional sacrifice at the end. The occasionally good direction is not sufficient to counteract the general air of lugubriousness which stamps this as a typical British picture.

Roman Scandals is so laden down with the longest and silliest songs and dances yet produced that even the amusing capers of Eddie Cantor, surrounded by hundreds of Hollywood's most inane extras, fail to make it more than mediocre.

The fine acting of Kay Francis is wasted on the labored creakings of yet another *Madame X*, bearing the unique title of *The House on 56th Street*.
John B. Christopher.

With fear and trembling, and with a reverberating blast of publicity, Paramount introduced its version of *Alice in Wonderland* to the mellow world of Yule, hoping that the prevalent sentimentality would prevent harsh criticism. But Carroll addicts are implacable at all times when it is a matter of deviation from the rigidly interpreted spirit of the master, and the general movie public is all too uninterested in fantastic humour. Thus the film version pleases only the super-intelligent few, who look upon the book with admiration but not with awe. As you have guessed, I am one of these, and I found the film, though not comparable to the book, an entertaining experiment. What faults it contains are of crudity and confused organization, together with the employment of so starry a cast that the excellence of individual performances destroys the spontaneous illusion of perverted reality. But in spite of unCarrollian literal passages, the whole is a fantastic adventure, with the humour of Gary Cooper, Mae Marsh, Polly Moran, W. C. Fields, Alison Skipworth, and Ned Sparks compensating for the wooden stupidity of Charlotte Henry as *Alice*.

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By Candlelight is the most pleasant surprise the filmgoer has had handed to him in many months, but its excellence is not dependent upon novelty. Indeed, it is reminiscent of nothing so much as the Lubitsch marriage comedies of the more archaic silent period. James Whale, previously an imaginative director of horror films and pseudo-psychological character studies, has here blossomed forth with a Lubitsch Touch and a sense of farce and satire unequalled by any other director save the great Ernst. He lays bare the desperate attempts of a butler and a maid, on holiday in Monte Carlo, to convince each other that they are, respectively, Prince Max and Countess Marie. At least they succeed in deceiving each other but never the audience, which joins the director in mocking laughter at the sentimental tradition which contends that the hearts of gold which beat beneath servants' livery could ape successfully, if given a chance, the manners of those to manners born. Mr. Whale does not reap all the credit, for imperial Elissa Landi leaves genteel acting behind to give an acid portrayal of the maid who looks like nobility in her mistress's clothes, but cannot open her mouth without betraying herself. Paul Lukas has a less striking role but he is no less subtle, and Nils Asther, Esther Ralston, and Dorothy Revier enrich the parts of the amused aristocrats looking on at their servants' amours.

Richard E. Griffith.

DRAMA

LET 'Em Eat Cake, the latest Gershwin-Ryskind musical satire, which is booked to start at the Forrest on January 22, is the sequel to the highly successful *Of Thee I Sing*. The current production is in many departments superior to its predecessor; to wit, the words and music furnished by the brothers Gershwin, the costuming, staging, etc. The three principals, William Gaxton, Victor Moore, and particularly Lois Moran, appear to better advantage than before. But technical excellence does not offset the paramount shortcoming of *Let 'Em Eat Cake*. Whereas *Of Thee I Sing* was a devastating parody on well-known features of American bureaucracy, its sequel toys with the idea of a future American Revolution. Despite all the ample talents devoted to exploiting this fantastic notion, *Let 'Em Eat Cake* lacks the spontaneity and inherent humor of *Of Thee I Sing*. The dialogue is badly written and dull; many of the situations are thin and forced. In short, the play is more of a heavy-handed fantasy than a saucy satire. *As Thousands Cheer* rather than *Let 'Em Eat Cake* is the legitimate sequel to *Of Thee I Sing*.

John B. Christopher.

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St. Marquerite's Isle

*The sun is rising now. We know the sign—
Our dungeon's stones have turned from black to grey.
No brighter token tells us night is gone.
We know 'twas not for us God made the day.*

*The sun now rides at noon. How can we tell?
There on the wall a crack of light appears!
Too high to reach, no thicker than a thread,
We trace the dazzling, short-lived course it steers.*

*The sun is sinking now. How well we know;
For stealthy darkness creeps behind his track,
Pierces here, where day could never pierce,
And turns our dungeon's stones from grey to black.*

Thomas D. Brown.

Expedient

PINKHOUSE ANDERSEN was fishing. Pinkhouse Andersen was always fishing. No one could remember a morning when he hadn't trudged down to the lake very early in the morning with his long bamboo pole, rowed out to a certain weedy spot, and stayed there until sundown. Pinkhouse was nearly sixty, very glum, and very dirty. He had an odour about him of rotting cloth and old fish. He was unshaven and his beard was matted. Things caught in it. He was the sort of person who would give you the jitters if you met him alone in a dark alley.

People were afraid of the dirty old man. He beat his wife, and fed her fish until she was a sort of mealy colour. He lived apart in his little village, spoke to no one, bought nothing but flour and a little salt, and hoarded his money. He was supposed to be the third richest man in the township, but he would not help the poor or go to any church. Old Widow Gustafson, who knew everything, said that he kept his money sewed up in his mattress, but no one ever saw it. Annie, his wife, had only two dresses, which she had had always. One was blue and one was white, and one or the other was always hanging up to dry on the front porch of the ramshackle old cottage, whose bilious colour had given the old man his name.

This Annie seemed much older than she was. She scrubbed and washed; in summer she kept a garden, and she had been seen mending the roof. Pinkhouse was not one to let his woman off easily. She had had no children, but there were other ways to make her work. Young Dr. Halversen, the local dentist and undertaker, had heard cries and screams late at night, and the next morning the old woman would be found hoeing her cabbages with great cuts on her face and neck. She had no friends and spoke to no one.

The local worthies felt that things were not right with the Andersens. They were not good citizens. Nevertheless, there was none among them who would pry into the old man's affairs. Everyone hated him. People set their dogs on him, and crossed to the far side of the street when he came toward them. On his walks from his cottage to the lake, crowds of children followed him shouting "Sheethead," which is an evil word in the Norwegian. Once he had turned on them with his pole,

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and knocked several down, but that was all. He had a spell about him, he had an evil eye, and no one dared harm him.

Pinkhouse, alone in his boat, knew that he was in love, but it was not with Annie. There was another, and she was warm and fat, not mealy and wrinkled like Annie. Her name, which Pinkhouse said over and over again to himself, was Jennie Moses. Alone in his boat he would talk aloud since he was never good at silent thoughts. "Jennie, Jennie, I like you for your round face. You can laugh a little sometimes and you never scold. I will have you for my woman." Then the sight of the white belly of a fish lying in his boat made him think of Annie. "You Annie, will you never die? I have beaten you, and starved you, and worked you, and yet you live on. There must be a way. I will have a way. It is Jennie I will have, Jennie Moses, not you Annie, with your skinny look." Pinkhouse, even when alone, did not often think steadily for such a long time. Today, however, it was easy. Everything was natural, even his decision. He hadn't had to think at all, it was just logical. "I will poison Annie, and take Jennie. Annie, I will poison you." Pinkhouse grunted a few times, which was his way of laughing, and slowly rowed to shore.

Pinkhouse, when he returned home, found Annie waiting for him, as always. He handed her his fish, which she took without comment or change of expression. "We have fish." "I know," Annie answered, "we had fish yesterday, and the day before, and the day before that. We always have fish." "You will cook them with a little flour." "I know. We always cook them with flour." She cleaned them and cooked them, and they sat down on boxes near the stove, eating in silence. Afterwards Pinkhouse left, as was his custom, without saying anything further. He walked quickly to the beach, sat down and waited. In a little while Jennie came too, and sat down beside him.

Jennie Moses had heard of the money in Pinkhouse's mattress, and had ended her fear of his spell. She was ugly and fat, but at that better than Annie, who was scarcely living.

"I will poison Annie."

"Yes," said Jennie, "I know."

Pinkhouse took her hand between his and slapped it, first with one hand, and then with the other. It was his way. After a while he got up and walked away, leaving Jennie alone.

When he was home he walked round and round his house, looking over his shoulder occasionally. Now and then he would tap the ground with his foot. Finally he seemed to find a place, grunted, went for his shovel, and began to dig a little hole. It would not need to be very big, he thought. When he was done he went into the cottage, and sat by the stove, watching Annie, who had not moved since supper, except to throw

EXPEDIENT

the fish bones away. Finally he spoke, "We will have fish." Annie stared back as though she had not heard, but when he shouted at her "Fish" she rose slowly and stirred up a little more flour. When the fish were ready she handed one to Pinkhouse, and sat down in the opposite corner with hers. "Water" shouted the old man, and Annie rose and dragged herself outside to the pump. She was very weary. While she was gone Pinkhouse crept to Annie's plate, put a little white powder on her fish, grunted a little, and returned to his seat. When Annie came back she ate her fish silently, and crawled to bed. Pinkhouse did not follow, but waited a little while, until he heard Annie cough. He grunted, and went in her room to watch her die. Annie was very tired, and her dying took only a little while, whereas another person might have been forever. She strangled, trembled as though she were cold, and then stiffened, drawing up her knees until they touched her body, gurgling all the time. When she was dead Pinkhouse took her and put her in the hole he had dug, and covered her over, pouring some water on the earth to make it settle. When he had done this he went back to the beach, where he found Jennie waiting. He said nothing to her but caught at her elbow and led her back to his cottage, grunting all the while, which was his way of laughing.

Old Widow Gustafson was the first to know, and she told her friends. Fifteen of them, led by the parson, went the next day to the cottage, opened the door and went in.

"Andersen," said the parson, "where is Annie?" Pinkhouse did not answer.

"Andersen, you killed Annie." Pinkhouse stood up and glared. The company, except for the parson, fled. It was the evil eye.

"Andersen, Jennie will come with me; may God have mercy on your soul."

Jennie Moses was sent away, and Pinkhouse was left alone, since there was none who would punish him. Now he fishes, as before; and speaks to nobody.

James W. Van Cleave.

Good-Bye Glamour

FOR the twentieth time Henry covered the dial of his watch and buried his head under the bedclothes. Thank God, he had had some sleep before this insomnia began. It was five o'clock, too cold to get up and walk himself sleepy.

Like the warning of a fever-dream, a vague feeling of unrest centered in the pit of his stomach. It was not altogether a physical sensation. Some disquieting remembrance hovered just below his consciousness, driving out sleep but obstinately resisting his efforts to recall and exorcise it. By long experience Henry recognized his condition. These incredibly long hours of sleepless misery always signified that he had forgotten something important, or that he had made some horrible social faux-pas. There was nothing to do about it but try and go to sleep. Later, it wouldn't appear important to him; but he knew that it would do no good to repeat that to himself now.

He felt an inevitable, exhausting introspection beginning already; something beyond his control as if carried on by another person, which he would have to follow through all its endless and ultimately fruitless dissection.

Ridiculous possibilities suggested themselves. Unanswered letters, unsent invitations, might be at the seat of his worry. He could not think of any. The party in the evening,—had he made some blunder while he was slightly inebriated? A vague warning penetrated to his consciousness and he started, without exactly knowing why.

It must be, he thought, that he was sick. The liquor had left him with an aching head and bleary vision. He felt intensely uncomfortable. Dimly, he recognized that a mysterious train of thoughts was proceeding in his mind under these superficial considerations. Very clearly and suddenly he remembered the detail which had been troubling him. He had asked Alice to marry him.

He hadn't . . . it was a dream! Frantically he tried to remember the evening. It never could have happened then. He had dreamed it, imagined it; somehow it had got confused in his drunken head with reality.

The party—just the sort of conventional party Alice would give. The flat had been stuffed with silly people, noisy with their flat loud voices and the sound of the radio. Everybody was making a fool of

GOOD-BYE GLAMOUR

himself, trying to recapture the "Jazz age" of ten years ago. Alice was making the biggest fool of herself letting them do it in her flat. He had made a fool of himself. He remembered sitting by her while they had their first drink. Later he had danced with her, then had sat one out. Whatever made her cry he couldn't recall. Of course, she did it for his benefit. But what was the use of saying that now? He had been blind at the time not to see it. Of course she was trying to catch him. Well, she *did* catch him. Henry found a kind of pleasure in crucifying himself before an imaginary audience.

She was talking, probably about herself, then she began to cry. He put his arm around her. She was standing on a chair shouting in her toneless voice,

"Henry and I are going to . . ." He remembered the leering smiles and unpleasant jokes.

It made him angry to realize that she had caught him. A long time ago he had laughed at his mother and told her no girl would ever catch him. He knew too much. Now— At least, he'd been tight. So it would be all right. Henry was sure that it would be all right. He could go to Alice and explain that he had been tight. He would tell her that he hadn't known what he was doing, that it would be best for her that she break the thing off quietly. He would never be the kind of husband she needed. He didn't want to hurt her, he could blame himself. It was time, he thought, that he learned to be hard-boiled. That he allowed people to tread on his toes constantly was a sign not of kindness but of weakness.

Well, he would tell her. The thought of the encounter frightened him, but the alternative was more frightening still.

He twisted around in the hot bed. The sheet was wrinkled and pulled down so that the rough blanket was against his skin. A sense of frustration, an acute discomfort in the pit of his stomach, made him want to scream or get up and stamp. It was five o'clock. He must get back to sleep, a day at the office was ahead of him.

The grey dismal light of dawn, and the office, seemed to embody all the monotonous world of reality. So much more beautiful was the world of dreams where he had once found romance and excitement. He did not dare dream any more. It was very dangerous—he had seen the wrecks of people who had become too absorbed in dreams. Even to want to dream appeared to him to be an admission of failure. Life ought to be accepted and enjoyed for what it was.

Alice would probably be nasty when told the marriage was impossible. And she had shouted about it to everybody. But that was nothing against her. He should have known better; she wanted him and she had taken the best means of getting him and then of holding him to

THE HAVERFORDIAN

his promise. He didn't suppose she was in love with him. He didn't give her credit for knowing her own mind. She deceived herself into thinking she loved him, but what she really wanted was security, life without effort. Did she think him easier to get than any of the other men that drifted around her?

She could go on thinking so. It was gratifying to his sense of power to be able to feel that he knew more about her than she herself did. Perversely, he was pleased with the idea of marrying a girl and letting her continue to think that he was blind like most men, putty in her hands, while in reality he saw through her perfectly. She would distort the perspective of their life together, of course, so as to remain the center of it, but in reality—

In reality he could do as he pleased. He could play around with other men's wives when he had enough of Alice. He could, with the experience gained from marriage, be to women the fascinating, sophisticated person he had always tried to be.

Henry recalled himself from his dream with a guilty start. That kind of escape was too easy. He was wasting valuable time in which he ought to be planning what to do. The sky was getting lighter outside. It was half-past five now. In two hours he would have to go out to the corner drugstore for his coffee and a sandwich. It would be pleasant, he reflected, to have a flat with a kitchen, someone to cook breakfast while he shaved in the morning.

The incongruity of that cozy, respectable idea of marriage beside the one he had just been considering made Henry laugh. The laugh made him feel better. With the approach of day his sense of humour, he felt, was reasserting itself. An adolescent suffering from recent disillusion might have evolved the former, the cynical, empty ideal of marriage. Such a point of view might well lead to a very safe life, but not to a very satisfactory one. To be in love necessitated trusting a girl enough so that one dared to be one's natural self with her. How delightful it would be to live in the same house with someone he loved, and to hear her in the kitchen in the morning!

To hear her in the kitchen, to look at her across the breakfast table, to come back to the house in the evening and find her waiting there, in reality these were the little things that constituted marriage. Despite a distrust of these quick, tender visions, he allowed himself to create them. They submerged the miserable problem that confronted him, and as a sop he promised himself to return any minute to this dilemma and solve it. He realised that it was getting closer and closer to the time when he would have either to decide on a course of action and follow it through or to look forward to another sleepless and unendurable night.

He tried to imagine the kind of girl he would like to be married to,

GOOD-BYE GLAMOUR

and was disturbed to find that try as he would he could imagine only Alice; Alice kissing him good-evening, Alice sitting on the arm of his chair asking him if he had had a hard day, Alice pouring out hot coffee in the morning and bringing him his hat as he ran to the front door. Perplexity gave way to the realisation that he was obsessed with a desire not to think about Alice. It would be better for him to open his mind to her rather than to repress the thought of her.

A strange mixture of dislike and attraction filled him as her figure began to dominate his reflections. It was a bitter-sweet sensation which he found at once frightening and delightful. He had given himself up to his imagination, and now he could exercise no control over it. Her trim, neat body held a kind of fascination for him. Dimly he realized that Alice was but a symbol; that this love he felt for her was only a particular expression of the desire for women in general. Alice—wife. Alice—wife. The same incongruity that would make the picture of a nude in a Victorian drawing-room exciting was present in the idea. Alice—wife. It was partly that, and partly a reason that he had again driven out of his consciousness, one that warned him not to look into it too closely.

In the midst of his dreams it became plain to him that the mental torture of the night had been of the same stuff with the ungrounded fears that had beset him, years ago, when he first took a job with his firm. That he had wanted to marry Alice all along was a revelation to him. He thanked his luck that he had got drunk at the critical moment and allowed his desires to transcend his natural caution and to dictate his actions.

Getting up, Henry straightened out the bed and lay down in it again. He felt a deep relief now that his brain was at peace with itself again.

Momentarily a glimpse of houses, all alike, set each in its own plot of faded grass down a bare sunlit street, passed before his eyes. He shuddered, and hastily tried to remember Alice as he had first seen her, streaking past him in her snappy Ford coupé.

John A. Church, III.

Timothy

TIMOTHY was only five feet eight and a mere one-twenty-five. He wasn't worth a shucks on the football field. In baseball he could never throw to the first baseman from third without heaving the ball into the bleachers or into the hands of the shortstop. As for basketball—you had only to see him try a shot at the net from mid-floor. In track, he had only to pick up the sixteen-pound weight and the extra weight would upset him. You can gather from all this that Timothy was no Jim Thorpe nor a Babe Ruth nor anything. But Timothy was possessed of three things: intestinal fortitude (*guts*, to you and you and you), a desire to be a life-guard and a soul-deep crush on one Adrienne Brewster.

Now, while we started off with negative factors, those last three elements go to the making of a compound that has TNT looking like wet talcum powder. And bearing that in mind, here comes a yarn about a life-guard, a girl, and Timothy.

When Timothy went to Asbury Beach to pass the test for life-guarding, he was full of pep and fire. It was right up his alley to swim out a mile and back, carrying the "can," and when he touched shore he wasn't even puffing. But what threw him worse than the way the Donkey threw the Elephant (eh, Mr. Hoover?) was having to row the lifeboat. For it takes more than grit to row a twenty-five-foot boat through waves that make Mount Everest look like an ordinary ant hill. So Timothy was rejected. And until he met Adrienne Brewster he wanted more than life itself to be a life-guard. You'll soon learn, provided my typewriter holds up under the terrific strain, why he changed his mind about life-guards.

He spent the summer at Asbury Beach and it was then and there that he met this Adrienne Brewster. She was a cute little thing and her hand was sought by many swains throughout this broad land of ours. She knew she was right up in the stuff and she played every card to full advantage. One of these cards was our tried-to-be-a-life-guard Timothy. She thought Timothy was a nice boy when she first met him, but she felt that she could never go for him in a big way. She let him have a few dates, but he never got as far as first-base. In fact, he wasn't really up at bat. You see, she had her eyes on (of all people) a life-guard named Hunk Armstrong. He was one of those collar-ad guys, slicked hair,

TIMOTHY

muscles of bronze, blah, blah, blah, Frank Merriwell. All-America Tackle for three years, Captain of crew at Navy, gifted from the Gods with a line of gab and goo that snared the women in herds and gifted from his father with plenty of cash and a sport roadster, he had Adrienne in the palm of his hand. You can see what odds our muscle-bound (O, yeah?) hero, Timothy, had to buck.

Almost every day you could find Timothy and Adrienne sitting together on the beach, always near the stand where Hunk was stationed. It irked Timothy to see her looking ga-ga at the mugg (that's what Timothy said he was) and waving to him now and then. Timothy vowed to her that all life-guards were punks and just kidded the girls along. Adrienne would snap right back and for a while there would be a wall of ice between them. Then an armistice, but in a little while it would be the same thing all over again: Timothy saying what a heel this fellow Armstrong was and Adrienne politely telling Timothy that he could go to the nether regions unless he laid off slandering such a nice boy as Hunk was.

You might ask why did they sit with each other, then? Well, you answer that. Love does funny things, is all I can say. And Adrienne was so outwardly wrapped up in Hunk that she failed to notice that inside her there was some attachment for this little squirt who sat with her on the beach. But, wait and see.

The whole thing came to a show-down the night of the Life-guards' Ball.

Now let me tell you that at Asbury Beach the Ball is no little thing. It is the big affair of the season and all the big-shots for miles around are on deck. Of course, Timothy asked Adrienne. She said that she was sorry but that she was going with Hunk. Well, that was the straw that not only broke the camel's back but rubbed his snout in the mire. Timothy let her have it right then and there. He told how he had been good enough to do hundreds of things for her, including hearing her always shoot the bull (that's what he said) about her life-guard mans. But he wasn't good enough to go to the dance with her. Well, he was washed up with her for keeps, now. And as far as she and her life-guard were concerned, they could go jump in the ocean for all he cared. With that he kicked some sand in her face and went home to sleep it off.

Now just between you and me: Two days went by before Adrienne realized that something was missing from her life. Too, she felt a gnawing around her stomach and something kept sticking in her throat. She couldn't tell just what it was, but she had never felt so before in her life. One day, while walking on the beach she passed Timothy. He snubbed her like last week's sirloin steak. That night Adrienne realized why she felt as she did.

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So it came the night of the Ball.

Adrianne and Hunk were there. Timothy and girl he knew from college were there.

It was during one of those fast numbers, like *Tiger Rag*, that Timothy and his girl bumped into Adrianne and Hunk; with not much force but with enough confusion to spill Adrianne and Hunk on the floor. They did look sorta silly sprawled there and the crowd started to roar. Now the whole thing was unavoidable and Timothy could not have prevented it had he tried. As it was, Hunk had a few bumpers in his innards and was in no humor to be snickered at. Leaving Adrianne on the floor, he jumped up—and at Timothy, his two hundred pounds plunked square. He snarled and Timothy came right back with an apology, first—then he told Hunk a thing or two. He said as to how he always knew Hunk was a fathead and now he was sure of it; that he thought Hunk was a nit-wit and a punk life-guard and while he hated to add it, yet he thought that Adrianne was blinder than a bat and crazier than a loon to be seen with such a mugg.

Well, Hunk just swings his right. But that is all he does, for Timothy ducks and lets Hunk have one right smack on the belt buckle, if you get what I mean, and before this dismayed life-guard realizes what has hit him, Timothy lets one fly to his nose that sets a stream of blood rushing in such style as to make Niagara look like a glass of water. Adrianne has by now picked herself out of the floor and shouts at Timothy that he is a brute and a ruffian and heaven only knows what else and that she is through with him for good. She attempts to pull Hunk away but Hunk is not like a sheep, so easily led from the slaughter. He is sore. He tears right into the weaving and dodging Timothy, breaks down Timothy's left and lets go. Four jabs traveling like greased lightning caught Timothy with the sounds of someone beating rugs. A fifth blow struck Timothy in the head and sounded like a discus falling on a concrete sidewalk. Here the police came. Timothy was in the hospital for eleven days and lived on orange juice and broth.

One day, just before the end of the summer season, he was walking along the beach. Someone called. It was Adrianne. Still battle-scarred, he hated to go over and speak to her, but he finally did, for she got up to come to him. I do not know what they said to each other. Probably, no one ever will. But I wasn't surprised when Timothy asked for my consent to their getting married. Of course, I asked him a lot of questions and acted gruff-like and all so as to impress him, but I did not tell him that Adrianne had threatened to marry him even if I refused to consent. After all, a father has such few rights nowadays that I had to make some display of authority.

C. M. Bancroft.

Jorobada Mountain

ANN, standing on the flat top of Jorobada Mountain, could see all below and around her the abrupt landscape of Colorado. She heard the sound of her father's Ford somewhere among the rocks and cliffs, sound torn and shredded by the gusty wind and borne to her spasmodically. The car must have been hidden behind a hillock; the hum of its motor was the only thing to be heard in all the wide landscape. The only human thing to be seen was the farm at the foot of the mountain. Beside that the nearest habitation was Hamor's ranch, easily twenty miles away and out of sight.

An ancestor of this Hamor had named the mountain Jorobada, hunchback, because its back was bent over into a flower-pot shape. He had got the translation from a Spanish dictionary to give the name additional flavor. There was one very steep circular road running down to the foot, built for horse and wagon. Ann, after briefly surveying the tiny house below and the smaller servant's cottage, remounted her horse and returned down the road.

But though she had looked straight toward him, she had not seen her brother Paul go down the little path between the farm and the girl Isabel's house. She may have looked, but, being too far up, she had not seen. Half an hour had passed before she reached the foot again, and by that time Paul had returned.

He was sitting at the window reading an old magazine. He looked up as Ann went by and watched her go into the kitchen where their mother Joanna, a huge woman with bony hands and an expression of savage healthiness almost cruel, was blacking the stove-top.

Paul was drowsy, his mind torpid, and he leafed through old copies of the *National Geographic Magazine* as he did every afternoon, without remembering anything in them. He had come home after a high-school education to start a gas station, which would have been welcome enough to Colorado tourists, but the farm was left stranded when they ran the new state highway through to the south past Hamor's farm. His mother's misguided love kept him home.

Paul read, drowsed, in a state of stagnation. But Joanna roamed over the house looking for work to do where Isabel had already been. Neither son nor mother ever accomplished anything.

Towards evening Father drove back from his daily hunt for speci-

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mens, the car full of little stones. He had once taught geology to college classes without much success, had been fired, and had brought his family to Colorado to continue his research. A glance into his study would have proved him a scholar, but he was also a weak man, without will power. His study was not only his workshop; it was his refuge.

"Good evening, Father," Ann said.

"Hello, Ann."

"What have you got there?"

"Trachyte. Not a very good specimen though. I have to check up on it." He went into his study, closed the door.

Once inside, his face brightened readily. As he sat down at the desk, all his familiar books around the room emitting a nostologic aroma, he felt perfectly happy. Father sat quietly, feeling again his own gratefulness to the room for keeping him alive. Even in this stormy corner of the world there were two places of perfect refuge: the study and Isabel's cottage. These were all he had to keep from being swept away by the violence of Colorado's nature out of doors and inside, by an inhuman wife.

"Supper!" Joanna called.

His happiness fell from him. He was very lonely.

"Come before it gets cold!" she called again.

Father got up, scraped his chair noisily, pretended to be putting books back, finally went into the dining-room, which like the rest of the house resembled in its plainness pictures of mediaeval halls.

"Could you find what it was?" Ann asked.

Her father looked up, at a loss. "No," he said, "Mother called before I could check on the thing." He called Joanna "Mother," largely because Paul and Ann did.

The supper passed in silence, like a ritual. Father looked at Paul, who never seemed to have anything to say: a surly young fellow, strong as his mother, with black eyes and hair, a hunted look. He was stupid, had flunked high school. He ate his supper without conscious thought.

Father looked at Ann with more affection. He saw a healthy young tomboy with all of her mother's health and none of her cruelty. Her cheeks were red after the horseback ride up Jorobada. He was glad he had bought her the horse, so she could take her long trips. What else could she do where there were three women and only one house to care for, no neighbors to visit?

He too liked to be alone. He was alone the greater part of every day, driving the Ford to the end of some wagon road and searching the nearby cliffs for specimens.

He looked at Joanna, his wife. She was eating a slice of brown bread. He looked down again.

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As they arose from the table Joanna said, "I am going to go to bed as soon as I get the dishes done." She looked at Father.

He felt her stare and said, "I'll come too as soon as I finish my work." He went into his study again. Paul returned to his magazines. Ann and her mother cleared the dishes off the table, and then Joanna took the kettle from the stove and poured steaming water into the dishpan. Washing the dishes was one exertion Joanna could not deny herself. She sent Isabel the maid home as promptly at five as if they had been living in the city.

When she had finished the dishes, stacked them, and dried her hands, she clumped upstairs. As soon as Father heard her crawl into bed in the room above, he came out of the study.

"I'm going out and look over the stars a while," he said to his children. Neither was surprised. This was his nightly custom.

"It is a clear night," Ann said.

"Um." He went out, but did not watch the stars. Once he had been familiar with them, but that was long ago. Instead, glancing up, he sensed an overwhelming emptiness. Then he saw the light in the servant's cottage and went down the path, lined with scraggly firs, that led to it.

In this wretched cottage Isabel's mother and father had once lived, but when the highway went through to the south, they moved there and left Isabel behind to be housekeeper of the geologist's vast, clumsy farm.

Isabel was waiting for him as he walked in without knocking. They kissed affectionately.

"It's clear out, and getting colder," he remarked.

"You'll need your nightly nip, then," she said, laughing. She went to the cupboard and pulled out a large half-empty bottle of the nondescript homemade wine her parents sent her every Christmas. After he had drunk that off he felt warmer and less lonesome.

"My wife wants me to come to bed early," he said, "I told her I would study a little while."

"No stories, then?" she asked. She used to tell him every evening of things that had once happened before she came to Colorado. He cared little for the stories but loved to watch her personality drift among them, an affectionate, open nature, capable of loving many people. She made him think she was a woman of the world. He believed her, thought that she must be miserable in this deserted place.

As a matter of fact her heart was spacious, but it was not very deep. She could love or she could not love; it made little difference. She was not an immoral woman, but simply amoral.

As he walked back to the farmhouse, Father wondered how he

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could continually do such a horrible thing as live with Isabel and yet not be devoured by repentance. His wonder remained unappeased.

When he entered the house, Paul was still downstairs reading. "Good-night," he said to him.

Paul said, "Ann has already gone up to her room, but I think I'll read a little while longer."

"All right."

When the sun first shone onto her bed the next morning, Joanna got up. As she clumped off to the bathroom she awakened her husband. He, suddenly aroused to consciousness, felt miserable, visualizing another long day's monotony. A cup of coffee would make him feel better, he thought. He got up.

At breakfast Joanna said, "I want you to take a couple letters down to Hamor's ranch for me and bring the mail back."

Not having had his coffee yet, Father said surlily, "I've got to get back to where yesterday's specimen came from before I forget the place. You can wait, can't you?"

"No!" she shouted angrily, like a child.

"Let Paul go."

"He's still in bed. I'm not going to get him up either!"

Father felt resentment at her getting angry over so small a thing. He felt a great hatred flood over him.

Joanna was staring at him.

"Oh, all right," he said. He drank his coffee rapidly, and went into his study. The place for once did not comfort him. He felt sick of the long parades of books arrayed over the walls, tired of everything connected with the house. This bad start darkened the whole day ahead. He was speechless with annoyance as he strode out of the door. His eyes fell again upon Isabel's house, and he became calmer. A sight of her would do more good than coffee. He would ask her if she had any letters to mail.

Isabel looked astonished as he walked abruptly into the doorway. "Sorry I burst in on you like this," he said, realizing that she was not expecting him.

"That's all right," she managed to say faintly.

As he strolled across the kitchen, Isabel drew her breath in sharply. He glanced through the door to the bedroom. There was Paul sitting on a chair beside the bed and staring at the doorway where his father was. Neither spoke a word. Father felt the ground fall from under him as the blood rushed to his head. He leaned upon the doorsill for what seemed a long time. Then he walked unsteadily back through the kitchen and out of the door. Isabel gasped something which he did not hear.

Father felt all his old timidity drop from him, felt his character age

JOROBADA MOUNTAIN

and change. He walked over to the lean-to shed where the Ford was kept, got in, and managed to drive off, though his hands were trembling. In the house Joanna and her daughter heard the motor start and its hum grow fainter. Joanna smiled to herself.

Then, instead of slowly fading out, the sound ceased abruptly. There was no scream of brakes, no cry, no noise of falling. Yet Ann knew the sudden silence meant disaster.

She rushed to the window; her face whitened. "He has tried to drive the mountain road!" she cried, seeing the streamer of dust on the steep trail. Joanna only stared at her, unbelieving. Without waiting, Ann ran out of doors, got on her horse, and after several minutes disappeared behind the face of the peak.

It was not much more than half an hour before she was standing at the windy summit of Jorobada, desperately pulling something on a long rope over the edge of the cliff. Paul, who had heard the noise and tried to run up the mountain, lay exhausted on the rock beside her, utterly unable to help. The sweat glistened on the back of Ann's horse, which was not halted.

"He fell from the car when it rolled over," Ann gasped, "and onto a ledge I couldn't reach except from the top." Paul did not answer, but watched the rope instead.

His father's light body, with the rope caught around the waist, and swaying grotesquely in the wind, was pulled to the flat top of the mountain.

Paul finally said, "Why did he try to drive up? The road was built for wagons."

"He didn't want to drive to the top," Ann said. She looked out over the valley, noticed the farm and Isabel's house at the foot of the cliff, and added, "This is the only way he would have wished to come."

James D. Hoover.

Night

THE picture was over, and the last notes of the theme song swelled out and filled the silence. After a moment he rose and walked out into the velvet-hung lobby, down the marble staircase to the street. It had been raining. The pavements were black and shining, the lights of the street and the shops reflected prismatically on umbrellas and iron lamp-posts and marble store fronts. After the voluptuous sorrow of the film this seemed a cheerful world.

He went into a corner drug store and sat down at a table. Feeling inert, incapable of thought, he watched the faces. Someone turned on a radio and the languorous, saccharine tune which had been played in the film came out. He ate his sandwich. "*Though you take me in your arms tonight . . .*" Others were listening too; their faces stirred. Had they, too, seen the film? "*Though you take me in your arms tonight . . .*" Abruptly the radio started another tune. He rose and paid his bill at the cashier's desk. Leaving, he happened to glance into one of the mirrors above the soda fountain. His hat was not on straight. Here in the mirror was another drug store, the replica of the first. Counters piled with alarm-clocks, photograph-frames, novels, bathing-caps; women in fur coats and brilliant hats seated at the tables; the fountain, with its high stools; on them a young man and a girl talking animatedly; three silent boys; a woman, sitting alone. Behind them people passed in and out. And a young man in a grey hat which was on crooked. He straightened the hat and went out.

Again he felt the impact of the rain, and the cheerful, shiny night world, in such curious contrast to the confused feelings he could not analyze or distinguish. Was he happy this evening, he suddenly asked himself. What was the effect of the film, this wet night, the drug store, the faces, upon him? What did they mean to him?

There were not enough names for emotional states. Every emotion that had existed was different from all otherse, volved from, molded or warped by its special circumstances. Standards were too crude, too extreme. One was not always depressed or exalted. One was not always a mixture of both. Why was it that one always tried to decide between these two only? Probably because happiness was everyone's desire. Then which of all the emotions one had experienced could be called happiness? Certainly not depression—nor exaltation. Somewhere in

NIGHT

the undefined field between. He wondered whether he was happy in this thoughtless, emotionless, elusive state tonight.

He tried to think instead of feeling. The picture. Yes, he had liked it, in spite of or because of its sentimentality, its over-emphasized, languishing sorrow. How he had suffered with the pale, dark-haired heroine, giving up the man she loved, being misunderstood for it, going sadly away! The luxurious apartment in which the hot-house passion had flowered, the faintly seductive costuming—yes, he had enjoyed it, had lost his identity in another world so unreal that it could have nothing but an illusory effect on him. But it had left its traces. He had brought back from it into his own life its unreal melancholy, superimposing the ordered pattern of camera angles and inevitable sequence of time and event on reality. And he knew that its tenuous sadness was somehow akin to the other things he had seen and felt. There was some link, which he could not quite grasp, but for which he seemed always to have been seeking. He did not know, he had never known, what the meaning was for him behind being alone and watching people in restaurants and on the street. Their white faces, dismal or gay or secret, appearing abruptly and then disappearing forever, had an intense communication for him which was always out of reach of his mind.

He had been walking toward home and now he was in the residential streets of the city. It was raining harder and there were puddles in the sparsely-lighted streets and on the sidewalk. The houses were gaunt and black; it was late. He stopped for a second to turn up his collar, and went on past a murky suburban panorama of small iron fences, hedges, and grass terraces. In the window of a house standing directly on the street, a dim light burned. He looked in. A man of about thirty-five, wearing evening clothes, was seated at the piano. On the piano with its back toward the window, was a silver-framed photograph. The man turned some pages of music, and began to play a quiet and metallic tune.

Standing out in the rain, he felt himself in the room. He had lost his identity in another life, another world, just as he had at the theatre. He stood there in the steady rain, oblivious to it and the passing moments, watching. The man stopped playing and stared in front of him. Suddenly he was conscious of the silence and walked on.

He entered his lodging-house and walked three flights up the dark, cold stairway in a house in which all were asleep. At his door, he touched a button and the familiar room sprang out of the darkness, as if it had been waiting. Here it was again, well decorated, well arranged, and he saw, for the hundredth time, that its appointments were of the past. All of them had been brought from the last chapter of his life to fill the empty spaces in the new one. On the wall were the pictures of his

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friends and on the desk letters from those friends, who wrote him regularly and at length, and looked forward all year to the few days in the summer when he could return to them. Those days turned out to be just long enough to break down the silences which arose between people who seldom met but who thought about each other a great deal; but not long enough to re-establish the old unconscious relationships. There was only time enough for reminiscence, none for the sharing of new experiences. He knew that if he should sit down and re-read the letters he would be caught back into the past; his mind would picture those experienced events with the deepening perspective of his separation from them, and he would lose the feeling of tonight. But now as he stood there with his hand upon the light switch the comfortable past and its people with whom he habitually lived were less real than this tiny room and the pattering rain. He went over to some pictures on the wall and scrutinized them, seeing them as if for the first time. "*. . . Will tomorrow hold the same delight?*"

Every new impression seemed to enhance his unreal mood. He had not left the film behind; he was still living his own life within it. A clever director had taken a trite story and a woman who looked like drama and created a world which resembled a sensible and integrated dream. He was still within that world, applying its standards and its feelings to the trivialities of his own life. It was as if his eyes were a camera, emphasizing the dramatic meaning of everything they rested upon. And yet—he was right. There was a meaning. He was not deceived. He was sure.

The theatre would be closed now, the drug-store mirror dark and unreflecting; the crowds would have gone home, the wet streets be unlighted. The house—suddenly he turned from the photographs and put on his dripping hat and coat again and went out. Back through the dark streets and the increasing rain, back to the house. The room was as dark as all the rest of the house now. The man and the piano had gone back into darkness too, had vanished with the film and the crowded streets and the mirror in the drug-store. As he stood, a solitary automobile splashed furiously down the street, and the headlights flashed through the window of the room, glinting upon the piano. Only for a moment was it real again, and then the automobile had passed and he was walking toward home.

This time he did not turn on the lights in his room. He stood in the centre, in the darkness. Let the photographs and the letters remain in the blackness with the other things. Let them all remain equal, living equally in his mind, their only reality in his remembrance of them. Tomorrow would destroy them all. And in a little while he would take a warm shower and go to bed, sinking gratefully into sleep, relinquishing

NIGHT

with consciousness all mood, all feeling, retaining finally only the sound of the rain on the slate roof. It was coming down in a torrent now, beating on the roof outside his window. The sound had become phenomenal, deafening. It would be delicious to lie in bed, listening to that sound, slowly relaxing one's grip on the memory of the day. Almost he gave way to the thought of it, and then in a sudden unreasoning flash it came to him that there was the meaning, outside that window, in that sound of rain. He moved swiftly to the window and looked down through the falling drops. The street lamp shone on a bit of the road, framed by the joining lines of roofs and gables. It was a dramatic picture—the street with enormous puddles shining in the light, the rain splashing into them violently. Now, now, someone should enter the scene, should cross the road and stop inexplicably by the street lamp, in the midst of the puddles. Then he could grasp the intangible essence of the whole night. But it was too late and too wet for anyone to be out.

This was a thing like the rest, a mere additional part of the incalculable total. This little vignette, the movie, the drug-store mirror, the man at the piano, the photograph, each had a meaning, a secret and intense one which he could feel completely but could not grasp or see. Together they all meant something. Where was the key; in which was the particular meaning that he must grasp to understand? He must know now, for tomorrow they would be forgotten.

Richard E. Griffith.



The Prodigal

IT WAS well after midnight when he got home, so George was careful to open the front door quietly; by that time his mother and father must have gone to bed. He tried to convince himself that they had given up the habit of waiting to scold him every time he stayed out a bit late. Perhaps that sort of thing had been all right when he was a kid, but next year he was going to college. They ought to realize.

Their room was on the first landing. He took off his coat and started up the stairs. Every step creaked. He was tired and it irritated him. Everything in the whole house irritated him; it was old and musty, and it creaked. Before he reached the top step he felt all hot and throbbing in the temples, which made him angry because he knew he wasn't doing anything wrong. Then the door on the landing began to open. At first he tried to slip by along the wall, but it was too late, so he turned and waited. It was his mother. In the half-light from the bedroom, with her hair down, and wrapped in the faded kimono with the yellow dragons, she looked weird and disturbing. He remembered the time he tried to smuggle a stray dog into his room for the night, and she'd come up and caught him. She had looked just like that.

"Well?" she said.

He knew that tonight he would not have to deal with the weeping, self-pitying tactics. That, at any rate, was a relief. He didn't answer. He just stood there, cowed.

"I suppose you thought you'd sneak in and fool your parents. But we heard you. We heard you when you opened the front door."

This time he managed to say something; it was hardly above a whisper.

"It isn't late, is it? I can't help it if—"

"Not late! Then why were you trying to sneak down the hallway? And if you have any excuses, please don't mumble them."

She was being unfair, and he wasn't going to let her get by with it.

"Good Lord! I wasn't sneaking. I just didn't want to wake you up. And anyway, I haven't done anything wrong."

He knew he was making a mistake; he had tried to defend himself before.

"You're lying, and I believe you're drunk," she said.

At that moment another figure loomed in the doorway, blotting

THE PRODIGAL

out the streak of light from the bedroom. Now it was his father's turn.

"Drunk, eh? The best thing for you, young man, is to get to bed. I'll deal with you in the morning."

"But I tell you—"

"That's enough. You've insulted your mother already, and don't think you can give me any of your back talk. Good-night."

The bedroom door closed.

* * * * *

Summer and Fall were past, and Christmas vacation was not far off. George and his roommate no longer felt themselves outsiders; they were college men. His roommate had already begun to see the shortcomings of higher education

"Just think," he said, "pretty soon we'll be able to go home and do what we want. None of these college regulations to tie us down."

George closed his book, and slid deeper into his chair. For a moment he stared at the ceiling.

"Oh, I don't know," he said, "I sort of like it here."

J. E. Truex.

Night Showers

*Rain on the roof: and in my shadowy room
The restless, lulling murmur of the trees
From the cool, dripping night. Here in the gloom
The damp scent of the foliage, and a breeze
That scarcely stirs the curtains. Half awake,
I lie and watch the shadows on the wall,
From the street lamp, which when the wet leaves shake,
Sway gently to the breeze's rise and fall.*

*All is subdued and very quieting.
Ages away the past and future seem.
Here, on a rainy midnight in the spring,
I think all else an unsubstantial dream.
The waking world is very far away,
An unreal creature of the distant day.*

Edward Owen Parry.

Addendum

WE WISH to apologize for a misprint which occurred in the pages of last month's HAVERFORDIAN. The writer of *Sparks—and Ashes* had apparently the intention (so we deduced from the posthumous papers) of referring to the editor of the Crow's Nest as *Peter Pan*; doubtless because of the airy accent, flitting grace, and feminine abandon with which this column has been written during the past year. The typesetter, having difficulty reading the shaky handwriting of the manuscript of *Sparks—and Ashes*, in final desperation substituted the name of one of our contributing editors. We apologize to our contributor for an injustice; and to the author of the Crow's Nest for neglecting to pay him his due. It goes without saying that we shall in future proofread with greater care.

The stanza, corrected, is here re-printed:

VI

*There's Peter Pan, whose accent's so sensational,
A friend of mine has lately asked of me:
"Is Haverford become co-educational?"
My answer, you may guess, was blasphemy.
For in our cloister-like seclusion we
Must here and there needs have the woman's touch.
What matter though this an illusion be—
Time will destroy, we hope, the need of such.*



BOOKS

WORK OF ART, By Sinclair Lewis.

Sinclair Lewis has grown more lenient toward the bourgeois since the days of *Main Street* and *Babbitt*. For Myron Weagle, middle class hero of *Work of Art*, Mr. Lewis' recently published novel, is portrayed sympathetically. Even his sentimentality and naif idealism are treated with indulgence, even reverence. Myron is no Philistine—no smug Puritan of Main Street, nor hypocritical Rotarian of Zenith. He is a solid citizen, conventional and respectable. Born to be a hotel-keeper, Myron starts his career in the 1890's as a chore boy in the American House at Black Thread Center, Connecticut. Through hard and enthusiastic work and a real capacity for hotel management he progresses steadily until he achieves business success as one of New York's outstanding hotel executives. Then, dissatisfied with the blatant commercialism and unethical practices which pervaded the hotel business in the early 1920's, he sets about to realize his dream of the Perfect Inn, his work of art, only to have it ruined on the opening night by a murder scandal. Dispirited, he gradually finds himself again and settles down to a contented middle class existence as proprietor of the Commercial House and first citizen of Lemuel, Kansas.

But Mr. Lewis still aims his poisoned darts at the vain, pretentious bourgeois who worship money and success. Not even in *Babbitt* has he been more bitter and resentful. The fawning relative, the gangster-businessman, the philandering divorcee, the glorified hack writer and countless others are bared of false glamour and withered under his merciless pen. This thorough-going dissection of American society is woven into the panorama of hotels and hotel life which furnishes the background for Myron's career. Mr. Lewis' flair for choosing the most significant and entertaining details has developed into a positive genius. He makes even the mechanics of hotel-keeping completely fascinating. It is indeed fortunate that he has set his novel in such a colorful scene, for without it *Work of Art* would lend small credit to a Nobel Prize winner. Myron is at best a drab Martin Arrowsmith. He lacks the finish and

THE HAVERFORDIAN

vigorous execution of Carol Kennicott and Ann Vickers. His respectability and solidity eventually become commonplace. Mr. Lewis is more effective when he reviles the bourgeois than when he affectionately patronizes him. The flawless treatment of the garish *mise-en-scène* of Myron's story is full proof that Mr. Lewis still wields the liveliest and most accurate pen in America, and that only when couched in the indignant mood of *Main Street* and *Babbitt* is his present novel a work of art.

John B. Christopher.

THE MOTHER, By Pearl Buck.

Pearl Buck has said that in *The Mother* she has attempted to represent the universal mother, the maternal type of every race and age. On the face of it, it seems doubtful that she has succeeded. Experience has never shown that human beings can be divided into broad, relatively simple classes. Perhaps the nearest approach to the typical mother is the womb, and even this organ varies widely in individuals.

A preoccupation with fertility, motherhood, underlies the entire book. If this was not the original reason for writing it, it may at least explain Mrs. Buck's tendency to regard people, not so much as mentalities reacting variously to the circumstances of life, but rather as sound, healthy animals. That the author's point of view throughout is thoroughly objective follows almost necessarily from her aims; she is forced to confine herself to the barest of narrative techniques, penetrating the mind only just far enough to explain the immediate causes of action. But even the rigidly objective attitude Mrs. Buck has assumed is unable to prevent the *Mother* from taking shape definitely as an individual; sexually as passionate as a man, self-centered even in her seemingly selfless devotion to her children, obstinate in a refusal to accept life or to interpret it in any terms but those of self.

The almost seventeenth-century style affected by Mrs. Buck is a product of her objectivity. The closer writing is to parallel thought the more informal it must be if awkwardness is to be avoided. Thought proceeds by short-cuts, which the easy flexibility of modern expression is well-adapted to follow. The stiff wording of the style in which *The Mother* is written is suited only to very simple exposition.

Moreover, it obscures in its curious wording the actual bareness of the narrative. In *The Good Earth* it was a fresh, brilliant medium perfectly adapted to its subject and probably in itself a dynamic inspiration for the atmosphere and verisimilitude of the book. It has, however, become increasingly unsatisfactory as Mrs. Buck has gone on writing. In *The Mother* it has reached the status of a habit. Mrs. Buck apparently feels that modern diction robs her ideas of beauty, makes them drab and ordinary.

DRAMA

I do not hesitate to say that should *The Mother* be expressed in modern diction it would appear drab and ordinary. As a universal the Mother herself would not be plausible. The bareness of plot would be set off by the superficial treatment of the characters. The constant insistence on maternity and all its adjuncts would appear utterly sentimental and ridiculous.

John A. Church, III.

DRAMA

WHAT with the Hedgerow Theatre's reputation for perpetrating the unusual, one has reason, when a Shakespearean production is announced, to be somewhat apprehensive. But in the case of *Twelfth Night* one need have no fears. The production is marked by simplicity and by the absence of those too-often disastrous attempts at Shakespearean interpolation. When Shakespeare is produced with unassuming drops for a background, it becomes increasingly the task of the actor to instill life into his lines; he must create his own atmosphere and sense of realism. In this, the Hedgerow performers are eminently successful. One is presented with no classroom recitation of lines, but with emotions given voice to in real sincerity. Even the love plot, a flimsy thing and difficult to interpret satisfactorily, is infused with believable emotion. In large part responsible for this is the thoughtful portrayal of Viola (Miss Del McMaster).

Action, alive and genuine, constitutes the spirit of the humorous scenes. Sir Toby (Mr. Harry Sheppard) and Sir Andrew (Mr. Frank Walton) reel their way through the piece with delightful gusto. Praise for the humorous characterizations would be unstinted, were it not for one instance of unfortunate miscasting. A clown with a stentorian voice and giant stature rather intimidates than amuses.

The simplicity of scene-changes permits the Hedgerow to produce *Twelfth Night* with almost no scene cuts, a fact which makes more apparent a defect in the play itself; the final scenes of this comedy are unattractive and slow. It is out of deference to Shakespeare and to what has gone before that one is glad to remain until the end.

James E. Truex.

C I N E M A

Queen Christina is the screen event of the year, not only because it brings Greta Garbo back to the screen, but also because it gives her an opportunity to reveal the real extent of her genius. Save for *Anna Christie* and *As You Desire Me*, Miss Garbo's pictures in recent years have been superficial, her characters the synthetic creations of the hack scenarist. Forced to exert herself constantly for the mere consistency and credibility of her roles, she has not always been able to give more than a dazzling hint or two of her understanding of psychology and her command of the technique of characterization. But for once she has been helped instead of hindered by the studio's choice of her vehicle, for *Christina of Sweden* was a great woman too, a woman of intellect and passion worthy of illumination by supreme acting. As Miss Garbo creates her she is a veritably Shakespearean character, frustrated not so much by the confining circumstances which defeat modern heroines as by the inadequacy of life in general, the incompleteness of the world in contrast to her ideal of what it should be. She is far ahead of her century, and her constant differences with her subjects and advisers over war, government, and love, make one feel that she is completely out of her element and doomed to unhappiness. Though she meets a man she loves and who restores her faith in life, the feeling of impending woe remains, and *Christina's* subsequent abdication and the tragic death of her lover impress one as in some way inevitable, consequent upon the discrepancy between her idealism and the sordid reality of her times. In the end one is resigned to her sailing away, a figure of incredible beauty as she stands in the prow of her ship, into exile and oblivion.

This story is of a quality unusual for the screen, and the production is likewise superior in every department. Especially is this true of the direction of Rouben Mamoulian, hitherto an artificial and imitative regisseur, who has transcended all his grievous defects and welded a picture whose combined delicacy and might have been unequalled since the days when the camera was a major force in screen characterization.

CINEMA

He has constructed a centralized film which underscores the acting of the star rather than distracts from it, as has been too often the case in her recent pictures. But after all has been said of the film itself, it is to Miss Garbo that one must come back. Her performance here is quite literally a revelation. She has been transcendently great before, but now she settles forever the long-debated question as to whether acting is a creative or merely an interpretative art. In *Queen Christina* the bare bones of her character are constructed by the scenarist and director, but it is the actress who clothes them with life. It is not in the actions or words of Christina that the reality of the character lies, but in the tones of Miss Garbo's voice, quivering with the suppressed but mighty forces of her will; in the ineffable pantomime which realizes the powers of the camera as even the greatest director never has; in the accented diction which gives new meaning to the English language. Several actresses could be named who might have interpreted Christina of Sweden competently, but Miss Garbo makes the spectator feel that he has looked upon the final truth about her; and if that is not creation, then the word is meaningless.

Richard E. Griffith.



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THE HAVERFORDIAN is published monthly during the college year. Its purpose is to foster a literary spirit among the undergraduates. To that end contributions are invited. Material should be submitted to the Editor before the fifth of the month preceding publication.

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APOLOGY FOR THE HAVERFORDIAN

IT IS a good thing, we feel, that we have not taken too seriously the last reviews of the HAVERFORDIAN; for if we had, we should long ago have put a "*To Let*" sign over our door. For reviewers of the different issues of the HAVERFORDIAN we select, so we flatter ourselves to think, persons who will be entirely unprejudiced; but after proofreading with a rueful smile the copy of the review before handing it resignedly to the *Haverford News* for publication, we have sometimes wistfully cogitated that we had perhaps picked critics who were, unfortunately, prejudiced—to our detriment. We are advised by one of these to "re-read" John Donne's *Sermons* or Bishop Newman's *Gerontion*; another shouts in the midst of a conglomeration of verbiage: "Has the author never seen life?" to which we are inclined to murmur: "Has the reviewer never munched a lollipop?"

If any one should catch us by the coat-tails on our way to Meeting and ask what is the "Policy" of the HAVERFORDIAN we should, we are afraid, evanesce like the Cheshire Cat till there remained nothing else but a grin. We somehow suspect that "policies" have a tendency to grow stale and effete. We cling, after all, to the simplest of formulas—we try not to insert term-papers; we try to print the best of the material handed in to us; always reflecting that the John Donnes and the Bishops Newmans amongst us will not submit their treatises to the HAVERFORDIAN, but will do their best to sell them to the great literary publications for good, hard cash.

* * *

Any suggestions—in writing—from the student body will be really appreciated by us. Any letter offering impartial, constructive advice it will be a pleasure to us to print in the issue following its receipt. And we care little whether you write it in English or in American.



The Other

TOWARD the end of July I had come back to Paris, intending to stay there for the three weeks left to me before having to take the boat back to New York. But I found a letter from my grandfather asking me to stay with him for at least a few weeks; and since I hadn't seen him for many years and because I was rather curious to revisit the small old town where I'd spent a good part of earlier days, I packed a bag and took the train.

Ault-Onival is a picturesque, insignificant little town on the Channel and exists only as a place of retirement for old fishermen and small *rentiers*. The houses are built on the high chalk-cliffs that drop down sheer to the narrow rock-covered beach; and there is a ramshackle stucco-on-frame Casino for the amusement of the hundred or so Parisians who spend some weeks of the summer there.

One day, towards sundown, I took a walk along the rough strand. Later I climbed the high wooden steps that were almost a ladder to the street; and walked into Ault's only café.

"Bon soir, m'sieu Blanc."

I said bon soir madame to the little woman who had given me lumps of anisette-soaked sugar when I was a boy in short pants, and I ordered a *demie*. When she brought it she leaned against the table and talked about the scarcity of summer visitors, but I could see she wanted to say something else. She gave a short nod towards the farther corner of the room. Looking over I saw a rather young man in a brown tweed jacket.

"*Il ne boit que de l'absinthe*," she said under her breath.

I said, "But it is forbidden to sell absinthe." She shrugged her shoulders.

"It is not against the law. It is not pure but it is very strong. I thought that if you could speak to him . . . He drinks too much." She looked towards him again, and then added: "He will understand you. He speaks English."

She walked away; and though I didn't see that it was my affair I took my glass to the table of this young man who spoke English.

I said, "Do you care if I sit down?" and when he looked up at me slowly I saw that he had looked younger from farther off; but he was a well-looking chap enough, tall, wide-shouldered. He had greenish-grey eyes set in a handsome face, but they were dull and vague and when

THE OTHER

he looked at you they seemed to go through you and to focus at a point a long way beyond. His jaw-muscles set and relaxed nervously. He seemed unable to prevent the right corner of his mouth from quivering.

"You've a Yankee accent," he said.

"I don't mind," I said, but he didn't smile. I don't mean that he was hostile at all, but he didn't seem to care.

"Right you are, sit down."

I didn't know just what to say next, until I thought of a house that had gone down that morning, after the chalk had been crumbling away beneath it for a long time.

"Yes, I know," he said. "It happens all the time. They ought to put up a barrier to keep people away from the edge."

"They have warning-signs up in the town, though. The inhabitants are always very careful."

"It's the summer people," he said. He picked up his spoon and tinkled it against the glass. The old woman behind the counter looked up and our eyes met across the room, but I only shrugged my shoulders; so in a minute she brought over about a finger's width of it in a glass and set the carafe of water near him. It wasn't green like absinthe and it was strongly flavored with anise, but you couldn't mistake the smell.

When he'd let some water drip into it: "They ought to put up a barrier," he said with strange conviction. He took a drink from his glass; then set it down again.

"I was here last year with"—he looked at me more attentively this time, "with two of my friends. We'd come here to paint." He played with the glass and looked down into it and his eyes lost their focus again.

"These two, they were pretty close friends. They'd gone through college together. Same ideas about things, you know. Well, one afternoon they—I stayed in the room to do something or other—they were walking too near the edge of the chalk. There weren't any warning-signs up then."

He stopped, and was silent for so long that I thought he'd forgotten what he was saying. I didn't know how many absinthes he'd had. But after a while he spoke again, still staring into the cloudy stuff in his glass.

"I—I was watching them through the window. They were laughing, and they must have been having an argument about a ship that was going by in the offing because they both, one after another, pointed to it. Probably trying to decide what sort of ship it was. Suddenly Johnnie—he was the younger one—Johnnie suddenly gave a lurch, and threw his arms towards the other as he was going down."

He turned his head half-way towards me, but without taking his eyes off his glass.

"The damned chalk had given way under the layer of earth, you see. His friend grabbed Johnnie's wrist with one hand and with the other just managed to get hold of the branch of a bramble that was growing there.

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But Johnnie's weight dragged the other down too and they both hung there over the edge." He was speaking faster now.

"The one who had hold of the branch wasn't very afraid after the first fright he'd had, because he was strong—he was very strong. There'd been no one around to see it happen, but he thought that in some way he would be able to lift Johnnie so he could grasp the branch and pull himself up,—only, just then there was a dull ripping sound of roots tearing through the ground, and the two of them went down about a foot, and they both must have thought of the same thing then. Johnnie was thinking of it, because in a second or two his friend could feel him trying to twist his wrist free. The branch was holding for the time being and it probably was able to support one of the two. His friend looked down at Johnnie for the first time and Johnnie was very white. He said 'Christ—let go,'—but the other just squeezed his wrist tighter though he knew it couldn't do any good. He thought he'd go down with him, down together even if—even though it wasn't rational. The other loved Johnnie very much."

He took his glass and gulped what was left of the contents down.

"If the damned branch hadn't shivered then, the other wouldn't have flinched; but the sun and the sea and the sky looked very bright and he thought if he could sit on the cliffs and just do nothing else but look forever at the sun and the sea and the sky it would be all he'd ask and then he—he loosened his hold."

He leaned with his elbows on the table staring far away straight ahead of him, and his breath came very short and fast while his nostrils and the right corner of his mouth were quivering. He still held the empty glass in his hand and suddenly it broke lengthwise in two; but even when the blood smeared over it he held it tight and kept staring in front of him very far away.

There wasn't anything I could say, and I thought he'd best be alone; so I got up and leaned over and grabbed his shoulder, digging my fingers into him so that it must have hurt. In a little while I walked away, and going through the door I saw that it had grown dark.

* * *

I went to the café the next morning to find out where he lived, to see if I could help him at all. Walking carefully over the rocks on the beach, I saw a little group of people in the distance; and when I came closer I saw they were looking down at something lying there on the beach with a tarpaulin covering it.

One of the men was an old fisherman I knew, and he said that some one had again been careless; the chalk had crumbled. But I looked around and I saw that there was no chalk lying about, and then I lifted a corner of the tarpaulin and I recognized his brown tweed coat.

René Blanc-Roos.

George Brennan

THE stage doorman of the Burns Theatre peered threateningly over his newspaper at a fat young man who stood in the doorway.

"Wadda ya' want?" he growled. The young man retreated a step. His fat cheeks turned pale, and his voice quavered as he spoke.

"Excuse me, but isn't this where *Henry's Hopes* is rehearsing today? You see, I'm George Brennan. I wrote it."

"Umph," unimpressed, the doorman returned to his paper.

The young man walked hesitantly onto the stage. Someone behind him barked, "look out!" and two stagehands carrying a flat shoved him to one side.

"Excuse me," he murmured.

As no one else had yet arrived, he hoisted himself onto a "props" trunk which stood out of the way against the back wall, and waited.

George Brennan had come all the way from South Bend, Indiana, to be on hand for the New York production of his first play, a comedy. Even now, only three days before the opening, he was not recovered from the thrill of that lengthy, expensive telegram which had asked him to come to New York and help supervise the production. Supervise was the word they had used. On his arrival, the director had explained that *Henry's Hopes* had attracted them not so much for its intrinsic merit as for its flexibility. It was a framework, and only needed a skilled hand to revise and build it up. They would work on it together. George's first duty in this cooperative plan had been that of typing the individual parts. "Must save money," the management had explained. With that, his official duties had apparently ceased.

In the show was a small part which he had written for himself; a comedy bit about a fellow who ate too much. They had let him rehearse for the first four days, but on the fifth he'd found that someone else had been engaged for the part. Though it had been a blow to him, the director had made him realize that it was for the good of the show; that an author should remain aloof from his work for the sake of perspective.

From his perch on the trunk George saluted the players as they came in with a respectful nod. They tolerated him because he was quiet and listened attentively when they talked about themselves. Noticing that they were fond of cough drops, he had bought a box, which he held out to each new arrival. But everyone preferred his own special brand. As

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soon as the rehearsal began, George walked to the front of the house, sucking his cough drops.

Without his knowledge, the first scene had been considerably rewritten since last rehearsal. The director paused in walking down the aisle and explained the changes to him.

"You don't mind, do you? We're just working for the good of the show."

"It's probably a vast improvement," said George, with a smile expressive of dog-like trust.

The director patted his shoulder kindly.

"Don't forget, your opinion is always welcomed."

George blushed at this acknowledgment of his ability. During the rehearsal he was even bold enough to make a few minor suggestions. The director thanked him, but made no more changes that day.

At the dress rehearsal it was found that the window drapes needed stitching. George hadn't ever done much sewing, but they all looked at him, so he said he'd do his best. He and the wardrobe woman spent the evening sewing drapes down in the ladies' lounge. Though he was sorry to miss the dress rehearsal, George realized that it was all for the good of the show.

On the opening night, while they were waiting backstage for the curtain to rise, the leading lady gave George the story of her life, winding up with her certainty of the success of *Henry's Hopes*, her hatred for the stingy management, and her contempt for the director. But a moment later when the director came up, she threw her arms around him and said she *knew* he had simply *made* the show. This sort of thing was too perplexing for George. With a sigh, he went around to the front of the house.

Throughout the first act, the audience showed none of that spontaneous mirth with which his play had been greeted in its tryout at the South Bend Little Theatre. Bewildered, he hurried backstage in the intermission. He found the management in despair and the leading lady in hysterics. The stage manager took hold of his arm.

"Sorry, kid, but it's cold turkey," he said.

The expression was new to George, but, from the tone, he gathered its full significance. George swallowed hard. He was thankful that the house was already in darkness by the time he got back to his seat.

The audience, politely bored during the first act, were rudely and openly restless for the last two. As he shuffled up the aisle after the final curtain, seared by the snatches of harsh criticism which reached his ears, George felt incapable of facing those people backstage. But he went, urged by the remnants of his simple loyalty. Though he dutifully went the rounds of the dressing rooms to thank the players, there was not the

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faintest trace of that old, trusting smile. And when the leading lady began to tell him of her past failures, he turned and fled. As he went down the corridor he felt a tap on his shoulder.

"Congratulations! I liked it," someone said.

George, the all-believing, turned and glared at the speaker.

"I'm afraid it's cold turkey," he said, and passed on.

Henry's Hopes died after the first performance. George, instead of cash payment, was offered the stage furnishings, which he accepted—without thanks. That same week, with his manuscript and his furniture, he left for South Bend. The leading lady came down to the station to see him off. She kissed him goodbye, insisted that his next play would be simply wonderful and asked him not to forget her if it were ever produced. For the first time since the debacle, George smiled.

He thought things over on that long train ride, and when he got home he wrote a tragedy. But it was never produced.

James E. Truex.

Sonnet to a Blind Date

*Before I knock, I briefly hesitate
Upon thy doorstep, maid unknown to me,
And yet mine for an hour; I speculate
What sort of maiden I would have thee be.
I'd have thee languorous, smooth-hair'd, dark-eyed,
And warm with passion's hidden smouldering heat—
And yet, on second thought, I might decide
I'd rather find thee innocently sweet;
Trust and affection in thy blue soft glance—
But then, the chances are thou art, instead,
Phi Beta Kappa—spectacled, perchance—
With freckles, and a soul sedately dead.
Be as thou wilt, this evening thou art mine!
I knock . . . Anticipation chills my spine . . .*

William R. Bowden, Jr.

Under Two Skies

CATALOGUES, it seems, have lost the favor they once enjoyed with poetical minds. It is difficult to find any longer those exquisite lists of flowers or simples that have adorned the lines of English poets from Chaucer to Keats. Perdita and Oberon no longer tell them, one by one, like sheep. Keats was one of the last who stood tiptoe upon a little hill, unabashed, to rehearse his catalogue of luxuries. But between us and him something has intervened to wipe them out of poetical thought. The shadow of the mid-Victorian scientist has fallen upon our imaginations. And catalogues today signify dusty files, alphabetized, interminable, and dry. Sensitive minds shun them in fear or scorn. As if life's beauties fled at their mention, and the spiritual qualities of this world were not large enough even for catalogues! Here is a skepticism more profound than any your materialist ever dreamed. We have foregone the simple right, which every child enjoys, to collect and number our possessions. For cataloguing is a childhood pleasure. It seems that only the young love the goods of this world well enough to treasure them up, all in a heap. Keats was still a youth when he wrote his list, and Shakespeare, who was never too old still to be young, set his down in the comedies.

But I am not aware that anyone has ever before made a catalogue of skies, recording the major moods of this heavenly mask our planet wears. Here too is a list that must be made before one is too old, when the sky shall have become a matter of indifference, or at best "that beautiful old parchment" the poet names.

There are two skies man lives beneath,—the one to be humble under, the other proud. This latter is the sky of your astronomer and scientist. Its center is in the mind, bright with the light of reason, ordered round with darkness and its philosophic stars. For this is the sky of the philosopher and thinker. And it has a strange resemblance to the study where the imagination bore it—the intent mind under the reading lamp, the white reflecting page, and the dark study ranged about. It is small wonder that your philosopher has often conceived of God as pure mind, ordering chaos. Every scholar and thinker is doing the same above his lamplit book. This is the astronomer's and thinker's power which they attribute to God.

But what skeptic mind will scoff at their feeling of pride and power in this order they have wrought for themselves? Once they were more

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humble, when the Chaldean astronomers climbed their temple roofs to scan the skies with chart and compass. Reason was not god then. Mystery was God. But since then long ages have intervened, centuries dark with "ancestral voices prophesying wars"; days when the keepers of the house have trembled and the strong men bowed themselves. And men, from the scorn and fury of kings, popes, and masters, retired into their studies and doors were shut in the streets. There they wrought for themselves that order in the sky with all its stars which their little lives on earth were denied. Who is this scoffer of their immortality? Be off! For all the saints are with them. Who is he who scorns their pride of power? May he never be so humble as one of these!

Nevertheless there is another kind of humility, which has its own sky, not one to be proud beneath. This is the poet's humility. Your philosopher is at once too proud and too abject for your poet. Theirs are different kinds of strength. Your philosopher may be felled utterly, yet he will found the City of God upon the ruins. But your poet scorns to be felled at all. I believe in the bottom of every poet's heart there must be a voice that says:

*I know,
But I do not approve,
And I am not resigned.*

Yet this too is a sort of humility. It is the poet for whom the earth is a green altar from which the steam of man's sacrifice goes up to heaven. And whereas your philosopher's sky wears the features of the study, and is immortal in its ordered glory, for the poet that mystery which is the heaven spreads with infinite variety above the woods, and roads, and rivers of this world. Your poet is your only realist. It is not he, but the scientist who is the visionary. The philosopher's mind is literally in the sky, enshrined in light as the First Cause at the heart of the universe. But the poet goes his way across this little earth, cowed or cheered by the wide sky that spreads above him. His, then, is the sky—this sky to be humble under—whose moods may be catalogued. And this is why the shadow of the scientist has wiped such catalogues from the imagination.

In the philosopher's sky the human I is more important than the universe, but for the poet the sky is up there, and little I down here. Not that there are not times when for the poet too the human figure is the largest thing in the landscape. There are wild snowy winter evenings when this muffled figure of him, battling along the street, is the only fact in the world. There is no sky at all then. The small snowy stretch about him, and he, seem like live rock jutting into nothingness blown upon out of nowhere. And yet on other nights, when the full moon is in the sky,

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and field, hill, and stream are light with it—this is not earth; these are the fields of heaven, and we are souls in bliss.

But these are high days of excitement. There are other kinds too. Frozen, windless days, and gray. Days when the thoughts are quiet. Such days seem made for scholars to look out of windows upon the quiet snow. It seems the Middle Ages must have been like these, when

*Good King Wenceslas looked out
On the feast of Stephen.
Snow was lying all about
White and smooth and even.*

when the only thing warm in the world was a good man's charity.

But there is another kind of quiet day. There are spring afternoons in temperate climes when the sky is low and pearly. The air is sultry and chafes the nerves. The quiet of the sky then is more like a spiritual emptiness and the heart of man is dark and bitter. The still pent-up life of earth seems sullen in its dark prison house. These are hard days for youth. Hope seems brooding on the edge of disillusionment as if the curtain of sky were about to remove and reveal the mystery of this life as a vast nothingness. So much has the low sky drawn all the purpose out of life. It will take centuries of heaven-piercing cathedrals and high-church music to transform the doubt that one such afternoon can implant in the heart of a sensitive youth. It is not against grief we need build faith, but against the dull, barren days upon this earth.

And yet, if a cool wind but blow, how religious such a day may be, before a storm. When the silver light streams down from the close clouds sometimes there blows upon the wind the peace of clear, exalted contemplation.

The holy time is quiet as a nun.

I remember one silver evening as a boy seeing God high upon a ladder painting a house gray.

Nevertheless, your poet's sky has its intellectual masks too. But the intellect here is of a different cast from the philosopher's. Here is no Reasonable Light ordering Darkness. Here rather is an intellect of dark summer nights with lightnings from the clouds. It is not the permanence of things the poet contemplates, rather the rare and transitory beauty of such summer lightnings.

From the earth, under such nights as this, we hear rise up that noblest and most human of the poet's meditations:

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*Even such is Time, which takes in trust
Our youth, and joys, and all we have
And pays us but with age and dust.*

But the poet has his intellectual days as well as nights. Autumn days—clear, cool, and quiet, when the red leaves hang by the wall—“All Saints’ Days” they should be called. For there is something in the way these red leaves hang, in their prime, aged and yet beautiful, waiting to sever stem from twig and so drop to decay, that bespeaks the dignity of being separate and detached, and that fine intellectual freedom of an ascetic soul. All their lives, nurslings of the sturdy branch, it is only upon this brief border of decay, with the life that bound them stem to twig at last withdrawn, that they achieve out of the peace of community, that rarer and maturer freedom of individuality. And for some men, too, death is the only intellectual experience they ever have—that rare and brief moment of being born into themselves, no longer a mere one of humankind.

But rarer, perhaps, even than days like these, and more relevant for living, are spring mornings when the sun is coming up. The sky is very blue then and high. Standing here on earth looking up into it, there come to us from field and wood round about the familiar morning sounds of bird, beast, and man, shuffling off the coils of slumberous sleep. And even as we muse,

*The merry lark has pour’d
His early song against yon breezy sky,
That spreads so clear o’er our solemnity.*

Suddenly, for a moment, we are back again in our natural place in nature.

Herbert J. Nichol.

In a Storm at Sea

I WAS shipmates once with an old shellback who was gaunt and bent, and who couldn't have had many teeth. His weatherbeaten face, too, was covered with a thousand tiny wrinkles, but with all this his eyes were still blue. And he was almost deaf, this old shellback, and when he spliced rope he worked with a far-off look in his eyes, and the young seamen said he couldn't hear any orders but the order to knock off, and they laughed at him,—but he could splice better than they could. And when he ambled slowly down the deck as if his thoughts were far away, I always used to think he was dreaming of the old days when the seamen hauled on the ropes themselves and felt the ship alive in their hands, but the others said he was getting old, and he *was* old, past sixty, I guess. And I used to think that he hated chipping rust all day and greasing wire cables and being a cross between a mechanic and a janitor, just as I hated it. And I used to think somehow that he hated the monotonous plodding of the diesel motors; he who had been used to a wooden ship leaping forward when the breeze blew and lying still when it was calm. And I thought he hated these things because he felt that the great new steel ships were losing touch with the sea, plodding steadily on when the water was smooth and steadily stubbornly on when it was rough, so that often you didn't know whether you were at sea or on a railroad train; but the others said he was lazy, and perhaps that was it. But *I* thought that here was a man who loved the sea,—one of those old mariners whose love for the sea was part of him; you could see it sometimes in the steadiness of his eyes. And often on fair days I pictured him running up the rigging of some old windjammer to shake out another sail or two, but after all I was only a youngster who had never shipped in sail. One night, too, we sat in the foc's'l, we young ones and talked of old sailing ships, and the shellback was asleep in his bunk; but once I looked at him closely and his eyes were open—he was listening. And it made me think that night, what would ever happen to him, for I doubted if he'd ever live ashore. And I thought that on some dark night when he had grown too old to work, he might jump into the sea that had been his home so long, but I never told anyone this for I knew what to expect if I did.

And so the days went by until one roaring night at sea. It had commenced to blow in the morning and by that night the seas were running high. I had the six-to-twelve whistle watch so that at ten o'clock I was

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standing on the forward well deck in the lee of the foc's'l head, watching the storm and listening carefully for the mate's whistle. He had called me twice already, once to take a look at the deck cargo and once to send the steward up with coffee for the Old Man who had just come onto the bridge. The wind howled through what little rigging we had and the spray hissed over the weather bow and pelted against the steel deck-houses. And while I stood there braced against the ship's rolling, I saw the old shellback walk slowly out of the foc's'l. He had on an old suit of oilskins and a sou'wester hat, and he was smiling. He hardly looked at me but walked across the deck and I saw him glance up to where our two or three stays were singing. A few minutes later he appeared again out of the darkness and for a long time I caught glimpses of him walking round the well deck, and once I heard him shout something about "Do you think she'll carry it, Mister?"

It was after seven bells when he finally came up to me and his eyes gleamed in the dark. He was laughing, too, but it was more of a cackle than a laugh. "Ha-ha, ha-ha, she blows boy, she blows, she blows *sweet* song!" and his voice went up on the word "sweet" and it made me shiver. Then he rubbed his hands and looked aloft and his voice blended with the shriek of the wind: "You're in the North Atlantic, boy, where she blows, she blows sweet song, ha-ha-ha!" Then his eyes grew wider and brighter and he took a sudden deep breath and shouted, "Aloft there to reef the foretops'l!" and he ran across the deck to the foot of the foremast and started up the ladder, and as he climbed I thought I could hear above the howl of the wind, "She blows, boy, she blows—she blows sweet song, ha-ha-a-a!" and he went up, up, through the gleam of the masthead light, on up into the night. And the ship rolled and the wind shrieked and that's the last anyone ever saw of him.

And the next day the sailors laughed and said he had gone crazy and thought he was on a square-rigged ship, and they were probably right, but I have always secretly believed that he made up that delusion for himself because he thought it was a good way for an old man to die.

John W. Hazard, '33.



Solitary Hikes

ONE saturated with the common notion that man goes to nature for spiritual nourishment will be surprised if he walks into deep woods alone some time. Our nature poets have confined their praises pretty much to farms, orchards, and fields. Bryant is the only famous poet who praises at any great length the glories of the forest, and he saw it entirely in terms of God.

I have never found anything recognizable as God in the woods. If I want spiritual nourishment, I go among a crowd of people or read a book. If I want a spiritual purge, I go into the woods.

It is best to go alone. With a companion it is like being in society: one feels compelled to talk about his physical feelings, the weather, food, the campfire: in short, the usual round of human conversation. For true appreciation of woods one must be silent. The important thing is to cease being human in the ordinary sense, and to be serious. Alone, one cannot help being so.

In the woods I find—everyone would find—a set of impressions unfamiliar in daily life: strangeness, seriousness, impassiveness, a very lonely and peaceful kind of beauty. What greets the senses of one out alone is entirely different from the familiar signatures of human things. Trees, earth are to be seen instead of furniture and clothes. Instead of cars, voices, doors, the wind is heard and frogs croaking. Damp earth is smelled instead of smoke and perspiration. The completely new environment purges us of everything we had or thought of in society. We find a different world all around us and eventually we find that our self is not what it was.

One day last summer a friend and I were following an old wood road, not knowing in the least where we were. After hours of walking we thought we saw the gray side of a house through the trees and at once cheered up, expecting people and voices again. Then all at once the view cleared and we saw it was a wide swamp at the end of the trail: a stagnant lake choked with the gray trunks and branches of dead trees. There was no sound and no sign of life there. Jolted in so few moments from the friendliest thing in the woods, a cabin; to the most dismal thing on earth, a swamp; we knew both loneliness and fear, the essence of strangeness.

The most impressive thing about the undisturbed forest is its serious-

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ness. The amount of genuine humor in nature is infinitely small. One could walk for days through woods without once laughing. Among the forest's own inhabitants only the young of animals have any humor inherent in them, and that quickly fades out as they grow up in the midst of this profound gravity.

Not only is there no humor in nature, but there is no kindness, not the slightest interest on her part. In the city you go into rooms you recognize and among people who recognize you. Now you are in a place where all conscious living things flee and all unconscious things do not even notice you. What kind of a god any man could find in the wilderness I do not know.

It is impossible to be alone in the woods and not feel this immense impassiveness. If you fall and break your ankle, nothing will move. If you feel gay, your laughter will die out unanswered. What one is faced with is a completely self-centered system intent only on its own scheme of growing and decay, creating its own gradual and changeless beauty.

Despite this, one learns to love the endless rows of trees that go so gravely about their business of existing. It is an unrequited love, but still one likes to follow the aimless old wood roads that run into the forest. Sometimes you can follow one for a mile, only to have it end at an old woodpile, but that is no matter, the still profundity of the trees alone matters.

Man, surveying the scheme, feels both its beauty and its indifference. The acute among men also sense a resentment in nature at being disturbed, a feeling of hostile annoyance, a desire to obliterate this nervous and noisy intruder.

Walking in solitude is not only a purge, it is a tonic, a bracer, a giver of perspective. It is a cure-all for every spiritual ailment. I really believe that if each trivial, bewildered, or immoral person were taken into the middle of a forest and there turned loose, he would come out improved, because he would come out serious, and not because of any balm the supposed friendly spirit of nature had given him.

Every normal person is at heart innocent and thoughtful. A man can get along in life perfectly happily without a god, without a philosophy, without any inner or outer support, provided only he take himself and the world seriously.

One can spend a lifetime in society without bumping into that fact. But turn a man into the woods completely on his own for a single day, and he cannot help but come out of their silence knowing more about the world and much more about himself.

James Hoover.

Reunion in Chicago

IN THE summer of 1926 Mary Goddard was young and foolish. By 1933 she had learned that people must never be foolish except when they are young. While she was still foolish she married Larry Goddard, who had attractions, but no money, and not very many brains. He saw her at a party one day, and thought she was cute, especially her silly short skirt. He followed her around for a few weeks, getting in the way generally, and finally Mary said that she supposed she should marry him, since he seemed to want her so very much, and it was a shame not to give people things they really wanted.

Mary's hair was bobbed and frizzy, which was considered very daring in 1926. She made good use of a fashionable figure, and especially of her legs. She painted herself from all angles, and developed a giggle, which was really, though she would never admit it, the thing which attracted Larry most, at first. Larry was just out of college, sold bonds in his spare moments, and spent all of his meagre commissions on clothes and Mary. He never thought much about money, chiefly because he never had very much of it at one time. It was much easier to stuff it in his pocket, and when it was nearly gone he could go out and sell more bonds. There were always the bonds.

The beginnings of the married life were very haphazard. Mary's father, in relief, contributed enough money to pay for an apartment for a while, and furnish it. Mary was wise enough to give all of her friends fair warning about the approaching wedding; so there were presents, mostly useless, and Larry bought some new clothes. Being married was fun for a week. There wasn't enough money for a honeymoon, and Mary gave parties instead, and for the first week everybody had a grand time. Most of the furniture was broken, people never got tired of throwing rice, and Mary never had time to clean it up between parties. There were people dancing and drinking at night, with some of the less competent ones staying over. In the morning the person who woke up first was elected to go out and get breakfast for the rest of the people. Anybody who wanted to could stay for lunch if he would bring his own food, and consequently around noon there were endless streams of people with sacks and jars. Life was very messy for the newlyweds, and Mary loved it. Mary was messy. She made insipid remarks and giggled at herself. She was always kissing people and calling everybody's attention to it, so that they would

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be sure to appreciate how cute she really was. She adored everything, and made a spectacle of herself. She didn't drink really, but once in a while she would take a sip of somebody's drink, and then pretend to be drunk, while everybody laughed politely. At the end of the first week she was still planning more parties, and Larry decided that maybe he had better go out and try to sell a bond. In 1926 it wasn't so very hard to sell a bond. People had money to spare, and a fairly intelligent young man, with patience enough to sit in anterooms for a half hour could make a decent living. As far as Larry was concerned, being married simply meant sitting in anterooms twice as many half hours. The trouble was, that when people sit for a half hour without talking to anybody they have to think about something, and Larry, naturally enough, thought about Mary, whom he had married, and he began to wonder why.

When Larry was even younger than he was when he married, he had supposed that getting married consisted of settling down and getting old gradually with someone, instead of alone. Actual experience is always better than theory, however, and Larry decided, during his half hours, that getting married consisted of being with one person, talking to her, laughing at her, living with her, and eating with her, until you could positively stand it no longer. The breaking point varied, he admitted. There were certain old people that he could probably think of, he decided, who possibly wouldn't live long enough for the breaking point to come, though if life could only be made to last a little longer it would be as inevitable for them as for anybody else. Some people might last twenty years, some ten, some only two, but as far as he was concerned, he had lasted one week, and that was enough. He had married the little nit-wit, and had thought that she was all right for a certain reasonable period; after that period he had stuck his bargain out for a while, but there is an end to everything. Thus thought Larry Goddard, and by the end of the day he had decided that he wouldn't go home that night, nor the next, nor the one after that.

Mary was undisturbed for the first two days. Larry had told her that he had work to do, and there were so many people around all the time that he might have been in without her knowing it. Several people said vaguely that it seemed to them that he had been in for a minute, but had gone out again. They weren't positive and, anyway Mary was having a marvelous time, so why worry? Larry was inconspicuous, and people didn't pay very much attention to him, so the fact that nobody was positive they had seen him proved nothing, especially since towards the end of a really long party, nobody can be absolutely sure about anything. By the third day, however, Mary began to be suspicious. One of the incapacitated overnight guests had needed pyjamas, and when Mary went to look for a pair of Larry's she found that all his clothes were gone. She called up his office, and his father's house, and finally left a message that

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he should call her up when he came in. He did, and finally consented to come over and explain.

Mary wept. Larry said over and over again that it was a mistake, that she should have the apartment, and find herself a nice new boy friend. He would let her divorce him, anything. But Mary went right on crying, until her eyes were red and swollen, and her rouge was all streaked. She was terribly obvious, and anybody, even Larry, who was duller than most people, could tell that no one could possibly be so grief-stricken about anything. He said that he would leave the city, if that would make her feel better, though why he should think it would was somewhat obscure. She said she would leave too, though she would certainly not go to any city within five hundred miles of him, and they parted. Mary preferred not to talk about Larry to her friends, and without thinking about things very long, actually did pack up and leave the city, without telling anyone. Larry thought things over several days, made out a forwarding address, and left, too.

Larry ended up in Chicago, where a great many people must end up, or Chicago would never be so big. He sold more of the same old bonds to the same sort of people. He had a job with another branch of his old company, and life was exactly the same. He lived in the same sort of hotel he had lived in before his marriage, he kept right on stuffing money in his pocket, and selling more bonds when that was almost gone, and life was uneventful for him. He was terrible about making friends, and at the end of eight years was no nearer anything than he was when he first came to Chicago. Selling bonds was a lot harder, and life was more boring, since a person had to work so much more. In eight years he picked up dozens of acquaintances and three friends. One was a sheepish sort of man who worked for the same office that he did, and the other two were a tottering old man and his wife, friends of his father's, who had him to dinner every other Sunday. He wandered about vacantly, subscribed to *Cosmopolitan* and read it from cover to cover, and sold his bonds occasionally. Finally he and the sheepish young man decided to do something drastic. They had no idea at all what it would be, but it would be drastic. They were weary of messing around, as they put it, and they decided that they would have a conference. A conference needs atmosphere, so they decided they would have atmosphere. It needs a good dinner under the belt, so they decided they would omit three movies and have a dinner. Larry and the sheepish young man decided on the Blackstone. It was entirely natural. Chicago . . . hotel . . . Blackstone . . . was the ordinary mental process of people who sold bonds. They planned to meet for dinner at eight, since it would be more logical for a conference, especially a conference which was to take drastic measures, to dine at eight,

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and they even reserved a table, one far in a corner, where they could confer.

The dinner was comic. Larry never had any ideas, and he knew before he went into the hotel that the night of the 'conference' would in this respect not be different. The sheepish young man said that he felt sure he would have an idea presently. It was obvious that he already had an idea, but was too embarrassed to tell it. From time to time he would open his mouth, and Larry would look up expectantly, but the sheepish young man would only shut it. They ate silently, except that Larry broke the silence three times with the same remark, "Yes sir, it's a great problem. We're wasting our time." Then the young man would say, "Yes, we absolutely ought to do something about it, uh" Then Larry would look up, and the man would shut his mouth. It was agonizing.

At last there was positively nothing left to eat. The sheepish young man had dipped his fingers into the paper finger bowl twice, and had eaten the mints provided by the management. There was nothing else that the Blackstone had to offer, and still no drastic measure had been taken. Everything was very pathetic. Finally the young man cast his eyes down and folded his napkin. After that there could positively be nothing, they would have to go, and realizing it he swallowed very hard and said that he had an idea, that he had had it for a long time, and please not to laugh, because it was the best he could do. He said, after a long pause, that he had heard from certain people whom he wouldn't care to name that the *Tribune* ran a column intended to get people in touch with others interested in the same sort of things that you were. All you had to do was state your age, sex, and race, and the *Tribune* would do the rest. "But," said Larry, "what will we tell them our interests are?" The sheepish young man nearly collapsed at that. He squirmed, and unfolded his napkin. He dipped his fingers into the bowl again, then suddenly sat bolt upright, and shouted "Music." They got up then and went out, looking very grave.

A correspondence with a young woman about music can't last forever, especially when neither correspondent knows anything about the subject. Most young people could say, especially in a letter "Don't you think Mozart is simply inspiring?" but after Mozart has been substituted by Beethoven, Paul Whiteman, and Guy Lombardo, the correspondence collapses. At least as far as music is concerned. This was the fate of the correspondence between Larry and the sheepish young man, and "Ramona." After two letters the classical composers and the modern orchestra leaders had been disposed of, and there was nothing left to say, but, "If Miss Ramona would be so kind as to be at the drug store opposite the southwest corner of the Wrigley Building at 7:15 on Saturday, Mr. L. and his friend will be very happy to take her to any show she likes."

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Miss Ramona was pleased to be at the corner drug store, but she never, never admitted that she was Ramona, nor did Larry that he was the insipid Mr. L. The sheepish young man backed out at the last moment, as he almost always did, and Larry went alone. He was five minutes late in getting to the drug store, and Miss Ramona was already there, but he forgot all about her, he forgot to look even, he was so glad to see Mary. He saw her the moment he walked into the store, though she was enormously changed. He knew that he had missed her for a long time, even if he had been terribly sick of her when he first left her, he knew that she was wonderful looking, that she would never wear a silly short skirt again, that her hair wasn't frizzy any more, that she couldn't possibly ever giggle again, that he wanted awfully to be with her.

J. W. VAN CLEAVE.

BOOKS

ALL MEN ARE BROTHERS, Pearl Buck.

Not the latest though possibly one of the best of Pearl Buck's works, *All Men Are Brothers* is a translation from the Chinese of a cycle of folk-tales roughly analogous to the Robin Hood legends of England. Arising from a period (Sung Dynasty) when the central administration was weak and the local government inefficient and corrupt, its treatment is not sufficiently self-conscious perhaps to justify our calling it "Twelfth-century Socialism" with Mrs. Buck, but it is propaganda powerful enough to have caused the Chinese Empire to ban it for the last seven centuries. Its theme is the circumstances attending the accumulation in the island fastnesses of Liang Shan P'o of a group of heroes devoted to the protection of the weak and the destruction of their cruel and grasping oppressors.

It is difficult to say much about the book as a literary production. The material arises from the people; one may or may not find it interesting, but as an expression of China it can be only exactly what it is. The changes made by Shih Nai-an of Tung-tu when he edited it, some time in the thirteenth century, do not accomplish the purposes of unification or explanation enough to compensate for the damage done to the individual episodes, and sometimes serve only to confuse the reader.

The translation is almost literal. The only defect is an occasional

CINEMA

poor choice of words, where an archaic form, in general suited to the nature of the book, sounds for some reason strained and affected; but this is an unimportant consideration beside the undeniable general excellence of Mrs. Buck's more than adequate translation from an extraordinarily difficult tongue.

All Men Are Brothers is embryonic as a novel. But as a pageant of the Chinese people it is unequalled by any other similar work. Here, among the commonplaces of daily life, one begins to understand the family life and religion of the Chinese, the inert stoicism, the devotion to utilitarian morality, the conventions that go to make up their national character. However, since it is a book written for the Chinese and not for the student, it requires some slight knowledge of the subject before it becomes comprehensible; I should not advise anyone who has not had some previous acquaintance with the art and literature of China to attempt it.

John A. Church, III.

CINEMA

GLAMOROUS" Anna Sten, the much-publicized lady from German and Russian films, merits a more flattering adjective than the one Hollywood has worn to tatters. Her acting in her first American film, Samuel Goldwyn's *Nana*, justifies the long period her sponsor has spent in having her trained to act in English, and even the gallons of drool he has splashed over the pages of the newspapers. Mr. Goldwyn's cohorts have been busy during these long months of preparation; the actress has been slicked and groomed and dieted, and the eyebrow pluckers have done their devitalizing work, but Anna Sten is still recognizably the striking individual of *Trapeze* and *Der Morder Dmitri Karamazov*. That she is not so effective in *Nana* as in the role of the taunting, inscrutable Gruschenka of the *Karamazov* film is not her fault but (I weary of saying this) Hollywood's. Mr. Goldwyn's long search for a vehicle which would give his star a sensational send-off seemed at first to have been successful when it ended in *Nana*; it is at least a strong role and a definite one. But those who read Zola tell me that the picture is a

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whitewashed version of its model, and it is evident to anyone that it has not the courage of its implications. Nana was a wench, a minx, a hussy in the Elizabethan sense, a gold-digger in the modern one, with just enough animal cunning to make her realize the effect on men of her pose of artless naiveté, and just enough emotional depth to prevent her being merely a superficial courtesan. She played her game with the skill of long practice, and was satisfied with the results. When she finally found herself in the grip of the real emotion she had faked for so long, it was poetic justice—as well as a revelation of the sort of retribution which attends a refusal to face facts—that she should lose the man she loved. Thus the story as it originally stood. But Dorothy Arzner, the director, evidently feared that this was too unpleasant a role for the introduction of a new idol to the movie laity. So she injected a big shot of sympathy, and halfway through the picture's length the character undergoes a transformation the complete illogicality of which would offend the simplest spectator, had not Hollywood accustomed him to such metamorphoses. I say no more. If you see many films, you will recognize that this is just another Dietrich vehicle mistakenly assigned to a dramatic actress who does not need the support of soft-focus photography and enigmatic dialogue.

The other attributes of Dietrich films are present too: handsome settings, seductive gowns, a song for the star to make the most of, well staged scenes, and good acting. There is Lionel Atwill, giving his best performance in a rather interesting variation of his usual role, and there are Mae Clarke and Muriel Kirkland as dumb Parisian gamins whose contrast to Nana's shrewdness bolster the weakened significance of the part. But, except for Miss Sten, it all adds up to precisely nothing. And one sighs about the star, too, for though she does what she can to overcome the effects of her director's cowardice, the odds against her are too great, and her work seems competent rather than inspired. One leaves the theatre with scarcely a memory of the mincing Nana; one harks back instead to Miss Sten as earthy, gross Gurschenka.

Richard E. Griffith.

It is irritating to come up against an unknown quantity. As such may *Le Sang D'Un Poète* written and directed by Jean Cocteau, be defined. The prologue to the film even admits that attempts to explain its meaning have been ineffectual. What is the average man to think about it, a man whose brain is prosaically free from the cruel insanity, the sensuous brilliance, the almost childish curiosity, that has produced in the mind of this French director a unique photographic vehicle? How to satisfy the demands of the conventional mind when statues come to life, when a poet's muse whispers to him from the palm of his hand, when a

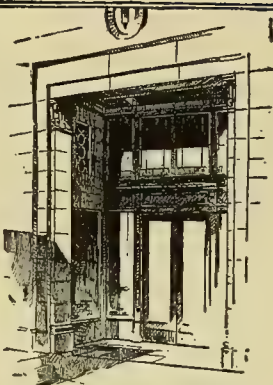
CINEMA

lady and gentleman play decorously at cards while a French schoolboy lies dead at their feet, killed by a snowball? What to say when a handful of bejeweled matrons and their escorts clap politely from their lone opera box in a snowstorm as the card player on the street below shoots himself? When you think you have a clue to what Cocteau is driving at, the voice from the screen says placidly "Troisième Episode" and you are plunged ruthlessly into another quandary.

The jumble of seemingly disconnected thoughts and scenes is indeed said to be an attempt at artistic expression by means of the camera. If poets can use meter, rhyme, and cadence, if artists can use paints, line, and form, why can't a photographer use lights, film, and cameras to record the writings of his poetic soul? If this is possible, then Cocteau may prove to be an interpreter of the true function of photography, by his realization that the camera should have some value other than a stenographic ability to record actual scenes and actual dialogue. But in the opinion of this reviewer, photography is too inflexible a medium to be bent to this purpose, and Cocteau has merely exposed several thousand feet of celluloid to the eccentric effects of a series of unusual but disconnected scenes.

George B. Bookman.





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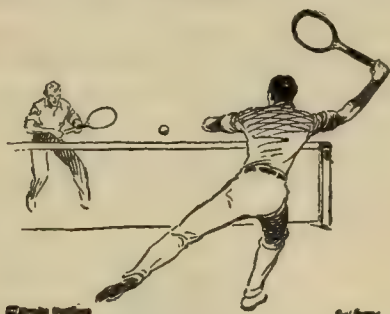


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OUR NIGHT OUT

Literary Fashions in Love

ROMANTIC love, so it seems, is threatened with extinction in present-day literature. There are of course reasons for this. In the first place romance is essentially the yearning for something afar from the sphere of our sorrow, a thirst that thrives on inhibitions and on prohibitions. It raged mightily in the courtly days of medieval chivalry, when, according to the code, a gentle knight might make the welkin vibrate with his feats, yet possess of his lady no more than a ribbon or the thrill of a distant kiss. Subjected to such rigid insulation he might long preserve untarnished and incandescent his pure romance, sole compensation for devoted service. The knights, however, human as they were, may at times, one fancies, have found this spiritual wine a trifle watery.

At any rate they were relieved, for they soon passed on the torch of holy adoration to the poets, in whose hands that torch but blazed the brighter. For their leader, Dante Alighieri, soared aloft in his *Vita Nuova* to heights of inspired bemusement that might well have seemed too rare for emulation. Many long years he languished for his Beatrice. Wife and children he had, friends and foes, but they all paled before the illumination of his ardor for a lady whom not seeing he loved, and on whom he bestowed the last measure of poetic worship. He was however but a pathfinder; and where he led, hosts followed, dazzled but undaunted. From Petrarch to Shakespeare no poet was in vogue without his sonnet sequence and his Laura or his Stella; for whom he cherished a life-long devotion, but only in the realms of poetry. For his Laura or his Stella was inaccessible; she might be married to another. She was an unmoved mover, and her lover gyrated forever in his distant orbit like the starry spheres, which, as Aristotle and the poets declare, go round eternally in circles, loving without requital the divine quintessence. Such supramundane passion was for them the height of bliss. Their yearnings fed on sighs and verses, for the object of those yearnings was safe in her empyrean prison. The poet need never stint his sentiment, since sentiment could not fall due for current payment.

Naturally there was, even in those days, carnal love in the world as well as the poetic sort, or the world would have been unpeopled. Certainly men and women continued from time to time to become one flesh after the fashion of the garden of Eden. Men might even feel deeply about such encounters. Nevertheless as a subject for poetry, they were taboo. Literature in those days had its standards; and if they were too high for human needs and daily life, why—so much the worse for life.

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In the fulness of time, however, came a generation, bold and upstart, to sully the 'scutcheon of romance with taint of matrimony and other conjugal estates. No less a poet than Shakespeare began it with his writing of sonnets to a dark lady, name unknown—a scandal that still lives among the Ph.D.'s. Worse was to follow. Romance fairly hit the earth with a bump when Michael Drayton wrote: "Since there's no help, come let us kiss and part." With those words, shattered lay the code of love. The recreant poet had canceled his years of spiritual yearning by suddenly shaking the dust from his knees and announcing curtly: "You get no more of me."

Thereby the way was paved for such a foe of romance as Milton, assuredly no squire of celestial dames. He had no need to dust his knees; they were never soiled. And if *Paradise Lost* was inspired by mortal woman, it was by some cantankerous wife who refused to listen to those sermons on the whole duty of woman from which in the poem Eve could not escape. Between the puritans and the rakes the later seventeenth century was no place for an honest woman. At any rate no heroine worthy of the name ventured to show her face in literature. When Congreve's Millamant arrives at last, she shines upon a startled world like a portent. But her successors were not yet.

Meanwhile the eighteenth century set about the business of raising romance from the mire, and a monstrous elegant and sophisticated creature it made of her. Sedate and polished she was and she knew her way about the world of fashion. Her color was a vast improvement on the tint of nature. Gallants learned to be ardent and at the same time correct. Lace and ruffles covered a multitude of sins. But hardly was nature thus to advantage dressed, when she rebelled. Upon a world of powder, wigs, and patches, burst the indiscretions of the Abbé Prévost's Manon, of Richardson's Clarissa, of Rousseau in his own person, and of a whole swarm of others. The flood-tide of sensibility swept the scene, and before the century was over, the man of feeling held the stage and showed his gentlemanly heart by reflecting with tears upon the suffering of those who could not reflect or weep for themselves. Anon sensibility clothed itself in sentiment and sentiment gave way to feeling—nay, even to that rude fellow, Passion. Romance cast off the old régime of gallantry as it had before cast off the guise of chivalry. True love must out; swoons, protestations, fits and starts, lingering illnesses, crazed wits, and duels to the death became the very smallest currency of courtship.

It is this fashion in romance that many of Miss Austen's heroines were tempted to follow, and follow it they might—but to their own undoing, for that excellent spinster saw to it that sensibility should learn at last its lesson and give way in the end to sense. With all her woman's wit she could not, however, repress without assistance a vogue that just

LITERARY FASHIONS

then received the benediction of the dashing heart-broken Byron. He was the last, though, of his kind. After him passion was to become abhorrent. Sir Walter Scott provided a substitute in a pale moonlight reflection of the bright heyday of chivalry. Poets at the same time revived the sonnet, and with it the bliss of spiritual and unrequited languishings—unrequited to be sure through no fault of their object, for the requital of a spiritual yearning is beyond the capacity even of the most saintly.

Thus was the soil prepared for the Victorian version, or rather perversion, of romance. That was a generation when the grandmothers were the only bold bad hussies. How they must have lamented the passing of the good old traditions of feminine ardor! Among the younger set the female bosom became as ice—a sort of inflammatory ice, however, for the male lover must needs compensate by the heat of his pursuit for the coy frigidity of the virgin quarry. Yet the pursuer must also sublimate his ardor, for the ladies of the day were innocent, angelic, and helpless in the presence of masculine ruthlessness. Patience and fragility were their only weapons. Their ears were fit only for compliments and heaven with all its splendors attended them from infancy to old age. Those who courted them naturally became adept at preserving the aura of sanctity. The Victorian home was in fact so effectually sealed against the taint of the street that eventually it was found to need ventilating. The aura of sanctity, before anyone knew it, had become a rather sickening atmosphere of smugness. The England of Trollope with its jolly vicars falling prudently in love among the ancient oaks of some old-world pleasaunce was at the same time the England of Samuel Butler's *Way of All Flesh* with its crabbed young curates imprudently contracting a loveless marriage among the tawdry bric-à-brac of some stuffy parlor. Romance was getting pale and sickly in those parlors; and it erupted into the open air with great gusto as the century came to an end.

At the beginning of the twentieth century the new woman descended from her pedestal, kicked off most of her skirts, and began to help herself. Bust and bustle disappeared, and it was gradually discovered that women possess the same means of locomotion as men. As a consequence, once men had obtained a nearer, clearer view of women, romance promptly followed the disappearing skirt. In the United States, however, the bounds of romance were not so strictly limited. For surprising as it may seem, it is a fact that in one place and at one period of the world's history, namely in these United States about a generation ago, woman was at once a romantic object and an active independent agent. Courtesy, deference, and worship were her due, but at the same time she might, if she wished, move among men as an equal in most of their activities.

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In our day woman is to be sure still more independent, but the tradition of deference and courtesy has been yielding rapidly to the hard logic of the situation. When a woman can beat you at tennis and at higher mathematics, when she can drive a car and manage her business better than you do, it is suicide to worship her or offer to be her slave. She is only too likely to be master anyway, and anyone who lingers on his knees is almost certain to be bowled over. A generation ago, therefore, woman reached the pinnacle of her age-long career. In this country at least she enjoyed for a brief season both independence and deference, and so much was this a matter of course that a voluminous treatise was required to prove that at other times and in other climes men had not been willing to worship women without possessing them, or to love romantically a girl of flesh and blood—no saint immured in a tower of ivory.

The book was entitled *Primitive Love and Love Stories* and was written by the late Henry T. Finck. In it the author ransacked the history of romance from the beginning of time. He scrutinized the myths and fictions of every period for a genuine case of romantic love and found none. Always there was something crude, something selfish to alloy the pure gold of romantic affection. Paris loved Helen, to be sure, but he also loved her husband's stolen property, and Helen usually figured among the property. Anyway, Paris in his courting was no humble worshipper, but a very frank and masterful brute. Odysseus loved Penelope, but that was not romance, it was marriage. Nor was the oft-sung romance of the noble savage any genuine romance after all, it was carnal lust. Only in America did a man freely, unselfishly worship the maiden of his choice, serve her devotedly, honor her as an equal, and sacrifice himself without hope of a return. In France romance was for the married woman and its scientific name was adultery. In America romance was for the unwed girl, and it basked in the glamor of innocence. The proof was complete that the true romantic cult of women was an American specialty.

If Mr. Finck was right, as I suppose he was, he proved not only that woman's position in America was unique in history, but also that her position was a most abnormal one, and one that would have seemed unnatural and perverted to any other people. It should be noted, however, that Mr. Finck unfortunately could not take into account in his study of love among the ancients the romantic element in the plays of Menander, for such plays of his as we have were only lately discovered beneath the sands of Egypt. This is particularly unfortunate in view of the fact that Menander turns out to have been a partisan of women and an apostle of romance quite as fervent and only slightly less rhapsodical than Mr. Finck himself. For Menander's hundred plays were but variations on one theme, men in love—old men, young men, soldiers, scholars, rakes, and ascetics. Furthermore in the fragmentary plays of his that we have, his heroines are notably idealized. Whether they appear as mistresses

LITERARY FASHIONS

or as wives, they regularly exert a beneficent influence upon their lovers, and win from them in the end both respect and abject devotion. Mr. Finck would, however, object that mistresses and wives do not count. He would require evidence of a romantic love that did not originate in the ardor of a passionate embrace.

Now this objection is a shrewd one, but we have one card left, one frail resource, a fragmentary scene preserved on a brief and tattered scrap of paper. It gives us only a few lines of the opening scene of Menander's *Hero*, together with a twelve-line summary of the play; but that is almost enough, for in it we find at last a lover who proposes to sacrifice himself for the girl he loves and does not possess. He is moved by sheer romantic devotion. She has been wronged and is pregnant, and he loves her enough to disregard her misfortune and to offer her shelter as his wife. His sighs and his silences betray his feeling. He is so romantically and whole-heartedly in love that the unsympathetic banter of his companion hardly interrupts his dream. Here surely is a case of unselfish romance. To be sure, but unhappily this one romantic Greek is no hero, and no gentleman either, but the humblest of the humble, a farm-slave. It is because he loves above his station that he loves so well, and in the end he loves without requital, since the lady at last wins her ravisher's heart and hand, so that she needs no lowly slave to give her countenance. Thus our single instance perhaps fails to upset the argument. A slave might well respect a free-born girl, whether he loved her or not. His deference for the girl he loves is not unforced. The lady's sex aside from her status might not have been enough to keep the lover at a romantic distance. However that may be, we assuredly find in Menander such achievements in the realm of romance as remained for many centuries unsurpassed and unrivaled.

In fact it is not too much to say that the love of a man for a woman was never celebrated at all, to judge by literary remains, until Menander arrived on the scene soon after the passing of Alexander the Great. He, though, became the apostle of a new religion—the worship of the eternal feminine as a spiritual civilizing force. This attitude toward woman has rapidly become old-fashioned of late, and it is possible that romantic love will never return to favor as a literary theme. In that case it will be well, before the memory of romance has altogether vanished from the earth, to note that there was a time when romance did not exist in literature, and another time later when it was a new phenomenon. In those days the romantic playwright failed to win prizes, not because the subject of romance was too hackneyed and too easy, but because it was too strange and too unnatural. To be sure Menander's predecessors had idealized women on occasion, but they had never exalted the men who were influenced by their charms; rather they had held them up to scorn. Nor had they seen in the love of women an influence for good, but rather a devastating dangerous force for ill.

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The women of Homer and Sophocles have indeed an immortal charm, but the men of Homer and Sophocles, in so far as they are men, keep the women in their places. The praise of love has to be sure never since been sung as Plato sang it in the *Phaedrus* and the *Symposium*, but the love he celebrated was the love of soul for soul, and of man for man. Women and the flesh were hindrances, not helps in the growth of the soul. Plato for all his feminism found no place for femininity in his ideal state. Women might enter that state, but only in the guise and garb of men and under strict regulation. As for Euripides, who has gained in modern times an undeserved reputation as a friend of women, because he represented in *Medea* a woman in revolt against her husband, women may well pray to be saved from such a friend. Though he gives to women a voice to declare her wrongs, yet he never lets her rise superior to those wrongs. His women rage, lust, hate, murder: but seldom or never do they display wisdom or restraint. Even the good women of Euripides are good, like patient Griselda, solely by dint of the virtues of submissiveness to men and of self-effacement.

Menander it was, therefore, who invented the conventional love story. He and he alone first produced in literature the woman who wins affection by not submitting, the man who is reformed and ennobled by his ardent devotion to a wife or a mistress, and the love that is both carnal and spiritual at once, passionate and unselfish at the same time. In ancient Greece that was a really great achievement. Its greatness may be measured by the fact that no such women as Menander's appear anywhere in later literature until the curtain rises on those of Shakespeare, and there have been few to equal them since Shakespeare.

Whether or not romance in literature has in these latter days gone permanently out of fashion, the fact remains that it has, during the centuries of its popularity, mightily enriched the records of the past. Nor did Menander merely set a literary fashion. The chances are that he profoundly influenced the civilized behavior of his own and later generations, and influenced it immeasurably for good. How the spirit of irony must have grinned for joy when in Byzantine days the censor suppressed him as immoral! After that no one was left to countervail the medieval Christian insistence on the subjection of women and on the sinfulness of their charms. Since that time, modern literature has no doubt raised the status of women to a level far beyond the high-water mark of Menander in ancient times; in fact it bids fair to raise her not only above dependence, but also above romance. Perhaps the time has come for men to take their turn as unmoved movers, as objects of romantic devotion for our female poets, and perchance some day even as a civilizing and spiritual influence operating through love upon each most hardened feminine heart. That will be still a new fashion and, being new, it can hardly be unwelcome.

L. A. Post.

RETICENCE

*O heart, call to her heart, that she may know,
Now, while she turns to go
Her own proud, scornful way:
That from this day,
Words said early in a light tone
Shall break in return with the hollow moan
Of hollow waves which late and soon
Batter the shore of days and years;
Mind will be full of thought that sears,
And love float lifeless as the lifeless moon—
Call to her, heart; that she may know
Now, while she turns to go.*

René Blanc-Roos.

Gas

Scene One: A room in the Blue House. President Rosenfeld; Secretaries Poop and Damme, members of his cabinet.

Damme: Danger of war increases day by day;
Hourly the nations' hatreds grow more tense.
The ship of state along its destined way
Enters a fog never before so dense.

Rosenfeld: You're driving me frantic.
The suspense is terrific.
Is it from the Atlantic,
Or perhaps the Pacific?

Poop: The Eskimos have broken loose, my lord.

Rosenfeld: Come now, no ceremony:
You can simply call me Tony.

Damme: They advance upon the ice with fire and sword.

Rosenfeld: Come, be less metaphorical.
Don't drag in the Fates, men.
Talk more like statesmen
And less like an oracle.

Poop: Lord of the Indians, master of the blacks,
Imperial lord of students and Polacks,
Guider of men, and helmsman at the helm:
The Eskimos are endangering the realm.

Rosenfeld: Our trusty neighbor Canada
Will never let them lanada.

Damme: Anthony, with the aid of war's sad blows
They hope to stain our own Alaskan snows.

Rosenfeld: Ah, say not so!
Alas, wretched Juneau,
Doomed Anchorage and fated Ketchikan!
Miserable Tenana,
Unfortunate Nanana:
They all will perish to a man!

Poop: Indeed, indeed, we know this all too well.
The downward course of empire has begun.
Pillowed in silk and sunk in asphodel,
Would we were all lost in oblivion.

GAS

Damme: Too few the skis to clothe the army's feet;
Ice blocks the passage of our splendid fleet.
Planes only will not halt the advancing horde
That onto us from Boreal heights has poured.
Poop: We beg you, Anthony: do not let them pass!
And yet what can we use to stay them?
Rosenfeld: Gas!

Scene Two: The swimming pool in the Blue House. President Rosenfeld, solus, poised on diving board.

Rosenfeld: Ah, this lovely swimming pool
The kindly people gave to me.
Here at least I can keep cool,
Far from sad humanity.

Who would have thought five years ago
I'd be here, saved from sickness' claw:
Same friends, same wife I used to know,
Not to mention my mother-in-law!

Who'd have thought I'd be the one
To plow the rows of cotton under,
While elsewhere new crops take the sun,
Fed by the streams that over my dams thunder!

Food for the poor my factories
Sell to the Russians and Chinese.
Ah well, good people, be of cheer:
I have my smile still, you, your beer.

(He dives under. Coming up again.)

Who'd have thought that here, today
I would be shouting, "They shall not pass!"
Driving the heathen from U. S. A.
Thanks to the help of god-sent gas!

(Enter Damme.)

Damme: Tony, ah, Tony!

(Rosenfeld coming out)

Rosenfeld: Damme, what's the news?

Damme: Good news, my Tony: yesterday we tried
The secret gas. In Haiti it got loose,
And over seven hundred natives died.

THE HAVERFORDIAN

Rosenfeld: What a relief!

Damme: We have been spared no end of pain and grief.

Rosenfeld: Blessings on gas!

Damme: The greatest help to man there ever was.

Scene Three: A room in the Blue House. President Rosenfeld, Secretaries, Poop and Damme.

Poop: Heavens preserve us, we are lost again!

Rosenfeld: Take it easy, men.

The air-force can't have failed us
After the recent drill our pilots had.
Remember then how they assailed us?
Now they will praise our foresight and be glad.
We knew there would be war.

Damme: We're lost, we should have thought of this before!

Rosenfeld: Tut, you can't sink the U. S. A.

But what's the difficulty, pray?

Poop: Alas, the gas!

Rosenfeld: The gas?

Damme: Alas!

When we tried it out in Haiti,
The temperature was over eighty,
But in the Alaskan wilderness
Alas, alas, it was much less.
It sank to the ice and wouldn't budge;
It hardened just like cooling fudge.
Finally of course it froze,
And that amused the Eskimos.

Poop: The savages are hourly drifting nearer;
Hourly the price of victory grows dearer.

Rosenfeld: Lord have mercy upon me.

I fear that I am up a tree.

(Enter The Senator from Insulvania together with the Senator from Morgana.)

Senator I: Hear the deepest of my requests:
Remember the gold interests!

Rosenfeld: Ah, Christ!

Senator M.: Heed the strongest of my behests:
Save the copper interests!

Rosenfeld: No, no, not that! Say anything but that!
The interests are ruined, I'm to blame.
The world will all turn proletariat.

GAS

I fear that I shall never be the same.

Damme: Whither, Anthony, shall we turn?

Rosenfeld: Ah, Gorgon, I've betrayed your sacred trust!

Poop: Save us, Anthony, or we burn!

Rosenfeld: Ah, Gorgon, pity us, help us you must!

Stay—I'll call the Brain Trust in.

(Enter the Brain Trust briskly and rapidly.)

Well, gentlemen, you may begin.

Brain Tr.: We humbly suggest

You get out a request,

Calling all the scientists together,

And beg them to make

For their country's sake

A gas that withstands any weather.

The Rest: The Lord be praised, the world is safe again,

Thanks to the cogitations of college men.

Scene Four: A room in the Blue House. President Rosenfeld; Professors Shapely and Competent, eminent scientists.

Rosenfeld: As you love God, your country, and your neighbors—

Shapely: Sir, you can drop your oratorical labors.

We never will assist your bloody plan,

Being the guardians of everyman.

Rosenfeld: Pity the poor Alaskans!

Shapely: Let them move.

Rosenfeld: What can stop the heathens?

Shapely: Only love.

Rosenfeld: This is most unscientific.

They called you the most practical of men,

But this naïveté is terrific.

Gentlemen, I beseech you once again—

Competent: Before you utter further libel,

We suggest you read the Bible.

We'll have you know we're all God-fearing

Men who go about revering

The miracles of earth and stars and sun,

Built by the omniscient mathematical One.

Shapely: If you doubt this, look

Into my latest book.

Rosenfeld: But gas, gentlemen, gas!

Competent: Have you attended morning mass?

Rosenfeld: War is the question, war!

THE HAVERFORDIAN

- Shapely:* Have you said your paternosters o'er?
Rosenfeld: For the last time I appeal
To your higher senses—that ideal
That carries mankind far above the sun—
New peoples conquered, and new glories won!
Competent: From that first universal spasm
That tossed the moon around the earth,
From the first mystic protoplasm
That gave the old world a new birth,
We have built upward, not misled
By sounds of revelry and mirth.
Must all now drop into that chasm
Where everything but gas is dead?
Shapely: You may kill helpless Eskimos by scores;
Against disease we fight our holy wars.
Rosenfeld: Gentlemen, I leave you to your germs.
I see we can never come to terms.
Shapely: May you commend your soul to God,
Who built the sunset and the sod.

Scene Five: A room in the Blue House. President Rosenfeld, solus.

- Rosenfeld:* All is still, but the hour of doom is near;
East and west are paralyzed with fear.
Soon we shall all be mingled with the dust:
Interests, scientists, and the Brain Trust.
Dear God, at last to you I come to pray:
Lend us your hand, O Lord; show us the way!

(Enter J. P. Gorgon ex machina.)

- Gorgon:* Shake, Tony, the country's saved.
The heathens were a bit unruly
At first—but then how they behaved
When they were handled by yours truly!
- From financial tribulation
Have I saved you oft before,
So it's no new situation
Simply to rescue you once more.
- Rosenfeld:* Do I hear true, or am I in a dream?
Life is a trick; things are not what they seem.
- Gorgon:* You hear aright. I saved the day.
- Rosenfeld:* And just how did you do it, pray?

MOOD

Gorgon: I simply gave the Eskimos
A hundred thousand radios,
And one of these long Arctic nights
They'll hitch them to the Northern Lights
And then find out this sad deterrent:
The sets were built for AC current!
They went home quite satisfied;
In six months they'll be back for more.
Therefore it cannot be denied
(Beyond my saving you from war)
You've a new foreign market because of my charity
To raise living wages and bring back prosperity.

Rosenfeld: Praise to God, Gorgon, for men of your quality.
Now bring forth the table for feasting and jollity.
Banish all cares, all deceit, all hypocrisy;
Once again half the world is made safe for plutocracy.

James Hoover.

Mood

HOW different the gym seemed now. When he had left before it was full of agreeably excited people, the brilliant lights flooding laughing faces, gesticulating hands. The players, sweaters flung carelessly across shiny, perspiring shoulders, were being ushered out by some hoarsely garrulous freshmen who had just seen *their* team win its first big game. Now, returning for his forgotten hat, he found another place. The lights had been turned out, and the towering walls and bare rafters were gaunt and lonely in the grayness, as if all the warm gaiety of a few moments before had been suddenly, cruelly chilled. At the door he stood a moment reflecting . . . Life was like that: so many things—ideals and ambitions which had once seemed important and exciting were empty and drab now. Uneasily he wondered whether everything was temporary, and dependent on whim and mood; whether college, which filled his life to overflowing now, would one day be only a pleasantly hazy memory; whether life itself—Ashamed and a little disturbed at the turn his thoughts had taken he hurriedly turned the knob and escaped into the cool, clear realities of the night.

Melvin Weightman.

New Treasures for the College Library

THROUGH the generosity of Christopher Morley, the Haverford College Library has come into the possession of two new treasures. The circumstances under which the gift was made were too delightfully dramatic to keep to myself. Hence this article.

A few days ago, going into Mr. Morley's sanctum at the office of the *Saturday Review*, I found him in his shirtsleeves, up to his ears in work, but alert, as usual, for every bit of gossip about books, and especially interested in my account of some Stevenson work I had been doing. (Now if *he* had been the one to introduce Stevenson, as a topic of conversation, this story would have no point, but he was not!) When he had commented with enthusiasm on my findings, he quietly opened the top drawer of his desk, pulled out two gorgeous leather cases, handed them to me, and remarked casually, as if he were giving me a good cigar:

"How appropriate! Here are some things I've been saving for the College. Won't you take them along when you go home?"

The larger case contained a copy of Stevenson's *Travels With a Donkey*. My eyes must have bulged as I saw precisely what copy it was. No mere first edition! (I love that phrase, "mere first edition.") Rather, a presentation copy from R. L. S. himself! And no usual presentation copy either, but his jovial gift, as from the donkey, to his friend Dr. Scott, who saved him from tuberculosis!

When Stevenson paid his formal tribute to Dr. Scott and other physicians in the Preface to *Underwoods*, he used these words:

But one name I have kept on purpose to the last, because it is a household word with me, and because if I had not received favours from so many hands and in so many quarters of the world, it should have stood upon this page alone: that of my friend Thomas Bodley Scott of Bournemouth. Will he accept this, although shared among so many, for a dedication to himself? and when next my ill-fortune (which has thus its pleasant side) brings him hurrying to me when he would fain sit down to meat or lie down to rest, will he care to remember that he takes this trouble for one who is not fool enough to be ungrateful?

In presenting this copy of the *Travels with a Donkey*, however, he was in a playful mood, apparently enjoying the coincidence that the tuberculosis expert had the initials "T. B." The inscription, in Stevenson's hand, is as follows:

NEW TREASURES

T. B. SCOTT
from Modestine
per R. L. S.

Skerryvore
Feb. 10th, 1887.

In the volume, as a bookmark, was a mounted flower from Stevenson's grave in Samoa, with a letter certifying its genuineness.

The other leather case proved to hold a copy of Virgil's *Georgics* in Thomas May's 1628 translation, and it, too, is a collector's item. It is the very copy Dr. Johnson gave to his friend and fellow-member of the Club, George Steevens, who collaborated with him on Shakespeare.

When my explosions of joy had subsided to the point where Kit could make himself heard, he explained how he had come by the books and why he was handing them to me for the College.

"They were both given to me by famous book collectors—the Stevenson by Mr. A. Edward Newton, the Virgil by Mr. R. B. Adam. Of course, I couldn't afford to *buy* things like that; they're too valuable. But too valuable to keep here for myself," he added, "when the College could see to it that more people enjoy them."

That was all he made of it.

"Do you want these books to be housed in the fire-trap Library, or in the vault of the Roberts Collection," I asked.

He hesitated a minute; then his sentiment got the better of him, and he said, "In the Library." Hence they are being put on display there, as this issue of the HAVERFORDIAN comes out.

Riding home on the train, I treated myself to reading from the Stevenson volume, and found a special reason why the book should go to Haverford and not elsewhere. On page eight Stevenson describes Modestine, the donkey, who adds so much entertainment to the story, as having "a quakerish elegance." A few pages later he calls her a "perverse little devil." With this as a point of departure, what essays may undergraduates not write! Essays on "The Donkey in Literature," on "Aspects of Quakerism"—best of all, on "The Old Grad and His Generosity!"

Edward D. Snyder.



*Liken your love to a rose,
To a lance of ice,
To the merest pose—
Let the first suffice to lead to a close:*

*Love, O love is like the rose,
Ecstasy and pain;
The leaves are blown where no one knows
And the thorns remain, remain.*

R. B.-R.



BOOKS

A NEST OF SIMPLE FOLK, Shawn O'Phelan.

Another in the list of excellent first novels from across the Atlantic, *A Nest of Simple Folk* is possibly the most honest book about Ireland ever written by an Irishman. It is a social history of the nation during the past hundred years, presented in terms of the fortunes of three generations of a loosely-related, middle-class country family. Against a background of political unrest, Fenian intrigue, still-born revolt and grinding, ever-increasing poverty, the characters are little more than broadly sketched, —Judith, the miser, living only in her youngest son, at the last playing a grim Rebekha to his halting Joseph; the boy Leo, landed, indolent, an unintelligent ne'er-do-well, wasting his life in Portland prison for a half-witted, swaggering attack on the British police, dragging out his old age in miserable squalor; his nephew Johnny, smug, incredibly selfish and self-deceiving, turning his own son against him, betraying his countrymen and himself in his effort to 'rise in the world' . . . A decaying people dying on a decaying land.

Mr. O'Phelan writes with much bitterness towards his own; begotten doubtless of a sense of racial inferiority, to be met with in the works of other contemporary Irish authors. Yet the dark pessimism of the book cannot be dismissed altogether on this score. In his effort to be honest he has perhaps exaggerated the seamy side of what he has observed; one

feels that somewhere in all this fabled land of poets there must be beauty and grace. Yet from the wealth that he has collected, so rich and varied that he has fairly crammed his pages with it in an effort to record everything, to be impartial, he has been able to present only one picture convincingly,—the picture of generations enslaved in youth, shackled to land to which they have not the title, growing old and grasping and unbelievably cruel in the mere effort to remain alive.

The book is overloaded with material, there is enough here for half a dozen books, there is space to do little more than block in the major events. Occasionally crystallizing into a situation described with piercing clarity, an almost epigrammatic characterisation, for the most part it proceeds breathlessly through a tangled welter of detail observed with the greatest care and accuracy but lacking coherence.

John A. Church.

THE OPPERMANNNS

THERE is nothing the rabble fear more than Intelligence. If they understood what is truly terrifying, they would fear Ignorance."

"The Germans are to blame for the disease which is the most dangerous to culture and also for the greatest absurdity extant, namely, *Nationalism*, this "nervose nationale" from which Europe is suffering; they have robbed Europe of reason and intelligence." These quotations set the keynote of *The Oppermannns*, the new novel of Lion Feuchtwanger, the eminent German. The Oppermannns are a wealthy Jewish family of the upper bourgeoisie of Berlin. Herr Feuchtwanger recounts their misfortunes under the exigencies of the present Nazi régime.

Despite the fact that the author is himself a Jew, he appears to be an impartial observer of contemporary Germany. Very wisely he has forbore from merely generalizing on the political situation and its immediate consequences. He first creates characters which would be fascinating against any background. He then shows the effect of the ascendancy of Hitler on them as a family, and as individuals, both physically and intellectually.

Throughout there is a keen analysis of National Socialism, its naïveté, its incredible cruelty, and its complete reversion to the most primitive social concepts. So skillfully is this analysis interwoven with the consummate characterization that the completed fabric is entirely convincing. Nowhere does Herr Feuchtwanger resort to emotionalism; he chooses facts carefully and arranges them in their logical positions in the pattern of the whole; the reader draws his own conclusions. The result is not merely an historical document such as *Little Man, What Now?*; it is more than a comprehensive critique of the Aryan and Anti-Semitic movements. True enough, the immediate reaction to the book is indig-

THE HAVERFORDIAN

nation and disgust, as well as amusement, at everything which "Heil Hitler!" implies; one soon realizes, however, that *The Oppermanns* is the product not only of a clear-sighted political commentator, but also of a literary artist of the first water.

John B. Christopher.

D R A M A

THERE is more in *Every Thursday*, the little play which was at the Erlanger, than meets the eye. Smoothly written, glibly played, it passes for a light-hearted comedy about the delusions of adolescence. But behind the familiar situation, the unassuming humor, the stock characters, lurks an idea. That the idea remains in the shadowy background is perhaps as well, for it is a tenuous thing that might not bear the development that would have to be given it if it were the certified subject of the play. The story goes thus: Sadie, the housemaid who comes every Thursday to "clean up" for Mr. and Mrs. Clarke, falls in love with their son Raymond, a boy whose desperate attempts to achieve manhood are the symbol of his extreme youth. When Sadie attempts to prevent a prostitute, whom he has naively brought to his home, from fleecing him, he turns to her to realize his conception of himself. They are happy for a secret summer, but the social gulf is too wide; Raymond's love, such as it is, dies; Sadie is married off to a chauffeur, and Raymond turns to his social counterpart, the ingénue next door. This is a story commonplace enough, in life as well as fiction, but as it is written and played here, a revelatory point is made. Sadie is, you see, "nothing but a servant," and an uneducated one; her social position is so low that the thoughts of her entering into their lives is repugnant to Mrs. Clarke and inconceivable to everyone else. Yet there is never a doubt in the spectator's mind that Sadie is superior to them all. It is she who is most sensitive to the necessities of the situation, and in the end she gives up Raymond because she realizes fully that no happiness could come from their marriage. Yet she faces tragedy in renouncing him, for she knows it is only the cruel discrepancy between their stations which has ruined her chance for happiness. Watching the curtain go down on the debris

DRAMA

of her life, one thinks bitter thoughts. Had Sadie had the benefit of that valuable superficiality, education, she would never have loved so weak a vessel as Raymond; he represented to the little servant all that her life might have been. That she snatched at such a straw and lost even it is a criticism of a social morality which permits such unnecessary tragedies.

As Sadie, Queenie Smith is the beating heart of *Every Thursday*. Miss Smith's name is associated with musical comedy, but her future lies in drama; here she is tender, keenly humorous, and comprehending; her acting of two vital scenes as quietly powerful as anything that has been done this season. In comparison with Sadie, the other characters are stock types and the actors, with the exception of Tucker McGuire, play them so. Miss McGuire's lack of technical polish enhances the value of her performance. She is the little girl next door, whom Raymond ends by loving, a little girl as self-centered as Sadie is comprehending. Miss McGuire brings out this contrast by her portrayal of the girl's snobbish obliviousness to Sadie's personality, and a youthful gaucherie of manner and speech drives the point home conclusively.

Richard E. Griffith.

We take pleasure in announcing that Mr. James D. Hoover and Mr. Bryden B. Hyde have been elected to the board of the HAVERFORDIAN.





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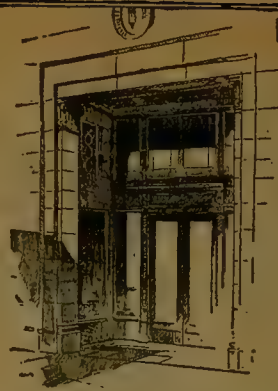
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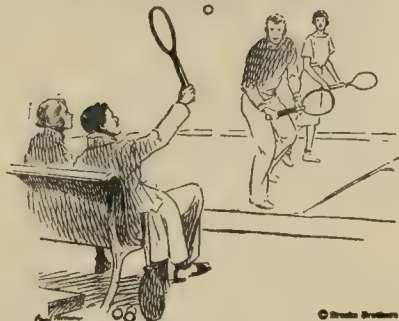


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When I Was on "The Haverfordian"

Rufus M. Jones

IN THE eighties of the last century, THE HAVERFORDIAN occupied a place in the life of a student of that period which was quite unique. The College was small. There were few major interests. Athletics for the most part were just coming to birth in college circles throughout the country. There were almost no intercollegiate activities. There was keen excitement over student debates. And there was a great enthusiasm over the appearance of the monthly periodical which was at that time a new creation. I entered the Sophomore Class in the autumn of 1882.

My work on the paper began very humbly as soon as I entered college. I was then made assistant business manager, and my functions were to address the wrappers to subscribers and to secure "ads" from city and suburban firms. My "chief" played a joke on me one day, while I was still very green at my job. There was a very hot and peppery man at the head of a certain firm in Philadelphia which had previously advertised in THE HAVERFORDIAN. The "hot and peppery" man claimed that a former business manager had cheated him in some way, now unknown to me, though it seemed very unlikely that any HAVERFORDIAN manager could have done so. He had stopped his "ad" in high dudgeon and threatened to kick anybody out of his office who ever again came to solicit "ads" for THE HAVERFORDIAN. My "chief" knew all this fierce and fiery situation, and he thought it would be good fun to try me out in that den of lions—to mix the metaphor slightly. He said to me one day: "While I am collecting some bills, you go in and see if you can get —'s firm to advertise. They used to be with us and ought to be again." I went in as innocently and unsuspectingly as a new-born babe, and he waited nearby to see me come out catapulted from the boot of the irate manager of the firm. Well, I came out some time later with a signed contract for a good-sized "ad." I had met the enemy and he was "ours." He stormed and blustered and told how he had been wronged. He read the riot act and gave his catalogue of woes and maledictions. I told him I had nothing to do with the past, that I had never wronged him and never expected to wrong him. I pictured the new stream of business that would roll in on him as soon as our students and graduates got to reading his "ad," and I got him calm enough so that we could discuss his grievance, which proved to be much less than he supposed. We were able to adjust all troubles and I came out triumphantly with his new contract.

THE HAVERFORDIAN

In February of my first year I became full-fledged business manager, and came into a wider range of experiences and of problems. With a small college, as ours then was, and with a meager list of subscribers, the financial problem was a difficult one. There was no financial compensation possible for the manager. He did not dream of *that*. He worked for the love of the thing. His struggle was to build up a subscription list and a body of advertising patrons large enough to yield the sum necessary to cover the annual bills. When I balanced up at the end of the year my accounts came out exactly even, but I had learned enough from the business experiences to constitute a good salary. I had of course never handled any money before and had never had any valid reason for keeping a cash account. I had grown up in a backwoods village where one of the most prosperous farmers had said one day in the grocery store: "They tell me that the President of the United States gets a thousand dollars a year. That is too much. Nobody can earn that!" Here, then, with my HAVERFORDIAN affairs I found myself responsible for amounts of money which, though relatively quite small, seemed very large to one who had never before had money in any quantity pass through his hands. I set myself to the task of learning how to handle accounts and how to feel at home with money for which I was responsible. It proved to be a most valuable experience.

The next year, my Junior one, I was one of the subordinate editors and did a great variety of writing, none of it very important. I have just read over my first article published in THE HAVERFORDIAN. It seems very crude and sophomoric. My style is stiff and wooden. My ideas are largely second-hand, but there is some slight promise in the effusion and it reveals my major interest then.

In May, 1884, I became editor-in-chief and began my most important work on the paper. I had a very good staff of helpers, with Augustus T. Murray, a life-long friend, now emeritus professor of Greek in Leland Stanford University, as one of my leading editors, and with my dear friend William T. Hussey of Maine as business manager. We decided to make the paper count in the actual, practical life of the College; and we further decided to give it, if possible, a whiff of real literary quality. In the first aim we scored something like a success. We proposed to deal, not alone with abstract issues and with things that happened in Greece and Rome, but to take up fearlessly the condition of life and policy in our College in the year 1884-85. This was not announced in advance. It came gradually into the consciousness of our readers as we proceeded to carry out our faith.

At first we attacked the outworn customs and tried to create worthier ideals, better college sentiment and more up-to-date ways of doing things. The College was passing through rather a slump in spirit and in discipline,

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and we made an appeal for a "new era" in life and manners. It is impossible to tell now whether our campaign produced noticeable effects in the tone and atmosphere. In any case, *THE HAVERFORDIAN* swung into an attitude of leadership and assumed vital functions in the life of the College. Gradually it grew bolder and began to deal with what seemed to us to be defects in the methods of college discipline, in policies of administration and in the management of the College generally. It was a new idea then that students had anything to say about the kind of college, or the kinds of classes that were to be provided for them. They were supposed to be passive recipients of the intellectual food that was believed to be good for them, and they were to be "seen and not heard." We challenged that ancient theory and claimed a voice. The most important article which I wrote during my editorship was one entitled, "The College at Utopia." This was intended to be a sketch of the ideal college, and incidentally of course it implied and suggested desirable changes in our own College. The most "prophetic" passage in it was the proposal to have self-government, which at that date seemed a wild dream. This is the passage somewhat abbreviated:

The rule adopted in the College at Utopia was to treat every fellow as though he were a full-fledged man and endowed with good common sense, until this was proved to be a false supposition. When any marked offense had been committed, the case was brought before a committee of ten students, four from the highest class, three from the next, and so on down. Their decision was not final, but was almost always accepted. Half of the committee was appointed by the Faculty and half by the students. It is generally safe to trust the rule that "students will deal squarely, if they are dealt with squarely."

There can be no doubt that *THE HAVERFORDIAN*, through the exuberance and confidence of the youthful editors who guided it, did enter decidedly into the sphere of practical life. It is more difficult to decide whether it succeeded in securing its "whiff" of literary quality. We aimed high in our ambitions. I wrote to John G. Whittier, who had received an honorary degree from Haverford, and asked him to write a poem for our columns. I did not get the poem, but I got the following graceful letter from the venerable poet:

"MY DEAR FRIEND:

Thy favor of a late date is received. I would be glad to comply with thy request, but I have been obliged to give up writing as far as possible, and cannot make any new engagements. Indeed I find it impossible to answer the great multitude of letters which reach me. I regard Haverford very highly: it is doing a noble work, and taking a high stand among the colleges of the country, and I am sorry I cannot write for the Paper published by its students.

I am very truly, thy friend,

JOHN G. WHITTIER."

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We drew upon our distinguished alumni, our gifted professors and the best-qualified students, and we aimed to have at least one first-rate article in each issue. We ourselves on the editorial staff endeavored to produce the best there was in us for the paper to which we were *devoted*. There is no question that we improved our form and style of writing. It was still marked with the stamp of youth. We tended to produce what is known as "fine writing," and we strained too much after eloquence, but I can trace a steady improvement in my style through those years, and I was obviously learning to "express" myself, if I may use a word which is at the present moment considerably overworked. Once more, the important point to note is the constructive value of any honest work that proves to be a real *preparation for life*. I worked at these editorial tasks with enthusiasm and thrill because I was dimly discovering an aptitude of my nature which I probably should not have discovered if I had not lighted upon this peculiar bit of work. A person is always at his best when he is working along a line of native aptitude, and he is very fortunate when he finds out early in life what his bent is.



Gathering of the Hawks

*These languid hawks that out of unknown hollows
And secret mountain places drift together
To scan the air for sparrows and gray swallows*

*And mice in fields, and with unruffled feather
In gliding circles, wings taut, talons trailing,
Move like great wheels into the bright June weather;*

*These languid hawks into oblivion sailing,
These are the dreaming hopes man dimly follows
Above and beyond him, mind and vision failing.*

James D. Hoover.

Worseley's Comet

IT IS almost impossible to imagine an event so overwhelming that the newspapers are reduced to stating it in plain and direct language, yet this is what happened when Worseley's Comet appeared in the sky. Of course, the article in which William Worseley gloomily anticipated its arrival was received with the usual polysyllabic chaff of the Sunday press. Worseley had just finished calculating the course of his comet, and his gloom came from the discovery that the earth would enter this course at five o'clock in the afternoon of March 30th and that the Comet would reach the earth at ten-thirty in the evening of the same day. The general reader, accustomed to astronomers, found it easy to add this "interesting" note to other mathematical lumber.

Then, on the 15th of March, the Monday following Worseley's statement, the Comet redly glowed in the eastern sky. There was so much in the world for it to portend that twelve happy hours were spent in choosing the event it signified.

The next day found all ranks of society and all nations equally baffled and alarmed by the fulfillment of the words of a man who seemed to know what he was talking about. Astronomers took advantage of the rise in their stock to fill the daily papers of Wednesday with letters and figures corroborating William Worseley's equations.

By the night of the 18th, the red glow had shaped itself into an obvious ball, a blunt head of destruction, bearing down on the world with that monotonous efficiency common to heavenly bodies. Each nation took up its instinctive attitude toward trouble, and for forty-eight hours national characteristics were exhibited with an intensity that made it seem blasphemous ever to have been at Geneva even as a tourist. The barbaric peoples beat on gongs and showed a taste for animal sacrifice, deepening rapidly to human slaughter. The truly advanced peoples, however, found themselves without the simple faith necessary for such actions, and they resorted to diverse expedients. Some hated the French, some the Italians; some sought solace in healthy sports, in the appointment of committees, in guarding the borders of Soviet Russia. Those races on the brink of modernity, hastened on to the dinner jacket and English tweed stage of civilization before they should be extinguished. But, at the end of two days, these efforts seemed inadequate in the face of Worseley's Comet.

The sky steadily grew more lurid. From sunset to sunrise, the im-

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perturbable ball hung easily overhead, larger and more intense with each succeeding night.

Nationalism no longer soothed. In the light of a common Comet, the brotherhood of man was discovered. Controversies so ancient as to have become acquired characteristics suddenly lost their significance. The Polish Corridor became an international resort; America and Australia apologized to Japan. Southerners lifted negroes from the roadways, where they lay passionately defying the Comet, and assisted them into the nearest bars.

Then friendliness of this sort came to an end. General love by no means brought a sense of personal security. With Worseley's Comet lengthening itself into a burning arrow, personal security bulked large. When March 21st came, no one cared who was in the Polish Corridor; no one cared. People, the world over, were sleepless behind drawn blinds.

On the morning of the 22nd it was apparent that the Comet meant to be an annoyance by day as well as by night. On one side of the serene sky shone the sun, on the other gleamed the red mass that was, in a week's time, to destroy the world.

With every man frightened into his own shell, the Churches awoke to their duty. There was, in the final week, a revival of religious faith such as had never been known. In a single united leap, all men sprang to the various ecclesiastical arms spread out to them. Every word of every dogma was not only holy but practised. Simple priests, absorbed in gathering this rich harvest of souls, scarcely knew how to deal with the real, though belated purity of their flocks. Schisms and pious disagreements by no means vanished, but there was in general that dubious toleration which a good salesman shows for the products of a rival firm.

So rapidly were men convinced, when the sword hung over them, that pure living was attained without confusion or debate. So strict was the life men set for themselves that, among Christians, for example, St. Paul seemed to his many readers a man whose exhortations were lax to a degree.

Property was next considered. It was no easy matter, men found, to throw off the accumulated weight of what they owned. It was as difficult to give when no one wanted to take as it was to sell when no one wanted to buy. The Committee of National Memorials became possessed of several film studios at Hollywood and the Ford Works at Detroit. The Secretary of Treasury received conscience-cheques, the size of which threw a bad light on the behaviour of extremely remote ancestors. The poor were happy: they passed their time with the rich, who were now certain that they would not be with them always.

On the 25th, Ralph Mirtholme's yacht put into Long Island Sound.

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Mr. Mirtholme (born Raphael Mordheim) was returning from business in Russia. During the past nights at sea he had dully admired the rather superior display of northern lights. His wireless operator took in nothing but stock exchange reports.

Opening to the financial page of his paper, Sir Ralph found that things were "being given away." He said to his secretary, "Good God! It's been bad while we were away. Never known it to be like this." Then he added, "We've always been on the short side of the market; buy in these," and he dictated a list. "It's an ill wind, etc.," he finished sententiously.

Then he read about Worseley's Comet. He went on deck in a puzzled way and found himself looking at the cause of his bewilderment. The Comet was an uncongenial orange blot, high above the horizon, spoiling the morning sky. But it failed to put him out of countenance; natural phenomena, unlike financial, did not interest him. Still he was willing to bring the spectacle within the range of his experience. He said, "Every sort of thing has been used to raid the stocks, but this does them all in. I dare say Burst is behind it; it's a newspaper show. Make a note to see him, will you?"

Mr. Dolfran Burst was at a prayer-meeting, his servant explained, looking up from a well-thumbed copy of the Book of Revelation. "Won't you step inside, Sir?" he suggested. "Mr. Burst insists that no one go without taking something with him. He says it's the least he can do, sir."

Mirtholme went in and found the table in the drawing-room neatly piled with five-dollar gold pieces. He whistled vulgarly. "Good Lord! has the Treasury lifted its embargo? That's something you should have told me," he called to his secretary. But the secretary was with the servant, listening intently to an interpretation of scripture. He came over and began speaking excitedly to his employer, who watched him with narrowing eyes. "I'm afraid, Nasmyth," said his employer, a little ponderously, "that you will be of no use to me after this outburst."

"Oh, thank you, Sir," Nasmyth cried, and, falling athletically to his knees, he began to pray. The servant joined in from the doorway. Mirtholme heard his name bandied about. He shut the door noisily upon the unhealthy emotion of this scene and hurried away toward his bank. He wanted money to buy the "good things" he saw going. The tellers were idly toying with shovels of gold when he entered. They greeted him with unblushing enthusiasm, and one of the younger members of the staff, slipping behind him, poured a stream of coin happily into his trousers pocket. "The President?" they repeated. "He's never here these days. You'll find him at church, no doubt."

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"Will you tell me how the devil I'm to get money, if he's at church during hours?" asked Mirtholme.

"Money?" they repeated. "Help yourself, Mr. Mirtholme, Mr. Bagheot will be only too gratified when he hears what you've taken."

He permitted them to fill his case and his remaining pockets, and then went to his office, coldly ignoring the overdone pleasure of the tellers who accompanied him to the door of the Bank. His interpretation of the world's madness was perfectly sane.

"Everybody is frightened into piety. I'm not; I never was in my life. Everybody wants to get rid of what they've got. Good, I'll take it."

The news went quickly through the stock exchange that one man was doing business, and the mad rush to unload into Mirtholme's hands reminded old city men of the glorious days of —. Then they shuddered at their worldly memories.

By the morning of the 27th he owned all the property in America that could possibly be conveyed to him. Multifarious industries, estates, mortgages on half the world became his. Unimaginative by instinct, he ran his activities at full speed. There were no labour troubles: spinners, weavers, miners, mechanics threw themselves eagerly into their work. His warehouses in every seaport were bursting with goods. He was an admired figure, because he had consented to relieve the conscience of earth by taking all its burdens to himself.

He spoke over the radio and his words, through translators, reached every home. With enlightened selfishness he told his listeners to work for the night was coming. And to their eyes, Worseley's Comet seemed to leap angrily nearer.

On the 28th of March the thermometer rose two degrees, and the Comet that night showed a jagged edge of flame on its circumference. In the glare that lit up his study, the Rev. Mr. Polwheeler completed his proof that Mr. Ralph Mirtholme was Anti-Christ. In church, chapel, synagogue, and mosque; in the open fields and in secret closets, men with nervous pleasure opposed their faith to the terrors of elimination.

On the 29th of March, five degrees more were recorded. The ice-cap of Greenland began to melt, producing high tides in Labrador and the Western Islands. At the Cathedral of St. Jude the Obscure priests served the altar in unbroken relays, and the smell of incense proved annoying as far off as the Grand Central Station, where Mr. Mirtholme was leaving for the North on business. The only other sane man in the world had been on the platform, photographing him for the *Morning Tells All*.

On the morning of the 30th, with the temperature higher still, pictures of Mirtholme and the Comet, with the question "Which Will Win?" tended to be overlooked. The sane photographer, thrusting his camera on a baby sitting in its cart in Central Park, hurried to join as many of his fellows as could pack themselves into the Cathedral.

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In the twilight, the Comet seemed to be rushing at the earth, its tail blotting out moon and stars. Domestic fowl, under the influence of its light and heat, laid unwanted eggs in unwatched nests.

By a quarter past ten, the light, the heat, the loud disturbance of the air had become unbearable, yet the people were rooted in the open streets, staring at the sky with dazzled and almost unseeing eyes. At ten-thirty a slight jolt was universally felt. At a quarter to eleven, all those were still alive who would not in any event have died that night. At eleven o'clock William Worseley, professionally horrified but humanly delighted, found that he had been led into an error that vitiated his calculations. There was a misprint in his table of logarithms.

Before breakfast on the 31st, the papers were themselves again, so resilient is the spirit of the press. It was found by then that only Manchuria had been laid waste. One daily pointed out that treaty rights in that area were of necessity abrogated.

The embarrassment of the world was beyond description. For two days the streets were empty: men could not bear to look in their neighbours' faces. Then fifty doctors willingly attested the insanity of Mr. Ralph Mirtholme, and, in the excitement of confining him to a home and redistributing his immense and ill-gotten gains, the Western world, at least, managed to shuffle away its awkwardness.

By the time the French premier had once more mentioned international obligations, the world was strong enough to bear even so brutal a joke as that which appeared on the "Laugh and the World Laughs With You" page of *The Sunday Express*. The joke-maker played with the great good fortune of the mistake's having been discovered on the morning of March 31st and not on the morning of the following day.

William Reitzel.



For English Majors Only

SOME time ago a friend and I were speaking of the respective merits of the English department in his college and mine; and with that patriotic pride which so peculiarly creeps into even the least enthusiastic of us when once we have sauntered out through the College Lane gate, I said: "When our English department gets through with you, you may be sure they've left no gaps." Not till the other day when, as had happened before, I was disappointed in the attempt to find in our library the volume of a contemporary poet, not till then did my own phrase rebound on me, and with some impact. It occurred to me that in speaking to my friend of the absence of "gaps" in Haverford College's English courses I had, though in all innocence, made a statement which, at the very least, could be called equivocal. Literally, of course, this statement is entirely true: by the time the English student is prepared to take his degree he holds Dan Chaucer securely caught on a literary grapnel, the chain of which, I am confident to say, has no weak links. Unfortunately, the graduate who holds this precious burden stands with one foot braced in a Victorian grave.

Up to the year 1900, or thereabouts, he feels confident of his information. After the turn of the century the history of literature vaguely debouches into nothingness; so far, at least, as we at Haverford are concerned. I do not for a moment mean to lose sight of the fact that we have a thoroughgoing course in contemporary drama, just as I am aware that there is a competent class in modern American literature. What I mean to say is that it is not enough. There is no course in the modern novel, there is no course in contemporary English poetry.

In three years at Haverford I have not yet discovered the reasons for this awful omission. If it is through pecuniary embarrassment there is, at least for the moment, nothing more to be said.

If the administration feel in accord with the gentleman who remarked "Every time I hear of a new book's being published, I pick up an old one," there is a good deal to be said; as, for instance, that such phrases, effective through their plausibility and their misleading accent of homely truth, are a bit too facile; they do not beg the question, they burke it.

If it be suggested that the student who is interested in the work being done by the men living in his own time, or at least up to within twenty years of the present, if it be suggested, I say, that he satisfy this not unnatural curiosity in his spare time, as it is good-humouredly called,

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he may be inclined to sigh—and to smile. Even if it were not impossible, the result would be a mere smattering of information, not the knowledge necessary to critical appreciation.

It is a waste of writing-space to consider whether a sufficient number of students would apply for admittance to a course dealing with Hardy, Conrad, Galsworthy, Joyce, or Stein; with Yeats, Pound, Masfield, or Eliot. If a non-major decides after Sophomore year to enroll in an English course, he invariably chooses one of the two already spoken of: Contemporary Drama, American Literature. No doubt he would as eagerly elect a course in the modern novel and contemporary poetry. But this is a point of little importance. I do not need to be reminded that popularity is not the criterion of that which is "in value." Actually, it is the English majors who are primarily concerned. At the end of four years of study they have linked the various literary periods into one continuous chain and in the process have presumably gained that historical sense which, as Mr. T. S. Eliot has pointed out, "involves a perception not only of the pastness of the past, but of its presence."

But how are we to acquire this perception? As things stand at Haverford College, the student at best is constrained to look back on English literature through the eyes of a Hazlitt, a Lamb, an Arnold; who shrewd and intelligent interpreters as they may have been, of necessity could not have the perspective of this, our own century. Please allow me once more to quote Mr. Eliot:

The existing monuments form an ideal order among themselves, which is modified by the introduction of the new (the really new) work of art among them. The existing order is complete before the new work arrives; for order to persist after the supervention of novelty, the *whole* existing order must be, if ever so slightly, altered; and so the relations, proportions, values of each work of art toward the whole are readjusted; and this is conformity between the old and the new. Whoever has approved this idea of order, of the form of European, of English literature will not find it preposterous that the past should be altered by the present as much as the present is directed by the past.

If literature, as has been been dinned in our ears, is really to "interpret life," how is the Haverford student to effect his interpretation otherwise than through the somewhat superannuated outlook of Victorianism; the nineteenth century being as far as he could arrive in his literary perambulations? By some unsubtile paradox the land under our very noses has become Ultima Thule.

René Blanc-Roos.

Doubt

*I asked him, once, why he should choose
To work with cold, impassive things
Instead of warm, soft paints. Why lose
The vibrant life that color brings?*

*He turned the chisel in his hand.
"Colors on canvas lose their glow:
This granite mass will doubtless stand
When paints and peoples lie below."*

*Now, when at night I hear the sound
Of hammer striking stone, I lie
In limbo, watching, while around,
Countless years go rolling by.*

James E. Turex.

Old Mrs. Simonsen

PEOPLE said that old Mrs. Simonsen was more than seventy, but no one really knew. She had had the same house and the same garden for years and years, and it was a large garden. Her meek little husband helped her work it, but he wasn't very much help, and the real burden was on Mrs. Simonsen. She bent and stooped endlessly, digging and weeding, planting and thinning. It was a hardship for her to stoop so much, since she was fat, but someone had to, and her husband was too wheezy. Old Mrs. Simonsen was shapeless from so much stooping. She had grown fat, but the fat was not equally distributed. She was barrel-shaped.

No one ever thought of the old woman as anything but "Old Mrs. Simonsen." The ignorant called her "the widow Simonsen" since her husband was so nearly non-existent, but no one considered that there might have been a time long, long ago when old Mrs. Simonsen was young, before she was Mrs. Simonsen, when she was called young Annie Larsen, and was pretty after the fashion of the Danes. Her father was a farmer, like his father and grandfather before him, and he lived on a plot of land south of Copenhagen which his grandfather's father had had first. It was rich, flat, dark land, and everything was very green from the mists that came up from the sea. Antony Larsen's land was his own, and he had his wife and children, and his house and cow, and no man could ask for more than that.

Annie Larsen was pretty when she was sixteen, and her father knew it. He watched her in the garden working with the flowers, and smiled a little. "It will be time to find a husband for Annie," he said to his wife, and she smiled a little too.

The girl didn't think very much about herself, or whether or not she was pretty, but sometimes people would tell her. Young Oroff Andersen, who lived with his old grandfather on the next farm, and came often to see her, had told her so, and she had been pleased. Oroff would be a sailor, he said, and sail to every land that was known. Annie laughed when he said that, and told him that he shouldn't think of going away. Every man and woman should stay at home in Denmark and dig in the garden, as their fathers and mothers had done, and then everything would be all right. But Oroff answered, "I could sail away, and when I came back the house would be there, and I could have a wife and little children, and they would be there, and they could dig in the garden, as my grandfather did, and I could go away to sea and see strange lands,

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and then when I was old I could come home, and I would be happy."

Then one day Oroff thought that it would be nice to have Annie in his garden, in his old grandfather's garden when it should be his own, and then there could be flowers there too, and he could go to sea and know that Annie was at home in his garden waiting for him to come home. He told her so. "Annie, listen. My grandfather is old, and won't live long now. When he is gone the house and land will be mine, and I will need a wife to keep it clean and help me. I want you to come then, and we can plant flowers, and paint the house so it will be like a new one. I want you to come, Annie."

Annie looked up at Oroff then. She hadn't really looked at him for a long time. He was with her so much that she thought of him no more than she would have of her father, or her cousin, who lived down the road a little. She saw that Oroff was tall, with long arms and big hands. His hair was almost colorless, except when the sun was on it, and then it seemed almost to twinkle. She saw that she would like to live in Oroff's house, and dig in his garden by his side, and she smiled. "You won't be a sailor then?" "Oh yes," Oroff answered, "I will still do that, but I will come back to you at the end of every voyage, and it won't seem like anything at all between trips."

There is a little bitterness in every nice thing, Annie was thinking, but she could not tell Oroff no when he would need a wife to mind the house while he was away. It would be hard to wait so long, but many women must do the same thing. Then suddenly she thought of her parents. It was not right that she should think about such things. Oroff's grandfather would have to come to see her father to arrange for a marriage. But in a little while the old man was dead. Oroff himself came to see her father, and they talked for a long time. When Oroff came out of the room he said that it was all right, and they would be married, but Annie's father thought that it was wrong for him to be a sailor and leave his wife at home. Oroff was ashamed, but he really hadn't meant to be selfish. "I do want to go to sea, Annie, just for a little while, maybe. It won't be hard. Please say you don't mind if I go, just for a little while." So Annie said she wouldn't mind, though she knew that it would be a dreary life, waiting and waiting. But Oroff needed a wife, and there was nobody but herself. Annie smiled then, and before long there was paint on the house, and flowers in the garden, as Oroff had said there would be, and she was happy with her husband all through the summer before he went away to sea.

Then the summer was over, and Oroff was going. It would be a long time until he was back, he could not tell how long, but he smiled when Annie told him that no matter when it was she would be there waiting,

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and he could think of her waiting, when he was tired of looking at strange countries. One day he was gone, and Annie began to wait.

In the gardens the last flowers were dying, and soon it would be winter. The day Oroff left, however, it was hot, and there was not very much wind. Annie decided to go out and gather the few flowers that were left, for her loneliness would be easier to bear if she had flowers. The garden was hot, almost too hot for the time of the year, and the breeze had died down completely. The sun was a queer red, and on the horizon clouds were gathering. There would be a storm, Annie thought, and it was a good thing that she was getting the flowers now, before they were spoiled. She hurried, but she was too slow for the clouds. They came rushing on, though there was no breeze near the earth, and soon there were great raindrops. Annie gathered up the flowers she had and ran into the house to close the windows, and just as she got in the rain began in earnest. It came down in great sheets, sweeping over the farms and flooding the roads. Annie had not seen a rain like that before. Then very suddenly it stopped. Annie went to the window to see if the water had hurt anything, but before she could tell, her attention was attracted by the clouds. They seemed to be churning round and round, and one cloud in particular was whirling faster than the others. It was like a snake, long and thin, and black. It swelled in places, while in other places it thinned out. It was like a great monster eating. At first it was far off, but it rapidly came near her, and Annie was frightened. There had not been such a thing in Denmark in her lifetime, and she was alone. She felt a little ill watching it, for it seemed to eat things alive. The bottom of the cloud touched the ground, trailing dust behind it, the top was high in the sky. Soon Annie saw that it was drawing a zigzag line across the land, eating up everything in its path, and she saw it go past her onto her father's house, lifting it up into the air, and dropping it down again on its side a long way off. Annie was weeping now, and she ran towards her old house, paying no attention to the calm that followed the cloud. She ran as fast as she could, losing a shoe, and letting her hair fall around her shoulders. She fell and stumbled, and tore her clothes, but she kept on and on, running and weeping, until she found the ruined house. There was no whole thing left when she got there. The furniture was broken, the garden uprooted, and the fine old fruit trees broken down. She cried aloud for her mother, but there was no answer. Then she saw her, her body twisted out of shape, cut and bleeding, and dead. Her father lay dead too, very still as though asleep, and he was not cut or bruised.

There was thunder then, loud and crackling. She took the bodies of her father and mother into the cowshed, which alone was standing, although its walls were teetering, and started to go back to her house.

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She had gone only a little way, though, when there was hail. Huge rocks of ice beat down anything still standing. A stone grazed her face, leaving a bleeding cut, and Annie ran back to the shed, for there was no other shelter. When the hail was over Annie ran out again, blinded by her tears. She was frightened by the storm, but more than anything else horrified by being shut up in the shed with the bodies, the one so strange and still, the other bleeding and distorted. She could not think any longer, and had no idea where she was going. She knew only that she had to run and run, until all the horror was gone from her body. She dropped exhausted finally, and her cousin found her on the ground weeping. He took her back to his house, and his wife was good to her until she could go back to her own home. Then when she was better her cousin, who was a good man, told her that Oroff too was dead, that the ship had gone only a little way from land before the storm came. No one had been saved from the ship, and Annie was quite alone. It would be better for her if she were to marry again immediately, so that she would be cared for, and she must not weep too long for those that were gone.

Annie knew that her cousin was right, and she said that she would do whatever he said. He should find her a husband, and she would try to be young and pretty again for him. So her cousin found Lars Simonsen.

Lars tried to be good to Annie. He worked hard to make the house pretty, planting fruit trees and new flowers, but everything he did only made her think of Oroff. It was not right that this man should dig in Oroff's land and live in Oroff's house. The flowers were hers and Oroff's, and what had Lars to do with flowers? She wept, and Lars was unhappy to see her sad. One day he left early in the morning to go to Copenhagen, and when he came back he said that they would go to America.

It was hard to go away from the old house, and the plot of land that had been Oroff's, and the familiar gardens, but it was harder still to stay, watching poor Lars, who tried so hard to please, blunder and stumble through the things that were Oroff's by right, and her mother's and father's. When it was time to go she was sorry to leave Oroff's Denmark. She had not loved him so much until he was dead, but now she saw that when she married him it had been for more than pity. He had needed a wife, and had called on her, and she had felt bound to go, but there had been more than duty. She saw at last that there was no duty at all in what she had done, she would merely have had to say no.

They sailed away on a dirty boat, and Annie was sorry she had gone. But in Minnesota, where they were going, it might not be so bad when Lars had built a house and made a garden.

Annie and Lars, when they had come to Minnesota, found a little piece of land, not nearly as good as the land of Denmark, but good

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enough, and together they began to build a home for themselves in the new world. They had never labored so hard or so long in the old country, but there were things to be done, and food and shelter must be provided. Lars borrowed tools, and worked every day while there was light to make a house that would withstand the winter. There were to be only two rooms, and they would be small, but more might be added later. While Lars built, Annie made the garden. She did more than a man's work digging and planting and carrying water when there was no rain. Even with her work there was little enough. Potatoes and carrots, and a few onions would have to carry them through the winter. There was not money enough for a cow.

The new life in America was harder than anything in old Denmark. At harvest time, however, things were a little better. Annie's vegetables produced a little more than she had counted on, and she and Lars found that their neighbors, whom they had thought so unfriendly at first, were generous when they had anything to give. All of them brought in food for the new settlers, remembering how hard their own first winters had been. The house was finished on time, and Lars made a little furniture, a table and some stools that served their purpose well enough, and a bed that was better than no bed. Annie found America well enough by the first fall, and she saw that better things were ahead.

In the years that followed Annie's garden grew and grew, until she had things to sell. She had another room in her house now, and trees around it. There was a real bed in place of the old rickety one that Lars had made, and things went well enough. Next year there was to be a cow, and there were already enough chickens so that a few might be eaten now and then. Poor Lars was happier now than Annie was happier. America was not so bad, and there was nothing to remind Annie of Oroff, or the old country.

* * * * *

No one called Annie by her first name any more, she was old Mrs. Simonsen, and Lars was only a shadow. Fifty years they had been in Minnesota, and nothing had changed. It was the same house that Lars had built, a little bigger now, and painted white; the garden was exactly the same, although there were a few fruit trees in it now, and there were flowers. These were Mrs. Simonsen's triumph over America. She had flowers, beautiful ones, a great fence of sweet peas of every color, and roses. Life at seventy began to be interesting for the old woman. She had never thought of it as interesting, or as anything, but when she was very old, and had a little prosperity in the way of enough to eat, with a little left over, she began to experiment in her garden. She grew asparagus first, then strawberries, and finally cauliflowers. The cauliflowers in a little while became her whole life. She nursed them from tiny seeds,

OLD MRS. SIMONSEN

setting them out in covered boxes so that they could get the first warm sun. She took them out of the boxes one by one and set them in long rows, wide apart to give them room. She took little forks, and loosened the earth around them. When the heads began to show in the middle of the huge leaves she covered them up with the leaves, fastening them with toothpicks, so that the sun should not turn them brown. As the weeks went by, and still nothing had gone wrong with her plants her smile grew broader and broader, and finally she announced to her friends that in four days they would be ready. They were objects of great interest to everyone in the community, since none had ever been grown there before, and people were always coming to look at them. Old Mrs. Simonsen sat near them all day long, to see that no harm came to them, driving children away, and warning her friends not to touch them. Finally they were ripe, and ready to be cut, but Mrs. Simonsen said that she would give them one more day, since it would not hurt them, and would add to their flavour. She sat in the garden the whole of the last day, happier than she had ever been. The cauliflowers she loved. They were more real than anything else to her, and though they were ready, she could not bear to cut them. Then, about four o'clock in the afternoon, there were clouds on the horizon. Old Mrs. Simonsen smiled, and called to her husband that there would be a shower, and it would be good for the cauliflowers. Then she went inside the house to prepare supper. She was happy, and her husband, sitting watching her, was happy too.

By the time the meal was ready it was nearly dark, and old Mrs. Simonsen, thinking that it was too early to be dark, looked outside. There were great angry clouds rolling up, and one in the center that twisted and swirled like a great snake. Old Mrs. Simonsen looked anxiously at the cauliflowers, and then sat down very quietly by the window, to watch. She was afraid and Mr. Simonsen was too. He remembered another time when there had been a cloud like a snake. All the time the cloud was coming nearer and nearer. It was long and thin, and one end reached to the ground. It swept along through the town, bringing trees down crashing, carrying away fences and boxes, and bowing delicate plants and bushes to the ground. They did not break, however, and the cauliflowers were not uprooted. Old Mrs. Simonsen was very still, and said nothing, and her husband breathed a little with relief. In a moment the cloud was gone. It went swirling on across the lake, and rose high up into the sky, where it broke up. The black clouds were still there, though, and it was dark outside. Very suddenly the rain began. It poured down, flooding the street and tearing flowers and leaves away. Some of the plants would be beaten down into the earth, Mr. Simonsen knew; but the cauliflowers were strong, and there was just a chance

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that they would hold up. Then, looking closely, he saw that there was no chance. The raindrops were mixed with tiny hailstones, and every minute these grew larger. Mrs. Simonsen was looking out of the window too, and must have seen them, but there was no sign on her face. She sat very still in her armchair, and Mr. Simonsen wondered if she realized what had happened. Now the stones could be heard plainly on the roof. They pounded down, and still old Mrs. Simonsen made no sign. In a little while it was over, and the old man went out into the garden to see what damage had been done. It was worse than he had feared. Everything was ruined. The tomato stalks were broken, the lettuce and cabbages beaten down into the ground. All the fruit had been knocked from the trees, and the cauliflowers were worse than anything. The leaves had been stripped from them, leaving the soft, ripe heads bare. Where the stones had hit there were brown spots, and many of the heads had been knocked off the stalk, and battered into the ground. The tomatoes might be propped up a little, and the cabbages and lettuce would grow back. There would be enough to eat from the carrots and potatoes and beets, and other things that grow in the ground, but the cauliflowers were gone.

Old Mr. Simonsen turned sadly back into the house to tell his wife, since the thing must be done, and he found that she had not moved. It was very dark. "The cauliflowers are gone, Annie. I'm sorry, there isn't anything we can do about it. Don't worry, now, we can have more again next year. I remember a time a long while ago in the old country when there was such a storm. Annie, do you hear?" But old Mrs. Simonsen was quite dead.

J. Wallace Van Cleave.

No Great Matter

*He pressed my arm and said: "When I was young,
I too believed that every fancy flung
Upon me from a pair of lovely eyes
Must be a spark regained from paradise.
On looking back I'd laugh."*

*I went my way full trusting in the cure
The sage proposed, well-armed against allure.
Yet when perchance in dreams she passes by
So quaintly questioning, me fears that I—
Heigh-ho—I cannot laugh.*

R. B.-R.

Heavenly Days

WHAT do you want more than anything else in the universe?" my accoster said. I stopped to consider, briefly trying to recall what I'd always longed for during my earthly existence. When I was a boy I used to dream of a great beautiful palace of gold, with lavish apartments, luxurious baths, like those of old Roman villas; every convenience and comfort. As I grew older, other things occupied my mind. But now as I stood confronted with this heavenly offer, the idea of such ease was pleasing to me. I decided that my sacrifices down on earth had been worth while; that having being a Christian was going to pay.

Half hesitantly I mentioned my wish to the person who had welcomed me to the great beyond.

"No sooner said than done," he responded willingly.

And there, there in the distance appeared the most beautiful palace I had ever imagined. It glistened in the sunlight; its walls were a radiant gold. The walks and gardens heightened its grandeur. I gasped with wonder; what a place to live in! I approached, my admiration and amazement increasing at each closer inspection. The inside of the castle was even more spectacular. Huge spacious halls, large luxuriant rooms; great, magnificent chandeliers; every describable convenience greeted my eyes. Here an eternity of ease awaited me. I sank into one of the soft silk chairs, dreaming how much better this was compared to the slavery of a job, the disappointment of failure. "I worked hard on earth," I mused, "and here I can rest, rest and enjoy myself endlessly."

* * * * *

In these surroundings I spent many years. Then things began to go wrong. At first I wondered as to the cause. Weren't the angels keeping the gold as bright as usual? Wasn't my wish meeting my expectations? Decades passed; the gold became increasingly dull. Heaven was losing its flavor. The beauty of the place had gone and my castle repelled me. In my unhappiness I went to my guardian, confessed my mistake and awaited his answer. He was very anxious to please me.

"Why didn't you tell me sooner?" he asked. Then added: "What now do you want more than anything else?"

I thought. This time I must make no mistake. In ransacking my memory for those pleasures I'd had on earth, I recalled that I'd been a great lover of music. Ah! The joy of symphony! The eternal ecstasy I would obtain from heavenly melodies!

HEAVENLY DAYS

"That's it! A symphony!"

Immediately there floated to me, like the intoxicating pine-perfume of the just-freshened fir woods, the most melodious music which could ever be produced. I stood transfixed. Allegros and allegrettos,—sublime harmony—filled me with an exquisite rapture. I listened, I know not how long, to melody after melody. Years passed. I sat enthralled by this never-ending harmony. One day I fell asleep. I awoke with a start. That had never happened before. The Music! There it was. This happened frequently now. One day, when I had forgotten all about the music—it was now just a drone in my ears—I realized that my ecstasy for it had become numbed, chilled. My soul thrilled no more to hear an especially fine rendering or an unusual passage. I had become as tired of this unending symphony as I had been of the palace of gold. Again I went to my angel-like friend.

"Are you not pleased yet," he asked; and after a pause, added: "Ask and it shall be given you."

This time I knew I was making no mistake. I'd thought about it for a long time. Once in a while, when my mind forgot the melody, I thought of the beautiful art galleries I'd seen on earth. I remembered how I'd once envied the owners of those masterpieces, who could sit and look at them all day; when they were depressed or sad, could imbibe strength and spiritual aid and comfort from various priceless paintings. An unending collection of art treasures, I felt, would supply me with inspiration, variety, emotional appeal, so that I could never again be the least bit unsatisfied. I could rest, yet enjoy all emotions; I could lie and dream, yet experience any pleasure I wished. Art, I had concluded, would furnish me with infinite entertainment. I gave one last sweep of my mind for any better suggestion and then expressed my wish.

"Lie there," was the reply.

I did. Soon I was startled by the appearance of one of the most beautiful canvases ever conceived. Description can not do it justice. And each succeeding picture surpassed in depth of feeling; in emotional appeal; in artistic finish the one preceding it. As artist after artist was absorbed by my impassioned self, years came, decades passed, the centuries marched by. One day, I gazed blankly at a picture, realizing after it had been taken away that I hadn't fully enjoyed it. Another time I sent away one of my favorites, hardly having looked at it. Day-dreaming descended on me. I thought of how hard I'd worked on the earth; how I'd missed all this while there, yet somehow had gotten along. I dared not count how many centuries had passed since death had brought me here, but I realized that I was again growing weary of picture-gazing. Merely to sit and to watch was becoming tiresome. It all seemed too facile; there were no problems to solve, no obstacles to

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overcome. I felt that I could not go on changing my wishes every thousand years. Only half-consciously I looked at the continuous art procession which was still, no doubt, as marvelous as at first. I spent my time thinking how I could be happy. Sometimes a strange nostalgia struck me. I wondered why. Suddenly I had it. Work! That was it! Things were *too* easy; there were no problems to overcome, no obstacles to circumvent. I had never felt the thrill of accomplishment. I ran to my companion, breathlessly shouting, "I want to work, I want to work!" He seemed startled. My whole soul began to sing at the contemplation of it—strain, worry, fear, fatigue,—then triumph, the joy of a job done. Eagerly I repeated my request. But he shook his head sadly.

"Work means pain," he answered, "and here we can have no pain."

"I'm tired of loafing," I shouted, "You've granted me every wish before, now grant me this."

He remained unmoved. My anger rose. My soul cried out against this life of ease and luxury. I became reckless.

"You won't let me work?" I screamed, "Why I'd—I'd rather be in Hell!"

There was a pause. Then he answered.

"My dear sir, where do you think you are?"

Jonathan A. Brown.

LE BLAIREAU

*Was a time when I
with vital expectation of approaching virility
would depilate my chin
of imaginary growth.*

*Now,
of mornings I meet a face
composed
in furious listlessness.*

R. B-R.

BOOKS

A JOURNEY TO THE END OF THE NIGHT, Louis-Ferdinand Céline.

IF WE can believe that Mr. Céline is sincere in what he has written, *A Journey to the End of the Night* is a bitter condemnation, not of the world, but of himself. As a picture of society the book is not to be taken seriously; but it may be an excellent picture of the author. Perhaps life is the farcical nightmare he shows us, only less terrible than the uncertainty of death; he has made little effort to find out. Before he has begun to live he is defeated by a sense of inferiority he cannot master. He becomes a parasite upon society, evading its responsibilities but claiming the right to its support. Intelligent enough to recognize the inconsistency of his stand, he salvages his self-respect with somewhat contradictory expedients, from one to another of which he flies frantically for justification of his actions. At one time he cries out against the oppression of the rich, who make the commoner's life too intolerable to be borne; to them he imputes whatever he considers worst in himself. At another he boasts of his degeneration, denying the value of all that he would like to be; he has been set free from artificial limitations of behaviour! Again, he turns on all men, proving with the cleverness and lucidity of a paranoiac that they are all in league utterly to destroy him.

But Mr. Céline is obviously not sincere; he has not even convinced himself. He is like an adolescent enjoying his first disillusionments. Here and there an episode—for instance, the sea-voyage to Africa—impresses one as true; for the rest the material is shoddy and badly handled. There are palpable attempts to shock and excite both the audience and the author, passages which seem to have been written in a fever of unhealthy, inturning emotion. Ideas pour out incoherently, the language becomes meaninglessly coarse.

There are two ways of treating material such as Mr. Céline has collected. One is that of arranging it so that it is logically necessary to the development of an idea; the other, which he has employed, that of emphasizing it so that the underlying idea is debased to a mere excuse to get it past the censors.

John A. Church.

THE HAVERFORDIAN

THE DREAMER, Julian Green.

LIKE the other novels of Julian Green, *The Dreamer* is a case-history, a study in abnormal psychology carried on at close quarters and with exceedingly keen but sympathetic insight. The "subject," Manuel, is a man of twenty-one or two, who is dying of tuberculosis. Since the death of his parents early in his life he has lived with his aunt, for whose fourteen-year-old daughter he comes to feel an intense physical passion. His somewhat unpleasant childhood, his poverty and his physical ugliness, all are factors that prevent him from giving to this desire, to which partly on account of his illness he is peculiarly susceptible, a natural expression. Overpowering him at last it leads him into indiscretions which become public; and to his shame he discovers that he has acquired an unpleasant reputation in the town where he lives. Now completely turned in on himself, he begins to find a release from his frustration in dreams; and his diary, extracts from which form the greater part of the book, show the increasing power they exercise over him. This secret, inner world, where he can escape from the misery and barrenness of his real life, is obviously a compensation supplied him by his subconscious mind; but it is also a reflection of his real life, twisted out of shape but still vaguely recognizable as such. Strange caricatures of his aunt and cousin—the only people he sees during this period—personifications of his fears and desires, and even Death himself, appear as characters. One is always conscious of a preoccupation with death, for Manuel knows that his life is limited to a few months more, at most.

In *The Dreamer* Mr. Green has limited himself to a narrow field for observation, and in doing so has forfeited much of the emotional power of his earlier books. But never has his art as a writer more closely approached perfection. He has undertaken a difficult theme and handled it with exquisite delicacy and economy of word and detail.

John A. Church.

THE NINE TAILORS, by Dorothy Sayers.

DOROTHY SAYERS, who has earned a great reputation as a mystery writer by her own stories, as well as by her famous *Omnibus of Crime*, has published a new novel, *The Nine Tailors*. Its locale is the fen country of East Anglia, a desolate half-drowned section of the English coast. The mystery itself is interwoven with an explanation of the traditional art of change-ringing as practised at Fenchurch Saint Paul.

Miss Sayers is unusually successful in avoiding the clichés which

BOOKS

beset most of her brother mystifiers; one wishes that she might have avoided them altogether. The endless pages of conversation often become dull. Yet this is more than offset by the author's talent as a descriptive writer which is admirably displayed in the fascinating passages devoted to life in the fen lands. Even her account of change-ringing, although unnecessarily obscure, is of more than passing interest. The actual mystery begins with the discovery of an additional corpse in a recently sodded grave and proceeds logically through myriad complications to a solution which should please the most discriminating.

John B. Christopher.

TENDER IS THE NIGHT, F. Scott Fitzgerald.

AFTER a silence of nearly ten years, F. Scott Fitzgerald, who began the vogue for books about the lost generation, resumes his study of it in his new book, *Tender is the Night*. Unfortunately the novel, though it depicts the development of the lives of the post-war young from their hey-day in 1924 until the gloomy present, is no more revelatory than the author's earlier books. It is difficult to summon a reaction to a book which only describes again the passionless, illusory world of the twenties, and reiterates that the only realities are gin and sex. True, Mr. Fitzgerald tells us that the fate of these people is alcoholism, schizophrenia, and ennui, but they are such simple, understandable folk that anyone could have figured that out for himself, given a bowing acquaintance with them. No, the book which reveals the cynical young to us will have a different approach; it will analyze the causes of their cynicism, not merely describe its glittering surface. It is a pity that *Tender is the Night* is not that book, for Mr. Fitzgerald is an interesting writer. Because of his insight into the significance of behavior, of social situations and casual incidents, there are parts of his work which have at least a fragmentary validity. The style is not so good. Striving for atmosphere and mood, Mr. Fitzgerald allows himself to slip into the inefficient generalizations which his characters affect. Someone in the book "had manners like a prisoner or an old family servant." The author refuses to describe an individual's manners; he must identify him as a member of a class. One feels that he knows his characters, but they are developed so episodically as to be cryptic. Mr. Fitzgerald makes curt statements about their development, and cares not whether the reader is convinced. That is what the book is like. A few pages of good writing, and then a lapse.

Richard E. Griffith.

C I N E M A

Catherine the Great crosses the Atlantic Ocean in the wake of that recent English production, *The Private Life of Henry the Eighth*. Alexander Korda, director of the earlier picture, appears in connection with *Catherine the Great* as supervisor. As father of the first picture, Mr. Korda has every reason to be proud, but in the capacity of step-father to the second, he is less fortunate. *Catherine the Great* cannot bear comparison with its predecessor. It seems to have been intended as an historical epic, but so deficient is it in realism of plot and characterization that the result savors of musical comedy. One might even become reconciled to the fanciful atmosphere, were it not for the slow, plodding tempo, a fault almost synonymous with "English Production."

In spite of her reputation as a dramatic actress, Elizabeth Bergner appears to greater advantage in the lighter moments. Perhaps her winsome comedy stands out disproportionately against dramatic scenes, too slow and *too* dramatic. All things considered, it were best to wait judgment on Miss Bergner's talents. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., as the weak-minded Czar, has fun wearing attractive costumes and striking picturesque John Barrymore poses. It is unfortunate that the late Sir Gerald Du Maurier should have terminated a memorable career as an actor with the limited part of butler to his Highness, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. As the Czarina Elizabeth, Flora Robson gives a realistic performance; so real as to appear somewhat out of place.

On top of an olde English roast beef dinner and a tankard or two of Bass's ale, *Catherine the Great* would perhaps satisfy in a comfortable way; deprived of these adjuncts, it will impress one as more of a *Puss in Boots* pantomime than a picture of the Russian Court in the seventeen sixties.

James E. Truex.

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